

# LIFE

SPECIAL ISSUE

## THE AMERICAN WOMAN

HER ACHIEVEMENTS  
AND TROUBLES

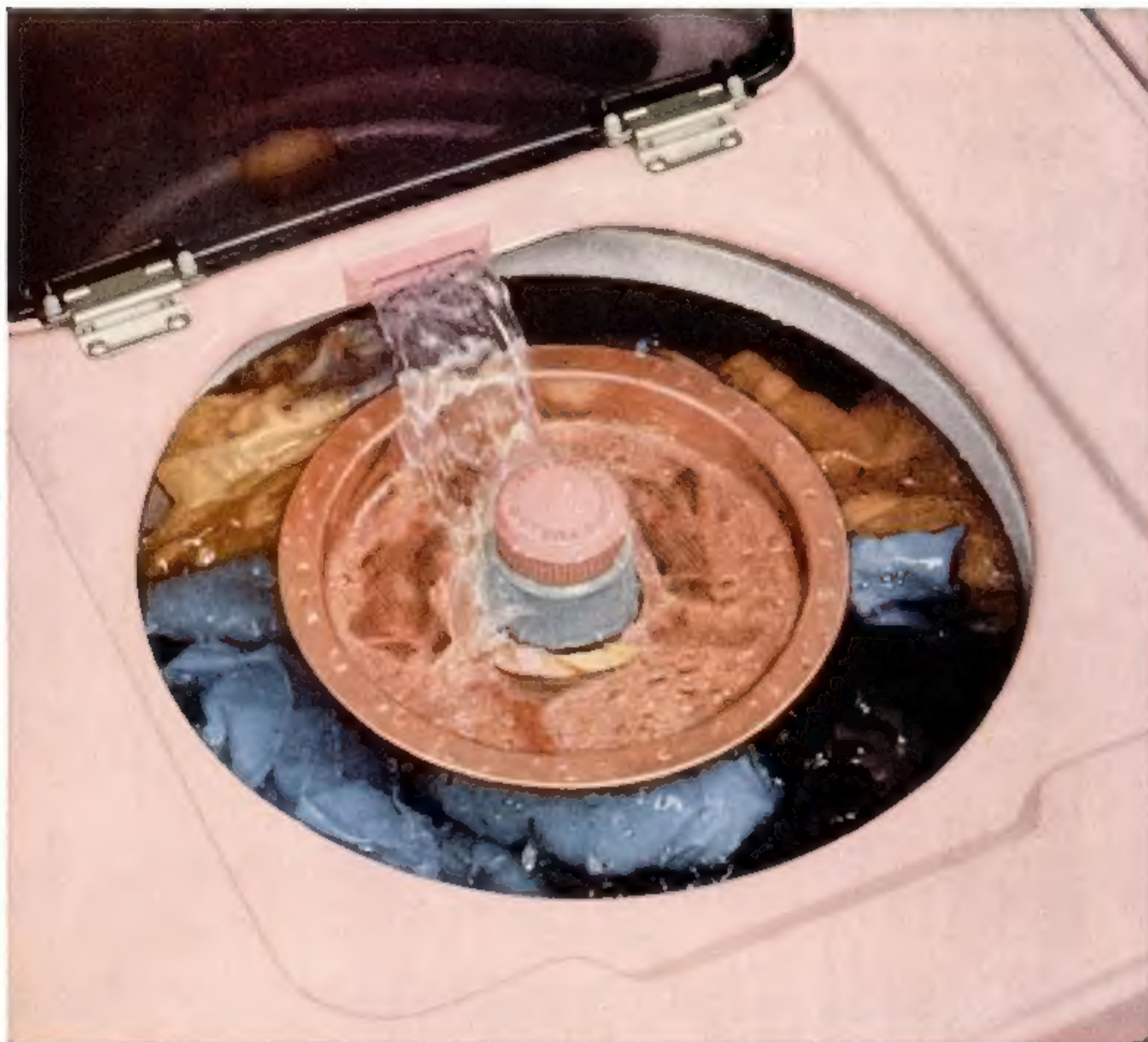
WORKING MOTHER

SPECIAL TWO-IN-ONE HOLIDAY ISSUE

35 CENTS



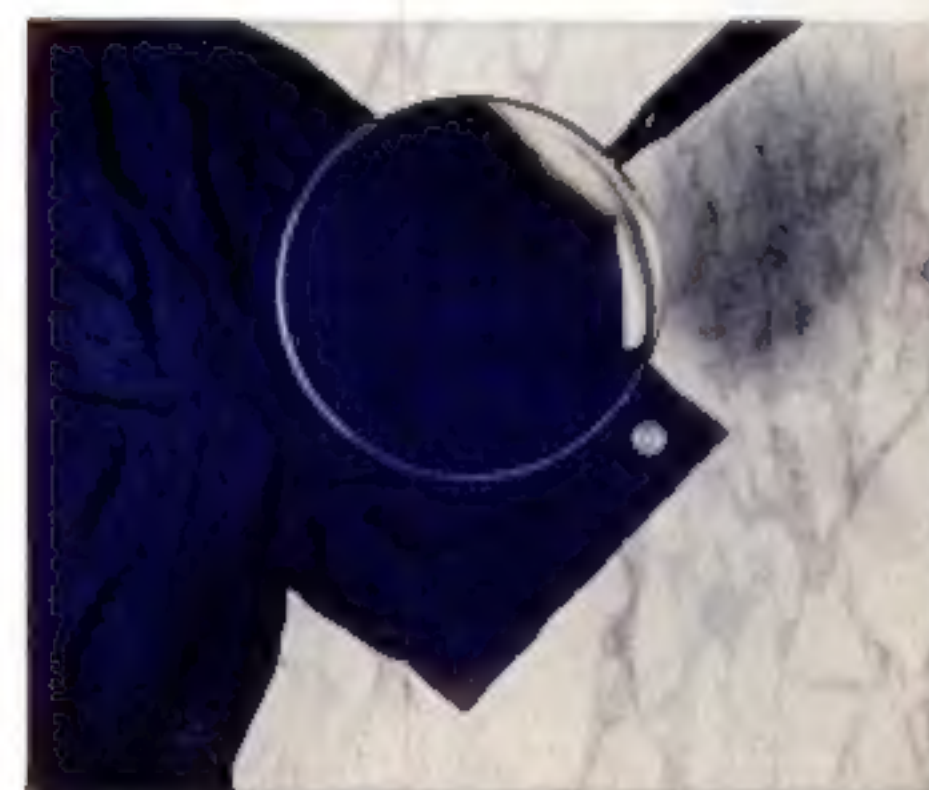
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**Removable filter**—easy to clean. Fits into place after clothes are placed in washer; slips out after wash is over for easy cleaning. The filter catches lint as water flows through, cleaning and recleaning it to give you cleaner clothes! A full tub of water is filtered five times during one wash cycle. Also use the filter to dispense your detergent evenly dissolved through the wash.



**Not the "lincy water" way.** After 7 washings this cotton blouse was dulled by lint fuzz in an ordinary washer. Unsightly lint is hard to brush off dark clothes; gets stuck in seams, too.



**But the "clean water" way.** After 7 washings in a General Electric Filter-Flo Washer, an identical cotton blouse washed in an identical washload showed *practically no lint*.

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*cleans and recleans wash water at the rate of 6 gallons a minute*

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General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.



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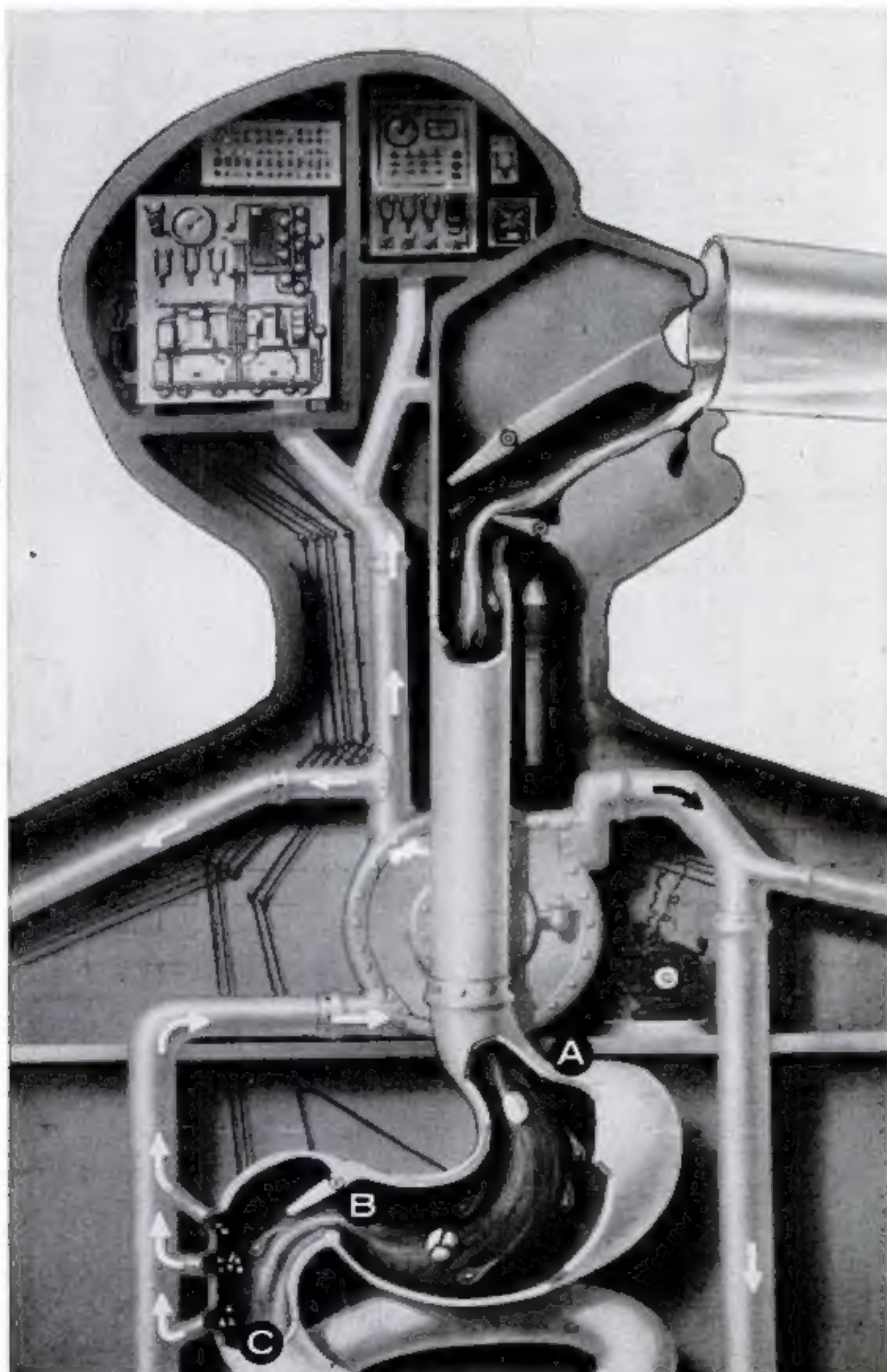
Laboratory tests comparing Bufferin and aspirin show that Bufferin's pain relieving agent gets into the blood stream twice as fast as aspirin.

This means Bufferin acts *twice as fast* to make a cold sufferer feel better.

Clinical tests reveal that stomach upsets often follow the taking of aspirin. But you can keep taking Bufferin—with a clear conscience—until you feel better. Even in *continuous* doses, Bufferin will not upset your stomach.

*Amount of pain reliever in  
blood stream shows how Bufferin  
acts faster to relieve pain*

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- B** Bufferin combines aspirin with two antacid ingredients. These speed the pain reliever out of the stomach and into the blood stream *twice as fast* as aspirin. That's why . . .
- C** Bufferin acts *twice as fast* as aspirin to relieve pain. And hospital tests show Bufferin won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does.



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YOUR STOMACH



IF YOU SUFFER FROM PAIN OF ARTHRITIS OR RHEUMATISM, ASK YOUR PHYSICIAN ABOUT BUFFERIN

This One



GKF1-H3Y-76S1



As it did last year, LIFE combines in this special issue the last two issues of 1956. LIFE's next issue will be dated Jan. 7, 1957. The subject of this issue: *The American Woman. Her achievements (Part I in the*

# AN INTRODUCTION BY

To be an American woman today is to be cast in an exciting, challenging and difficult role—exciting because the sky seems to be the limit in education, work and freedom; challenging because the whole concept of “woman’s rights” is still relatively new—scarcely more than 50 years old; and difficult because the new freedom has produced a backwash of unforeseen emotional and psychological problems for the emancipated woman. Caught as she is in conflicting currents, the American woman of today finds herself being analyzed and admired, envied and criticized as never before.

The Editors of LIFE have devoted this special issue to the achievements and troubles of this fascinating, puzzling, eminently noticeable figure, the American woman. It is an appropriate time for such an issue because woman today is in a time of transition. As the three articles on pages 23 through 29 show, she is still torn between using her freedom wisely and using it wastefully.

The case of the woman and the automobile may be a sort of parable for our day. Men invented the horseless carriage. Women, wearing coquettish dusters, were at first only eager passengers. To them the actual mechanics of the car were an enigma. Not for the world would a woman have tried to crank the thing or change a tire.

Then the car grew more attractive. Self-starters replaced cranks, and tires did not have to be changed so often. Women found that they, too, could handle a car. Right away they wanted to drive. Soon many of them had permits, and for a while driving was heady wine. They did not have to be beholden to any male for transportation. It was sweet release to go where they wanted whenever they wanted. But even in the transportation field rights inevitably

have duties and responsibilities attached. In our day many a suburban housewife finds that the wonderful “freedom to drive” means that she is chained to the family car, beholden indeed, serving continually every member of her family (pp. 150, 151).

This same pattern applies to any area in which women have won their rights—the right to bring home a pay check, to enter business, industry or politics. In each of these fields all the steps have seemed exciting and enjoyable—until the last one. Freedom always seems like fun; duties and responsibilities not always so.

In addition to her new responsibilities this present-day woman finds that she has certain strong urges and instinctive needs. If she is to be a truly happy person, these needs must be met. Ask any thoughtful, honest woman what the most satisfying moments of her life have been, and she will never mention the day she got her first job or the day she outwitted her boss on his ground. But she will always speak of the night when, as a teen-ager, she wore her first formal (p. 100) and twirled in the arms of a not-so-bad date to tingly music. Or the night the man she loved took her in his arms, bringing a special look to her face (p. 149). Then there was the moment when she held her first baby in her arms. It was not just releasing, it was completely fulfilling (p. 62).

When women do *not* have the deep satisfaction of these experiences, their troubles begin—how much trouble has been brilliantly reported in this issue by Robert Coughlan (pp. 108-118). Can it be that many of woman’s current troubles began with the period of her preoccupation with her “rights”? Perhaps so, for there are only two basic approaches to any aspect of human life:

## CONTENTS FOR THIS SPECIAL

### COVER: MOTHER AND CHILD

Jennie Magill, with a full-time job outside her home, relishes every minute she can spend with her two children (pp. 140, 141), nuzzles 5-year-old Laurie.

**THE ACHIEVEMENTS of U.S. women** are dealt with in the first 76 pages of this issue. The women are successful on many fronts—keeping themselves healthy and good-looking, producing more and healthier babies than any women in the nation’s history. They are well organized as wives, influential in politics, a power in economics. They are also witty and objective judges of womankind as is shown by the eminent women writers in this issue.

### THE AMERICAN GIRL AT HER BEAUTIFUL BEST

Photographed for LIFE by Howell Conant

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### U.S. WOMAN’S ACCOMPLISHMENTS, GAUGED BY THREE EMINENT AUTHORS:

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### WOMEN ARE WONDERFUL

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### WOMEN ARE MISGUIDED

By Cornelia Otis Skinner

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*Beauty abroad (pp. 80-93), a portfolio of portraits of women around the world, photographed by Philippe Halsman, gives U.S. women a chance to compare themselves with their counterparts in 16 other lands.*

**WOMEN’S PROBLEMS** are dealt with in the next 40 pages. As a girl starts to become a woman her troubles are touching as well as humorous. Next hurdle is her education, often as exacting as a man’s. Her biggest problem is her marriage, which fails one time out of four. Staying young and beautiful is a lifelong task. And many women—seven million of them—face the loneliness of widowhood.

### A TEEN-AGER STARTS TO GROW UP FROM TOMBOY TO GRACEFUL WOMAN

Photographed for LIFE by Esther Bubley

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### BRYN MAWR, TOUGH TRAINING GROUND FOR WOMEN’S MINDS

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table of contents) and her problems and troubles (Part II), divided by a worldwide look at women outside the U.S., take up the bulk of the issue. But there are many things besides achievements and

problems that concern the American woman and these are discussed beginning on page 140. LIFE asked Catherine Marshall, widow of beloved Senate Chaplain Peter Marshall, to introduce this issue.

# MRS. PETER MARSHALL

one approach sees life as a "right," the other as a "privilege."

We women have always had certain privileges that no man could take from us: our differentness; our unique femininity; the prerogative of bearing children, our devotion to beauty in ourselves and our environment. But privileges no longer cherished have a way of disappearing. It is possible that the difficulties in which we women now find ourselves are but another manifestation of that ancient but inexorable law: "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it."

Historians of the future may speak of the 20th Century as "the era of the feminist revolution." As in all revolutions, there have been many worthwhile gains, some agonizing losses, and no possibility of returning to the status quo. To be sure, the modern woman has no desire to surrender a single gain she has made. Today she is healthier, loses fewer babies in infancy, is more attractive than ever before (pp. 121-126). Indeed, she is something of a phenomenon. Hence the Editors of LIFE have attempted in this, the second of LIFE's memorable double issues on a single topic, to pull together the different strands that make up the American woman's world and to present a kaleidoscope of opinions about her, her successes and her problems.

In so doing they may have rendered us women a very real service. For woman has shown through the ages that though she has limitations, she also has resilience. She has lived out revolutions before. With the kind of information implicit in this kind of thoughtful journalism, plus a new kind of dedication to the task before her, the modern American woman will yet be grateful to be herself, proud to be a woman.



CATHERINE MARSHALL is the author of *A Man Called Peter*, the heartwarming biography of her late husband which remained on the best-seller lists a record 129 weeks, sold more than a million copies and was made into a successful movie.

## ISSUE ON THE AMERICAN WOMAN

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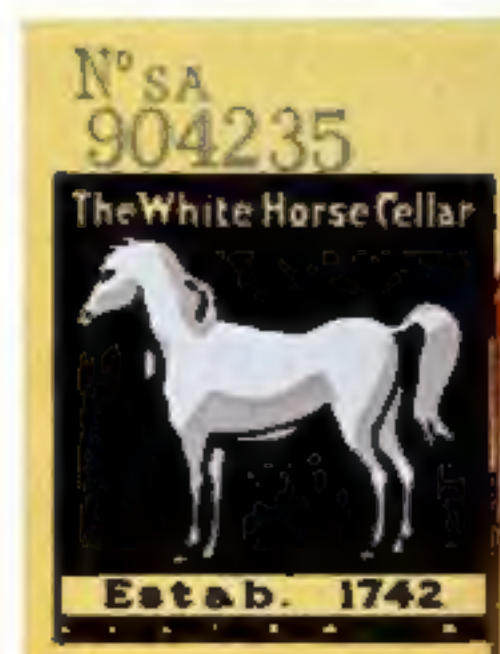
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# The All-American Girl





# at Her Beautiful Best

**SHE IS WHAT MOST WOMEN IN U.S. WANT TO BE**

The gallery of beauties on these 10 pages introduces the American woman as many actually are—and almost all of them would like to be. These young women from all sections of the U.S. radiate the unaffected naturalness that, through movies and magazines, has become the worldwide symbol of the All-American girl. Lively, healthy, devoted to the outdoors, they represent American women at their pinnacle—by far the biggest and best collection of fresh good looks in the world.

Although naturalness is a universal quality in U.S. beauty, there are regional variations. For instance, a southern California girl, Diana

Miller (*left*), is tall and athletic, as California girls are somehow expected to be. A young lady from Atlanta upholds a long southern tradition of demure grace, and a Boston housewife is poised and elegant in a tweed skirt and sweater. The American beauty is derived from many racial stocks and sometimes she clearly betrays her ancestry in her looks—as do many midwestern girls of German and Scandinavian background.

For all of her good looks, the American girl must stand comparison with beauties of other countries around the world, 19 of whom are shown in a portfolio further on in this issue.



The winds around Washington's Mt. Baker add color to the typically fresh-faced northwestern beauty of Beverly Kaye Smith. An accomplished skier (*right*) Beverly, 21, rejected a movie offer, wants to finish art studies in Seattle, get married.



The statuesque grace of southern California women is reflected by Diana Miller as she walks along Santa Monica beach after daily swim. Diana, 5' 10" tall, is 23, married and a graduate of U.C.L.A., is working toward a teaching certificate.

**Photographed for LIFE by HOWELL CONANT**



ALL-AMERICAN GIRL CONTINUED



The wholesome effect of outdoor life in the desert Southwest is evident in pert Lavinia Rife, 19. A freshman at the University of Colorado, Lavinia designs many of her own brightly colored clothes, is an excellent horsewoman and also a talented artist, having won prizes for her paintings done in home town of Santa Fe, N. Mex.

Youngest of the girls photographed, Gregory Cox, 18, of Atlanta has both the flirtatious smile and cameolike facial quality traditional in southern belles. A freshman at Stephens College, Gregory plans a career in retail buying.













ALL-AMERICAN GIRL CONTINUED



A quick and easy smile highlights the direct midwestern beauty of Melita Frankfurth. Of German extraction, like many others in this area, Melita, 19, lives in Milwaukee, likes to ski, sail and hunt. She attends the University of Wisconsin where she is studying to be an elementary school teacher.



St. Louis is a sophisticated city and this quality is mirrored in the warm attractiveness of Debbie Deacon. Before she married last winter Debbie studied at the Sorbonne in Paris, went to dramatic school in New York, worked as a waitress in Sun Valley while she was taking skiing lessons.







A plain-spoken Texas air is evident in the casual grin of ranch wife Adrienne Pryor. A former concert pianist, Mrs. Pryor, 29, met her husband when he moved from the east and bought one of her palomino horses. She is now the mother of three children.



The composed New England beauty of Anne Cabot is framed in the doorway of an old mill near her home in Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. Cabot, 26, married and left Radcliffe College to raise three children. She works parttime writing advertising copy.









The cosmopolitan elegance of New York is reflected in the luxuriant good looks of Jean Clark, photographed here against the city's skyline (*above*) and in Times Square (*left*). Mrs. Clark, 32, is the wife of Socialite Alfred Corning Clark.



The satined stylishness of Sally Pierce is tailored for fashionable San Francisco. Sally, 26, shares Russian Hill apartment with a roommate and also shares with her a wardrobe equipped for both outdoors and the Bay Area restaurants (*right*).







*In the best circles, they*

**PEELABANANA!**



**Bananas . . . wholesome—and then some!**



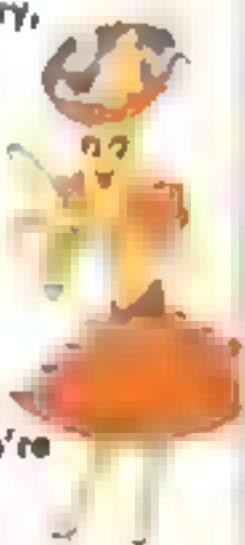
**Banana gingerbread.** Easy treat — slice a banana over warm gingerbread and top with a generous dollop of whipped cream. Oh, Mother, you do dream up the most heavenly dessert!



**Banana nog.** For merry holiday toasting, blend one fully ripe banana, one egg, a dash of salt and 1 cup milk in your blender —or beat in a bowl until frothy. Top with nutmeg. Enough for two.

I'm Chiquita Banana—won't you come with me  
To the Bank of Bananas, nature's treasury,  
Where you get lots of vitamins  
And minerals, too.  
You should have 'em every day  
So you'll be well-to-do!  
Do go out and buy a-plenty . . .  
Take home ten, or twelve, or twenty!  
Every family's glad to greet 'em —  
How they love to peel and eat 'em!  
Yes, a day without bananas is a day you're  
missing nature's special treasure,  
A wealth of very good nutrition,  
And, oh, what eating pleasure!

To be sung to the tune of Chiquita Banana



**UNITED FRUIT  
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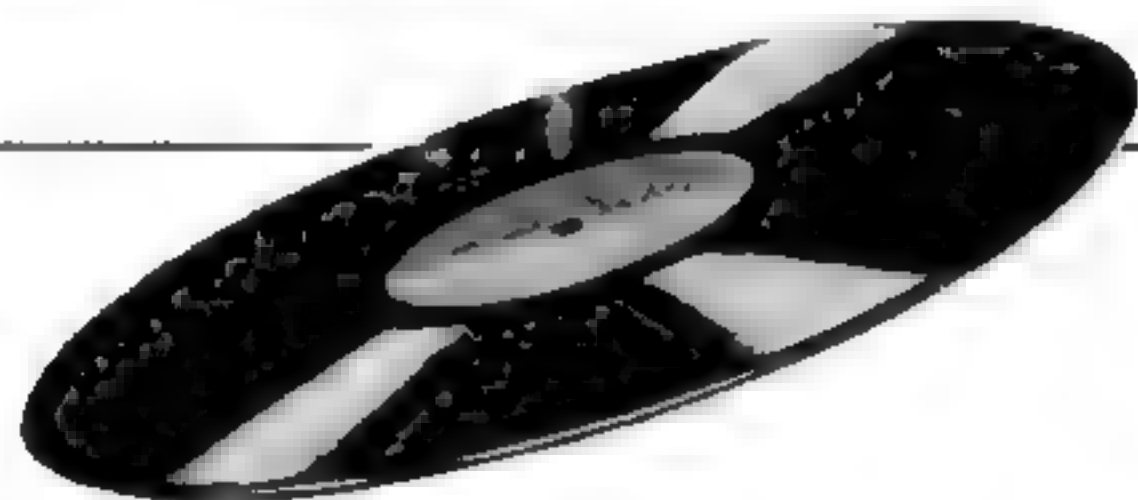
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VERDI'S magnificent paean of triumph

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"Fatherhood" Photographed by Rod Russell

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Look what you can win!

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1<sup>ST</sup> GRAND PRIZE**

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**33 Regional 1st Prizes**—A Cabinet-Model SINGER Automatic with Finger-Tip Control OR a Slant-Needle\* SINGER Portable Machine and a SINGER Canister or Upright Vacuum Cleaner.

**33 Regional 2nd Prizes**—A Slant-Needle Portable SINGER Sewing Machine with Automatic Zigzagger.

**More than 1600 Local Prizes**—beautiful 4-piece SINGER Pinking Shears and Scissors Set, worth \$30.00—for each Sewing Center winner.



**You don't have to be  
an expert!  
Every woman has a chance!**

Check is presented to one of the prize winners, Mrs. W. E. Black of Pomona, California, by SINGER Vice-President Charles F. Bruder at the first annual SINGER "Sew-Off."

**YOU** may be one of the lucky winners in the *Second Annual SINGER* sewing contest . . . even if you're just a beginner!

It's easy to enter. Simply enroll in the SINGER Home Dressmaking Course at your local SINGER SEWING CENTER. You make your contest dress while you learn! Experts give you personal instruction on every step of cutting, fitting, stitching.

There's a prize winner at every Sewing Center . . . and these winning dresses go on to the Regional judging where finalists are selected for the Grand-Prize "Sew-Off." You could be one of them!

So don't delay. Enroll in the class—and the contest—now. You may win valuable prizes. You're *sure* to win valuable new sewing skills and enjoyable new friends.

**PLUS . . . Free 5-day trip to New York for the 33 regional 1st-prize winners**

**To compete in the  
GRAND-PRIZE "SEW-OFF"**



Again in 1957 the "Sew-Off" will be held during the annual Sewing Fashion Festival at New York's famous Coliseum in June. Pictures show the '56 event.



Gay carousel set mood of Festival as crowds thronged to see exhibits of patterns, fabrics, machines . . . fashion shows.



Each finalist worked in a private booth equipped with latest SINGER\* Sewing Machine, iron, all necessary supplies.



Grand-Prize dresses, paraded by models for whom they were made, were judged by panel of fashion and sewing authorities.

**To have fun, make  
friends, see the city!**



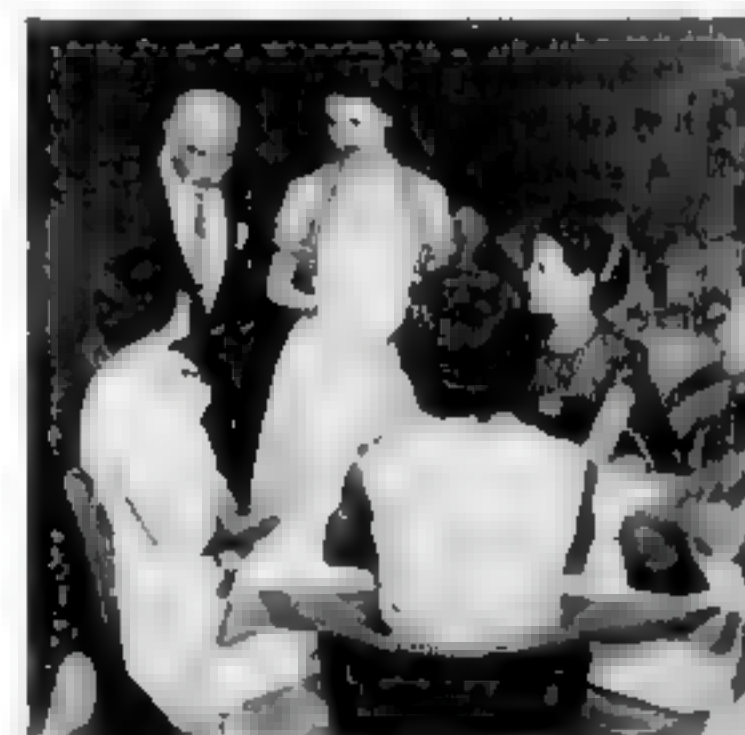
There's plenty of time for sight-seeing, tours, boat rides, theater, and night clubs—all compliments of SINGER. Here are some of the '56 highlights.



Contestants received hair-do, manicure and make-up at Lilly Daché Beauty Salon before appearing in Grand Fashion Parade.



Group of finalists paused to have photograph taken during one of their many sight-seeing sprees around the city.



Dorothy Kilgallen who presented the winners on TV joined the SINGER "Sew-Off" supper party at the glamorous Stork Club.



# SINGER Sewing Contest and Grand-Prize "Sew-Off"!

Here are the dresses that won top prizes last year! Yours may win in '57!

(On the left, in each picture, is the contestant in her "Regional" prize dress, on the right, the dress she made for her model at the "Sew-Off.")



**\$25,000 Grand Prize**—dress and coat ensemble in grey and white wool and wool jersey with red ascot. Made by Mrs. J. Florene Doss, mother of four from Portland, Ore. Her own tweed coat-dress has ascot vestee of nylon piqué.



**\$10,000 2nd Prize**—sheath dress and jacket of black wool with red velvet overskirt. Made by Mrs. Joseph G. Smith, wife of a naval aviator, of Virginia Beach, Va. Her dress is navy blue linen with brief jacket and lined skirt.



**\$5,000 3rd Prize**—slender green wool dress with back interest. Made by Mrs. Simone Taylor, a French war bride of Valley Stream, L.I., N.Y. Her own Empire-line dress in beige wool cost only \$7.40 to make.

## Rules are simple! Here's all you do!

1. Obtain an entry blank with a complete set of rules.
2. Enroll in the Home Dressmaking Course at your SINGER SEWING CENTER between Dec. 31, 1956 and March 15, 1957. (Complete course of 8 two-hour lessons with personal instruction costs only \$15.)
3. Enter the dress you make for yourself as you learn to sew, in the contest at your Sewing Center by April 26, 1957. Only dresses, dressmaker suits and two-piece ensembles can be entered. No tailored suits or coats—and no "tricky" fabrics. (Each Sewing Center winner receives a prize.)
4. Winning dress from each Center will be judged in Regional Contest. (Prizes for 1st and 2nd places.)
5. Judging in Center and Regional Contests will be based on appearance, style rightness, construction, fit and sewing. Cost to make will not be a factor.
6. First-prize winner in each Region will be given free 5-day trip to New York to compete in Grand-Prize "Sew-Off" at the Coliseum in June.
7. At the "Sew-Off," each of these 33 finalists will make a dress for a model—from a wide selection of patterns and fabrics provided by SINGER.
8. "Sew-Off" winners will be selected by a panel of Fashion and Sewing Authorities.
9. Decision of judges final. All dresses will be returned to contestants except those made at "Sew-Off."

**Note:** Contest is open to every woman 18 or over in U.S. and Canada except professionals in dressmaking or fashion, sewing teachers, 1956 "Regional" winners, persons (or their families) who are engaged in the manufacture, sales, advertising, or service of sewing machines.

## Read what last year's "Sew-Off" contestants say! Get in on the fun!

- "... The flight to New York was delightful. Every moment I spent there was a pleasure I shall never forget..."  
—MRS. G. C. WHISNANT, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.
- "... I think I won the biggest prize of all, new friends..."  
—LOUISE CHAMBERS, Long Beach, Calif.
- "It was a dream come true... Thanks again for all the wonderful things you people did for us..."—MRS. C. E. WETHERBEE, Rushton, La.

Get Entry Blank with complete rules  
now at your local

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**SEWING CENTER**



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# WHAT U.S. WOMAN

Three eminent authors gauge her position:



ON A CROWDED NEW YORK STREET AN ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMAN PAUSES AS IF REFLECTING, FOR THE INSTANT, A CONCERN AND DOUBT THAT IS SHARED

**THE AUTHORS**, who give their sometimes differing points of view in the following articles, are shown at right. Mary Ellen Chase, novelist and Bible scholar, retired in 1955 after teaching English literature and language for 29 years at Smith College. Margaret Mead, renowned anthropologist and the author of *Male and Female*, has worked for 30 years at The American Museum of Natural History, where she is a curator of ethnology. Emily Kimbrough has published nine books, among them her collaboration with Cornelia Otis Skinner (*p. 73*), *Our Hearts Were Young and Gay*.



MARY ELLEN CHASE



MARGARET MEAD



EMILY KIMBROUGH



# HAS ACCOMPLISHED

her inadequacies, her heritage and her prospects



BY MANY OTHER ENERGETIC, CAPABLE AMERICAN WOMEN—WHETHER OR NOT, IN ALL HER BUSTLING, CHANGING WORLD, SHE IS HEADING THE RIGHT WAY

## SHE MISSES SOME GOALS

by MARY ELLEN CHASE

**A** YEAR ago in London I talked at length with a distinguished English woman just returned from an extensive lecture tour in America. She had spoken in some 20 of our states before audiences ranging from women's clubs to our leading colleges and universities. She had talked with numberless American women of every age and condition in life, and often she had been a guest in their homes. She had had a marvelous time and made the usual remarks about "that incredible American kindness and hospitality," but then she came to the thing which was puzzling her:

"Whatever is the matter with your American women? Everywhere I went I got the distinct impression that far too many of them are discontented, restive, and even complaining. They seem to me to

have just everything that every woman wants. They have beauty and brains, husbands who evidently adore them and are proud of them, more freedom of every sort than any other women in the world. They have opportunities for creative and constructive work which no other women in any other country could possibly have, and yet they don't seem to be making use of them. In comparison, our British women are surely dowdy and maybe dull, but I honestly believe they've got more staying power than yours have, and even more resources within themselves. I can't help thinking that, as a whole, American women are just not doing their part in keeping your country where it has to be for the sake of the world. Am I right or wrong?"

I am afraid she is right. But I say this with definite reservations.

CONTINUED



for in 35 years as a college teacher and also as a lecturer throughout the country I have known and still know thousands of American women who are clearly happy and contented, whether married or unmarried. If married, they are having fun with their children, helping their husbands to achieve recognition and success, doing housework which their astonished mothers could never have accomplished without a servant or two, and directing their still-unspent energies in any number of constructive ways in their communities.

Last winter, which I spent in one of our largest university towns, I knew dozens of young college graduates, recently married to boys still studying for advanced degrees. These girls are surely neither dissatisfied nor grumbling. Instead, they are cheerfully working in bookshops or libraries, business firms or hospitals, or even in part-time domestic service, to help pay the bills until their husbands can finish their study or research. I know, too, any number of girls still unmarried, but wasting no time either in feminine wiles or in destructive anxiety. They are teaching, or studying, or working at all manner of jobs, managing to look alive and charming as only the American girl can look, having a wonderful time and, in consequence, giving others a wonderful time as well.

This is the brighter side of the American picture. It gives one hope and arouses unqualified admiration. But alas! It throws the darker side into even more pronounced relief. My English friend was right: American women, as a whole, are *not* making full use of their privileges or their powers. They are *not* living up to their responsibilities. They are *not* contributing their necessary part to the common welfare.

Why is it that, with their vast new freedom of opportunity, with time, talents and encouragement, our women, with rare and notable exceptions, are not becoming great scientists, doctors, musicians, artists and writers? The best of the girls in our colleges display remarkable mental grasp and ability, do a very high grade of work and are potentially brilliant scholars and thinkers.

What becomes of these abilities after those degrees are taken? Too early marriage, either immediately after graduation from college or even while in college, may be the answer, but I seriously doubt it is. American husbands, in the main, do not offer insuperable objections to their wives pursuing their own intellectual interests. In fact, they are almost pathetically proud of the rare outside achievements of the distaff side of the household. If a girl marries early and has her family, the children are in school or college or themselves married while she is still relatively young. At 40, or 45, or even 50 the American woman has years ahead for study, or for scientific, or business or

artistic pursuits. Why doesn't she pursue them? What becomes of that power and drive so evident in her earlier years?

Let us even suggest for a moment that a woman's mind, in general, may lack those qualities which produce great books, great music, great works of art. Perhaps her more subjective, sentimental nature stands in the way of masterpieces. A glance at, say, literary achievement might force one to concede that Jane Austens and George Elhotes are not only fewer in number among the great novelists than are their male rivals, but that their work at its best lacks the scope and strength of the Fieldings, the Flauberts and the Dostoevskis of the world.

But if this is true, and I am not at all prepared to grant that it is, what about those masterpieces which a woman *can* create, and she alone? A well-ordered home, a secure and reasonably happy household, a contented and proud husband, an atmosphere within her family of intelligent companionship in those values which at once delight, amuse and nourish the human mind and spirit. All these creations call for the distinctive talents of women. They are beyond those of men.

#### The need for leadership

**C**OUNTLESS American communities and neighborhoods would like to rely upon women for leadership in all sorts of necessary and productive activities: educational, social, political and religious. Schools desperately need the American woman's common sense and judgment, perhaps even her help as the teacher she once planned to be. Hospitals could use her in a far more important capacity than trundling a book wagon once a week through the wards. Political organizations need her well-informed sanity, her fresh ideas, her innate good taste. Churches are waiting to enlist her mind and devotion in more necessary and dignified service than dispensing coffee and salad at social affairs. Why aren't more thousands of American women seizing the opportunities open to them and employing their evident talents in an intelligent, eager and constructive way?

For the fact remains that a vast amount of nonsense is bolstering up the confused egos of a vast multitude of women. They dabble at volunteer charitable work. Junior Leagues in dozens of cities supply the comfortable illusion that they are "doing good" in some cause or another. Women justify their existence, even while they deplore their wasted lives, by frenzied participation in church gatherings, in "social service," in many other pastimes. If such activities resulted in stability and contentment, one would not raise a voice against them. But quite clearly they do not, in general, either quell restiveness and



**FILES FULL OF PROBLEMS**, most sent in by unhappy women, are sorted in Washington by Mary Haworth, country's leading advice-to-lovelorn columnist.





dissatisfaction or demand the best that American women have to give.

The longing after *things* enters into this dreary picture, especially in the case of younger women in the early years of marriage. And unfortunately they long for things neither advisable nor possible on the average family income. These possessions, which apparently offer magic to subdue discontent and boredom, must in many cases be bought on the instalment plan: television sets, new cars, all manner of those household appliances which often only make possible a dangerous amount of added and misdirected leisure. The payments for them, with skyrocketing interest, certainly increase the anxiety and uncertainty which the things themselves hopefully promised to assuage. I cannot think it unfair to suggest that in nine out of 10 of these cases of wobbling credit and rising debt women bear most of the initial responsibility.

There is also a sinister implication latent in this craving for mere *things*, a discomfiting suggestion that this need for material possessions betrays a poverty of imagination, a lack of aspiration. The overwhelming desire for them may arise from a reluctance, perhaps half-unconscious, to aim for those immaterial possessions which are far harder to achieve, those intellectual and spiritual values and activities which alone give meaning to one's life.

There are other disturbing symptoms of this poverty of mind and imagination among too many of our American women. A larger number of them than one likes to contemplate, of all ages, are spending huge sums in the hope that psychiatrists can unearth the source of their discontent or of their apathy and set them straight again.

Too much alcohol has become another uneasy and perilous refuge for an increasing number of restless and unhappy women. These, as I have observed in many places over recent years, are quite as likely to be of middle age as younger. This senseless and deplorable excess in a social habit otherwise genial and pleasant is clearly yet another sign of disquietude and disappointment. It is surely not adding to the initiative, vitality and ambition of our women, and it is just as surely lowering their stature in the eyes of their sons and daughters, as I myself have had ample occasion to know from the sorry confidences of embarrassed and distressed young people of college age.

Rationalization inevitably plays a leading part in this human tragedy of misdirected or undirected energies: "Life's just become too complicated. I've given up trying to understand what it's all about." "What can we do in this neighborhood except go along with everybody else?" "Men never understand what women are up against. I'd like to see *them* get three meals a day and still keep on the top of the

wave." "I'm worried sick about my children. Just think what they're facing in this crazy world." "I'm actually dead tired of cocktail parties, but, of course, we have to go."

### The disaster of anxiety

**A**NXIETY has a subtle and disastrous way of breeding anxiety. A troubled woman not only wrecks herself but carries others along with her. This truth was borne in upon me recently by a conversation which I had with an anxious young man.

"No, I'm not thinking of getting married yet awhile," he said. "It's hard to explain why without seeming disloyal, but you've known our family for years so maybe you'll get what I mean. You know how wonderful mother really is, what a good head she has, and how attractive she can be. But something's wrong somewhere. Dad and I have spent years trying to find out, ever since I was old enough to see that things weren't right. Mother's just not contented. There's always something wrong with us, or the world, or things as they are. She claims that most women feel as she does, sort of at loose ends, not knowing what to do with their lives. If the girl I married turned out to be at loose ends, too, I couldn't take it. I want to be proud of my wife."

Many years ago the poet Wordsworth had something to say about the right sort of woman which all of us might well seriously take to heart. To him she was

nobly planned

To warn, to comfort, and command.

His definition is doubtless sentimental and perhaps outdated, but it still has appeal, and not to men only. Such a woman is all too rare a creature in our society today. Thousands of us American women, young, middle-aged and even elderly, are not merely wasting our time and disregarding our opportunities, which would be had enough in all conscience. We are actually strewing destruction in our wake. Unless we shortly take strict account of our mental, moral and spiritual stock by examining ourselves with that common sense, integrity and wholesome fear of failure which apparently our mothers and grandmothers employed without the help of a psychiatrist, we are surely headed for far worse troubles than those which so many of us are so unprofitably imagining. Our powers of warning will be directed largely against ourselves; we shall comfort no one; and instead of that respect and admiration which we must still want and ought to deserve, we shall command only disparagement and censure.



**TIME-FILLING ESCAPE** is provided by television shows like *Queen for a Day*, which has drawn crowds like these outside Hollywood broadcasts for 11 years.

**FRANTIC BUYERS** close in on an appliance counter in New York. Miss Chase believes many women spend money compulsively in a "craving for mere things."



# SHE HAS STRENGTH BASED

**A**merican women are acknowledged to be different from women in all other lands. When people talk about the whole mass of 60 million American women, they speak first of two things, their position and looks. By position they mean that American women have been "put on a pedestal," "spoiled," "given the best of everything" by their men. They also mean that American women have a unique place in society: they are free to travel alone, drive cars, spend the family money, run organizations, compete with men in all fields. By looks, people mean not innate beauty but the attractiveness that comes from being well groomed, fresh and spotless, with carefully chosen make-up, seams of stockings straight, poor features disguised or made the most of, and the whole ensemble worn in a way that reveals an expectation of being looked at with approval, both as a woman and as a human being. Such a woman contrasts sharply with other women all over the world. The other women either repudiate her as unfeminine or envy her as the world's most successful woman.

Where did this American woman come from? Many of her present characteristics are rooted in the days of early settlement when little groups of adventurous and deeply committed people underwent terrible risks and enormous hardships to arrive and survive in the New World. The women who were willing to undertake such a journey across the Atlantic, round the Cape or across the plains—were made of sturdy stuff. The dangers—from shipwreck, hunger, disease, Indians, isolation—all selected out a certain kind of woman. The woman who survived long enough to become a model-setting grandmother became a legend of responsible independence. She had shared her husband's hardships, picked up the rifle that dropped from his wounded hand, driven the team when he became delirious from fever, raised his children if he died and left her a widow. Such a grandmother, resourceful and independent, was the custodian of the virtues of the new society.

Back in the Old World the man with the ailing, clinging, timid wife never set out for America at all. In the New World it was the timid, unadventurous, frail woman who did not marry. Marriage in America became identified not with dedication, devotion and self-sacrifice within a narrow circle, as was true in the Old World, but with energetic enterprise and success. Men of the American frontier may have felt drawn to the pale and wistful maiden but they married the good manager. And women wanted men who were steady and reliable partners in a difficult venture.

On the frontier and in most immigrant groups women were scarce and had scarcity value. Girls could set their own terms for marriage, the need for dowries disappeared, fathers lost control over their children's marriages. Young people independently chose their own mates, which meant that women could say "yes" or "no" as they pleased. Saying "no" to a proposal of marriage became steadily less admired. In Europe unmarried women could choose to stay at home as devoted daughters or to become nuns who offered their lives to God, but these choices received less honor in a country where women were few and suitors many. In the young America a woman who did not marry was considered either a failure or an oddity.

## The right to pick and choose

**T**HE American woman's right to pick and choose among men carried over into the right to choose the kind of house she would live in and the kind of family life she would have. Women set the ethical and esthetic standards of the new nation, and in the rough frontier communities it was the women who battled against saloons and gambling and fought for schools, libraries and art galleries.

If American women were taken where it was hard and dangerous, they were also supposed to be protected from heavy outdoor work and from the rudeness and insults of men. If women had to go about in a rough world, it had to be safe for them to go about alone. This is reflected today in the unchaperoned girl who can drive from Boston to Los Angeles with a boy of her own age and background and be confident that nothing will happen that she does not want to happen.

Our early pioneer history established the position of a woman who had learned to look ahead and not back, a woman who toughened her husband's spirit to keep up the fight in the new land, who encouraged her children to split logs, walk miles to school, practice penmanship with frostbitten fingers, sell newspapers in the cold dawn. Yet this woman still had time to cultivate "the higher things of life."

Into this American style of living came the later immigrants, the peasants and the urban poor, speaking no English, women from eastern



**PIONEER EXPERIENCE**, depicted here in this old drawing, strengthened the American woman through all the extreme hardships she suffered on the frontier.

Europe, from Japan, from Mexico and Puerto Rico, bringing with them many contrasting ways of handling women's role. Their men went to work to make a living in a strange country, and to the women was left the task of learning how to live, how to furnish and keep a house, dress the family, spend the money and educate the children. If most of these tasks had not been assigned already to American women, the assimilation might not have proceeded so easily, but the objections of immigrant fathers to their daughters' new roles melted away in a country where women had, on the average, slightly more schooling than men and where schools, stores, police and government officials were expected to deal with mothers instead of fathers.

The daughters of peasant women who had milked cows and worked in the harvest fields, of central European professional men who expected their wives to sleep in the upper berth, of Japanese mothers who deliberately burned the rice so that, as a sign of humility, they could respectfully eat the burned residue—all these became assimilated into the American pattern. Today American girls of recent

## SOME BASIC STATISTICAL DATA

- ▶ There are 83.2 million females in the U.S., 60 million adult women.
- ▶ Though more males are born each year, women overtake and pass men numerically in the mid-20s. In all there are 100 women for every 98.6 men.
- ▶ The average U.S. woman is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 122 pounds, has brown hair, blue eyes, a 25½ inch waist, a 34-inch bust and 38-inch hips. She is 10 pounds lighter than 30 years ago.
- ▶ U.S. women have more formal education than men, 10.7 median years as opposed to 9.9 years for men.
- ▶ The median age at which U.S. women marry is 20.2 years.
- ▶ The average married woman has 2.03 children. The number of women with three or more children has doubled in 20 years.

ASSISTANCE IN GATHERING THESE FACTS WAS



# ON A PIONEER PAST

by MARGARET MEAD



**CIVILIZING FORCE** exerted by women raised standards of manners and morals. Among manifestations was temperance crusade, illustrated in 1874 lithograph.

immigrant stock as well as those with a frontier heritage expect to get an education, find a job and select a husband without parental interference. At the same time they expect parental help in paying for the education, the wedding and the house and in caring for the children.

Today in the U.S. we are no longer living on the frontier. Women are no longer scarce. There are actually more women than men, and though there are more men than women in almost all the age groups up to 25, still there is a real, if small, shortage of men in the marrying age groups over 25. The scarcity of women has passed, along with many of the other conditions of the frontier, and yet today we are living a new version of the old frontier pattern. While special courtesy to women has steadily declined in this country, the American husband is still expected to treat his wife in the New World manner. He is still expected to take on the harder, less comfortable tasks, to hold the steady job, carry the heavier bag, open the door, push the baby carriage or carry the heavier baby, take the baby-tending shifts in the wee small hours. There is ample evidence that our critics are

right: American woman is still on a pedestal long after the conditions which placed her there have vanished.

American women are still supposed to be able to do most of the things their husbands can do: earn a living, manage money, hold a full-time job, run a farm, keep a store, teach a class, or even govern a state—if they have to. But in the ideal family both husband and wife are supposed to hope that none of these things will actually happen. The married woman may, and often does, work, but this work is thought of as supplementary, something to be discontinued when the children come or "when we don't need the money," or else it is rationalized as an escape from boredom and loneliness when the children are older and away at school.

American women are not thought of as a weak or subservient sex. They are simply thought of as being not quite as strong as the kind of men who make suitable husbands. American men and women are thought of as different but not opposite. A man should not pay as much attention to his looks, his house, his children and the graces of life as his wife does, but he should pay *some* attention. A wife should not make as much money as her husband or run for the Senate while her husband has a lesser political office, but she is welcome to earn a good salary and a widow may fill out her husband's term. We think of our men and women as being pretty much alike in their capabilities, in their interests, in their roles. Thus we have the striking paradox of women who are educated like men and who can do most of the things men do but who still are taught to prefer marriage to any other way of life (81% of American women are married or have been married). In this paradox lies much of the confusion that exists for women today.

## Gadgets and elbow grease

**A** CENTURY or two ago the American husband and wife divided up the difficult task of making a home in the wilderness, the husband protecting the wife with his strength, the wife doing a lot of things her mother had never done. In America today the husband and wife still prefer to go it alone on housekeeping, depending on gadgets and elbow grease rather than on relatives and servants. The ideal American woman today is a woman who can afford to have the number of children she and her husband want, who has as well-equipped a house as she needs, a car at her disposal to drive her children to parties and lessons and herself to volunteer or paid work, and a helpful, cooperative, successful husband engaged in challenging work.

But it is no longer simply a case of woman's place being in the home, as it was in the Old World. Today in America everybody's place is in the home. The only truly acceptable pattern in American life is marriage, and both husband and wife are supposed to share its pleasures and its burdens. Bachelors and spinsters are both disapproved of and discriminated against. There are no really acceptable alternatives either for those women who suffer from the slight, but real, shortage of husbands or for those men who dare, in the face of this shortage, not to marry. Girls are regarded as old maids at 25 and perennial bachelors are sighed over psychiatrically. The roles which once isolated women from home life—the nun (there are only 160,000 in the U.S., including Anglicans and Lutheran deaconesses), the spinster, the prostitute, the kept woman, the fashionable demimondaine, the hetaera of Greece, the king's mistress, the geisha of Japan, the dedicated Florence Nightingale—none of these is an acceptable role in the mid-Twentieth Century U.S. The American woman lives in a world where she can be satisfied with nothing but marriage.

The home is still, as it has been through the ages, woman's natural habitat, the cave in which she kept the fire burning, the tent she sewed, the house she thatched, the place she kept safe and warm. But the American woman has overvalued the home as the legitimate be-all and end-all of existence. The home in the new country, into whose wide-open windows the new immigrant looked and longed, where women have always been expected to be responsible, independent and hard-working, has now become the place where both men and women focus their lives.

American women have come a long way on the road toward a role for women which is as dignified and responsible as the one assigned to men. Although she has made the home and marriage even more important than they should be, to the exclusion of other values and other roles, she has also given American life a special, unrivaled flavor. All over the world, in the harem, in the hut, in the peasant cottage, other women, who have never envied their husbands' positions, now envy and desire to emulate the American woman.

## ON OUR MOST NUMEROUS SEX

- ▶ 2.3% of adult U.S. women are divorced. This percentage is six times larger than it was in 1890.
- ▶ The percentage of women in the labor force has doubled in 65 years; now, at 22 million, women comprise almost one third of U.S. total employed.
- ▶ The median wage for American working women is \$1,383, the median wage for men, \$3,552. (The large number of part-time and temporary women workers accounts for at least some of the difference.)
- ▶ The average working woman today is 39; in 1900 she was just over 25.
- ▶ The higher a woman's—or husband's—income, the smaller her waistline.
- ▶ Women born in 1925 can expect to reach 61, or live three years longer than men of the same age. Female babies born today will, on the average, reach 74.

GIVEN BY THE NATIONAL MANPOWER COUNCIL



# SHE NEEDS SOME YEARS OF GRACE

by EMILY KIMBROUGH

SINCE the rise and fall of Eve, women have not "had it so good" as American women are having it today. And since the wrath of God fell upon Eve, women have not been so excoriated as the American woman is today. She is an easy mark for the slings and arrows of her critics simply because she is so conspicuous. She has asked for what she gets. She has pushed, shoved, shrilled her way into the open, demanding recognition. The banner she carries reads, "Better to be kicked than not noticed," and the skill of a sharpshooter is not required to hit that kind of target.

To reach the open spaces where she is so vulnerable to criticism, she began less than a century ago with a siege on what had been impregnable male fortresses, the private universities. The men thought they could keep the doors barred tight against female intruders, but the women made them surrender. Some of them withstood the siege longer than others. Schools of architecture took a great deal of battering; Harvard, for example, did not give way until 1942. In the current list of registered architects in this country, a list that totals 24,756, there are only 933 women. Yet I wonder, as I set down these figures, if a woman had participated in the design of the Forrest Theater in Philadelphia, would the dressing rooms for actors have been omitted? It was male architects who omitted them—and yet a frequently repeated gibe at women from business executives is, "Women are too fussy about details."

Having once got into universities, women burst out the door at the far end, one hand clasping a degree, the other compressed into a fist for knocking at other gates. It is this energetic and sometimes militant female, fighting for all the things she thinks she deserves, who is today labeled if not libeled as "spoiled, arrogant, restless, dissatisfied, a misfit equally in the home and the business world."

Although there is justification for some of these accusations, I believe they are neither accurate nor constructive. Margaret Ayer Barnes called her Pulitzer prize-winning novel *Years of Grace*, and I have borrowed her title because I think it defines both the age in which the American woman is now living and the attitude I should like to see adopted by her critics. I should like conceded to her those graces she offers, and I should like granted to her years of grace in which to bring to a final fitting the pattern for her life.

In the last 50 years the American woman has truly blazed a trail. Her severest critics cannot dispute this. Women from every part of the world have followed her. She was the first to be herded and acknowledged as a social leader in her community, the first to gain wide freedom and recognition, the first to reach the stratum of business executives. Most of her rights she had won by herself, frequently without approval from men, sometimes against their active opposition.

In this struggle, however, she has had certain reinforcements which were provided, paradoxically and unwittingly, by men. Until this century child-bearing and her gynecological problems drained many women of strength and resilience. Until this century there were no vacuum cleaners and other mechanical devices to deliver women from a large part of household drudgery. I doubt that the doctors, scientists, inventors and manufacturers, poring over their microscopes and blueprints, set as their goal the emancipation of women. But emancipation is what they produced. Thanks to the medical profession, which has made physiological ordeals less taxing, and thanks to the mechanical inventiveness which substituted the vacuum cleaner for the broom, the 20th-Century American woman has had more energy and more time to devote to trail-blazing.

This trail-blazing has undoubtedly unsettled a great many people, including the American woman herself, but it has also accomplished



GENETICIST Irene Russell, who is shown here, is among the many young U.S. women who have succeeded in so-called "man's work." Mrs. Russell, 31, works with her husband in Oak Ridge laboratory studying effects of radiation.

something. Perhaps the clearest single example of the problems and achievements that go hand in hand with trail-blazing is in the business world. No one can deny that the American woman has become an important and valuable force in business.

There is still, admittedly, an opposition group, declaring that if women would retrace their steps along the trail, go back home and stay there, they would again become serene, contented, more "womanly"—whatever that nebulous adjective implies. This is a declaration impossible to substantiate. Too many women have come too far from the home. All the Canutes in the world, lined up shoulder to shoulder, could not turn back this tide now.

It is more pertinent to consider, therefore, the persistence of the qualifying phrase used by men about women, "remarkable for a woman." Why should it be remarkable that a woman can be successful in business? It seems to me far more remarkable that she is so seldom in the top position. Why is she, instead, many times only next to the top? Vice president but not president, member of the executive board but not its chairman. Is it because the topmost positions represent the last stand of all the Custers in America? I think not. I do not believe there would be a Custer left standing if he were the only obstacle.

## Alterations in a pattern

I THINK the explanation is to be found in the American woman's pattern of living. And I think this same explanation accounts for many of the criticisms directed not only at the career woman but at the whole female society. The American woman has cut out her pattern during the last 50 years of endeavor, but she is still having to make alterations in it. She is not yet able to pull the basting threads because she is not yet sure of how she wants it to fit. She cannot, for one thing, sew up the seam between her house and her outside activities. She must leave it partly open in order to deal with a sick child crying or a telephone call that will summon her home to cope with a domestic crisis.

A man's pattern does not require such alteration. It was cut and fitted so long ago that now it is custom-made. A man is given an education commensurate with his own mental, and his father's financial, capacity. He is expected to marry, produce a family, provide shelter, food, clothing and, when the time comes, education for his children. Home life, business life and responsibilities in his community are placed by this tailoring in widely separate pockets. In short, man is organized.

If a woman is given years of grace in which to become similarly organized, I believe many difficulties within herself and many criticisms from the world around her will level off, though organization will not solve all the difficulties.

Of those problems that might be surmounted, I have some personal knowledge. One of my daughters after her marriage taught school in a large city. After the birth of a baby she was forced to give up the job she loved because her salary was considerably less than the standard wages of a general houseworker who would mind the child. Had there been in this large city some means of organizing the women of her age and similar purpose so that one baby tender could have been employed by a group of mothers, she might have continued her life outside the home.

My other daughter is a member of a mother pool in a small community. The operation of the pool is both simple and effective. Each mother in turn takes on the care of the children in the group for one morning a week at her own house. This arrangement leaves the other





**ENGINEER** Beatrice Hicks, 47, got an M.S. at Stevens Institute, is president of precision parts firm in New Jersey



**GENERAL MANAGER** Jerry Stutz, 42, who was an accessories editor of *Life* magazine, joined the manufacturing concern of Miller & Son as assistant and promotion director, and now is in charge of the Seattle retail division



**INTERNSIST** Jane Wright, 41, is a professor, has charge of a cancer research team at New York-Bellevue Hospital

members free for whatever occupation they wish during that period. Such an organization could be expanded to permit each mother four or five half-days or even full days of outside activity every week.

Some women who would prefer to lead a double life, running their households and also participating in outside activities, give in to the difficulties caused by a lack of organization or by special circumstances. They close the door to the outside and stay at home. But does that satisfy the critics? Not for a minute. "She is restless," they say reproachfully. "She does not convey serenity to her husband or her children because she herself has no peace of mind." She is, in short, classified as a failure both as wife and mother.

This is, of course, too wide a generalization. There are many women who, having to make a choice, are happy to stay at home. They have tried combining domestic life with outside activity and been swamped in confusion. They are only too thankful to slam the door and settle down by the fireside. The restless ones are those who teeter on the doorstep, not really sure they want to go out, nor for how much time.

When a woman does step outside the front door, she is, of course, even more exposed as a target. If she tries to take up a career, she is told that "women are not trained properly" or that "women don't like responsibility."

Once again, it is largely the newness and incompleteness of the pattern that provokes these criticisms. If she has set her sights on law, medicine or a similar formal profession, she receives the training required. But many women do not know, until an occasion or a need arises, what activities outside the home they are going to follow. It is difficult to train properly when you don't know what job you are training for. As for the critics who say that women don't like to assume responsibility, they are forgetting that a housewife is not even considered extraordinary when she deals, singlehandedly, with all the varied responsibilities of the home.

I would not for a moment suggest that all women should or could be successful jugglers of two careers. But when opportunity or inclination beckons, the American woman has shown repeatedly that she can handle responsibilities outside the home. The list is long of women in the business and political world who have taken over a husband's work at the time of his death and carried it on to even greater success. Research has disclosed few instances of a man's taking over in an emergency, as a career for any length of time, a woman's program, either professional or domestic.

I believe that the American woman has flexibility and imagination to contribute to all worlds, including especially the world of the home. This flexibility is an attribute produced by her unsettled pattern. What other qualities are hers by very reason of her difficulties? Why, an ability to make decisions quickly, a sharpened imagination, an adaptability to change, a willingness to compromise and a shrewd but warm perceptiveness in human relations. Surely these are useful and needed qualities in every area of activity.

Therefore, gentlemen and other critics, acknowledge what she has gained and grant her a few more years of grace for bittings on her pattern. When the last basting threads are drawn, and it sits as easily on her shoulders as yours fits you, she will not strain or fret. And it might come to pass, gentlemen, that when her tailoring is as well-fashioned as yours, you will find yourselves asking grace of her.

**FOREIGN AFFAIRS EXPERT** Pat Byrne, 31, runs the Laos desk at the State Department in Washington. She served overseas in Greece and Indochina, received the department's Commendable Service Award for work done while in Saigon











**FASHION** At a pre-Christmas style show The Fashion Group, Inc., composed of 2,900 of the industry's executives, turns out in New York. A million U.S. women are business executives or owners.

**SELLING** Getting a trading for the Christmas rush, some 200 Macy's salesladies gather on first floor. Store has 2,270 permanent salesladies. So, a million U.S. women work in retailing.

# WOMEN HOLD THIRD OF JOBS

They have moved en masse into business world

Never before, not even during World War II when so many women took their first jobs, have such massive numbers of American women been at work. Since 1930, when 16.5 million held jobs, the number has shot up at the rate of a million a year. Today there are 22 million women at work, holding one third of all the jobs in the nation. Half of them are married.

Most of the jobs women hold are still in traditional fields dictated by the woman's—and her employer's—long-standing notions about the work she should do. Household skills take

her into the garment trades; neat and personable, she becomes office worker and sales lady (*taboret*); patient and dexterous, she does well on repetitive, detailed factory work; compassionate, she becomes teacher and nurse.

But even more impressive than the masses of women at work is the variety of jobs they hold. Women were represented in every category carried by the 1950 census. They are executives (*topposite*), engineers, cab drivers and furnace tenders. On these pages are a few battalions from the army of women at work.





**NURSING** Students at Columbia University's school of nursing gather in amphitheater for a lecture on the use of oxygen in treatment of cardiac cases. U.S. has over 100,000 active graduate nurses, 100,000 student nurses.

**ENTERTAINMENT** Chorus girls prance through a night club parody (below) in new Broadway musical, *Bells Are Ringing*. From costumes to movie stars to ticket takers, there are 4,000 women working in the entertainment field.







**ASSEMBLERS** At Western Electric's Indianapolis plant, which makes the Bell System's telephones, women assemble new-style dial units. Half the plant's 7,300 employees are women, now greatly in demand for electronics industry's delicate work.

**TEACHING** The 104 women on faculty at Walton High School in The Bronx, N.Y., hear lecture on mental tests given to girl students. Teaching is still most popular professional career for women and there are 835,000 of them in U.S. school system.



**GARMENT TRADES** Sewing machine operators assemble Arrow shirts at Cluett, Peabody plant in Atlanta. These assembly department workers are highly skilled and earn up to \$2 an hour. The plant employs some 1,500

women, 200 men. Some 617,000 women work in the garment factories nationally, more than in any other manufacturing industry. Traditionally, women have received lower pay than men, even on comparable jobs, but gap is now narrowing.







**OFFICE WORK** In a huge room, 100 by 300 feet, at the FBI's identification building in Washington, girls type out fingerprint information for law enforcement agencies across the U.S. Some 150 girls in two shifts staff this

typing pool, one of the largest in the country. Clerical work is the largest occupational field for women, employing over 5 million in 1946, and two thirds of clerical workers are women. Best paid jobs in the field are as private secretaries.







**FOOD PROCESSING** Seated at tables at the Campbell's Soup plant in Camden, N.J., rows of women, part of the 1,575 food processors on work force, inspect and prepare products for home. Women have held these jobs for years.

Under company's incentive system, they can earn well above the median rate (e.g. \$2,719 in 1955) for all full-time women workers. There are over a million women employed in factories, 180,000 of them in the food products industry.





# WOMAN, LOVE AND GOD

This little germ of nuptial love,  
Which springs so simply from the sod,  
The root is, as my song shall prove,  
Of all our love to man and God.

—COVENTRY PATMORE

The American woman is often discussed—as elsewhere in this issue—as a problem to herself and others. Has she become too dominant in our society, joylessly raising an infantile breed of men? Or is she the prisoner of that unwanted “otherness” forged by the impenetrable egotism of the male? Such questions are important, but less so than the grandest fact about woman: her central role in the eternal mysteries of the human spirit and its relationship to God.

In the Gospels, woman’s great role is represented by Jesus’ mother, whose joy this season celebrates. By her free assent to Gabriel’s message, the Virgin Mary made it possible for Jesus to be the son of man as well as of God. Her lines in the Gospel are few, but so crucial and beautiful that they earned her the name of Queen of Heaven, “clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet.” As Christianity spread, a special veneration grew around Mary, sweetening the harsh life of the Middle Ages, inspiring whole areas of the Renaissance. Even the American Puritan Henry Adams felt her Gothic power “to the last fibre of his being.”

But Protestant America has in the main sought to avoid intercessors between man and God. The Mary of the Bible would scarcely have enjoyed these disagreements among Christians, who have so much to agree on. They can surely agree that if Mary were absent from the Christian story, the meaning of human life would lose half its point and hope, especially in America. For the love the Virgin symbolizes is the love of which Americans stand in most need.

They need, first of all, a clearer concept of the Christian doctrine on sex. Just as the sin of Adam and Eve is vulgarly supposed to have been sexual (it was, as St. Thomas clearly stated, disobedient pride), so the virginity of Mary is vulgarly received as a counsel of lifelong sexual perfection, as though it were the highest Christian calling. Of course it is not. Love is; and Mary represents the human capacity for love at its fullest. She represents that source and nursery of love, the human family, where man and wife, mother and child, father and son, brother and brother first learn the meanings of the great word.

In America the family is in special trouble, whose psychological roots are explained on pages 109 through 118. But as one psychologist has lately written (Erich Fromm, *The Art of Loving*), psychological understanding, though necessary to love, is no substitute for it; indeed the very popularity of psychology “betrays the fundamental lack of love in human relations today.” Many Americans have very inadequate notions of love. They regard it as a happy state one “falls into” (or out of), a state invited by “a mixture

between being popular and having sex appeal.” But love is an art, and like any art requires discipline and cultivation. And if Americans have failed to pay this tribute to married love, they cannot excel at other branches of the art, for its branches are all related.

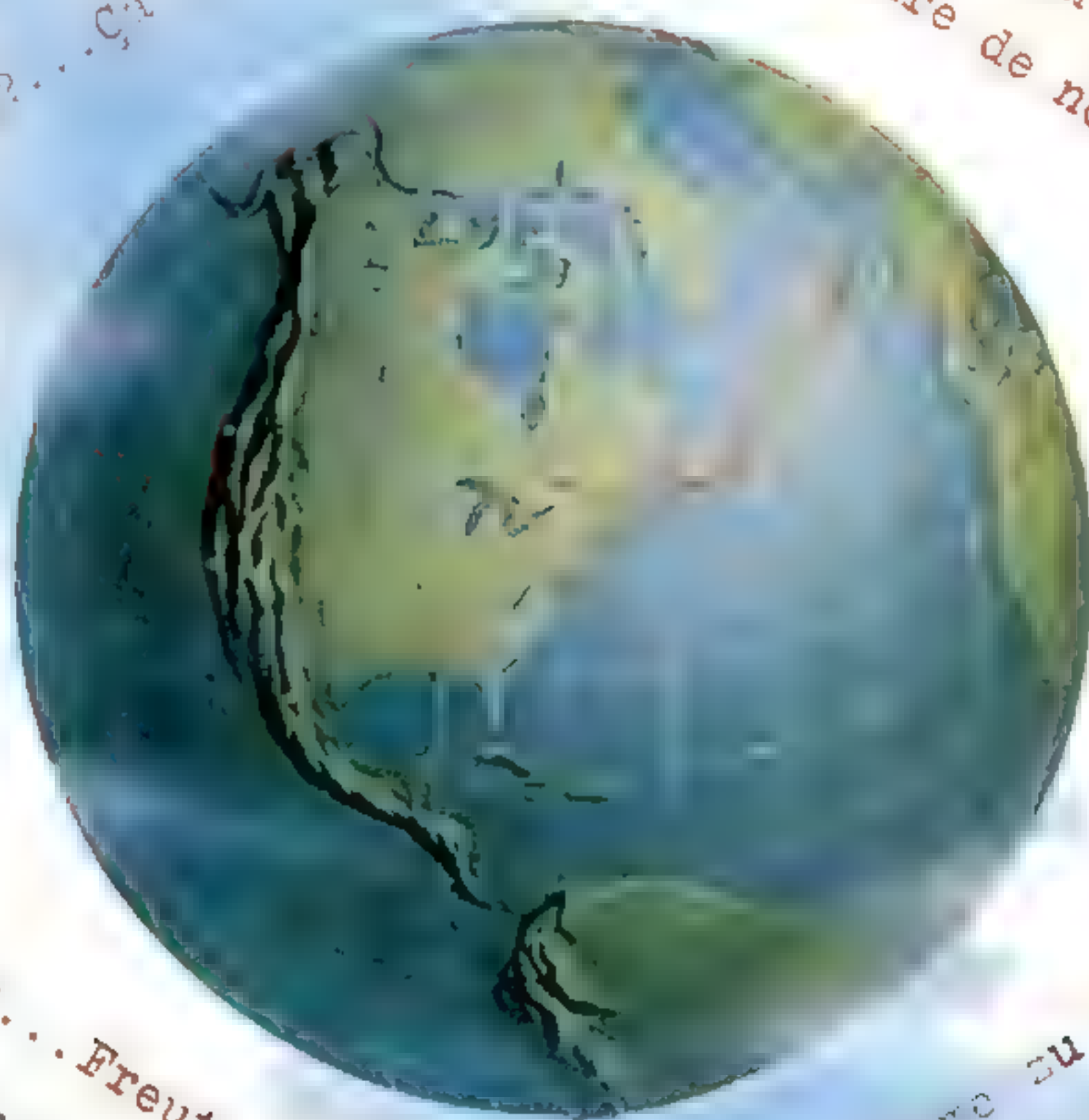
Marriage serves many human purposes, from protection of infants to division of labor; but its abiding motive is the fact that every individual is by nature lonely and incomplete. The most obvious aspect of this loneliness is the incompleteness of one’s sex. Erotic activity assuages but does not cure this loneliness. Love is the cure, and it cures more than sexual incompleteness; for as it is cultivated, it expands. From a mere egoism *à deux*, married love at its best soon adds the dimension of parental love; and in growing it even transcends the natural exclusivity of the family and takes as its object strangers, enemies, the human race. Who loves his spouse is better able to love his neighbor as himself. But the boundary of love does not stop there.

The bliss of marriage, says the Catholic nuptial prayer, is “a blessing which alone was not removed either in punishment of original sin or by the sentence of the Deluge.” It is devoutly called a memory of the earthly Paradise before the Fall, and likewise an anticipation of immortality. Poets of marriage have felt with Paul Claudel that “woman arouses in man a desire which she cannot herself satisfy and which can be satisfied only in God.” For as married love is the bliss of earth, so its spiritual counterpart is the bliss of divine love. That is why matrimony is called holy. The loneliness and incompleteness of the individual are most fully cured when man and wife together share the knowledge and love of God.

Women have excelled in every high Christian calling, from the pure mysticism of St. Teresa to the militant patriotism of St. Joan. Early saints were mostly men, those since the Reformation are mostly women; but in every age woman proves the diversity of her genius: the Seventh Century abbess of Whitby, St. Hilda, who, by encouraging the peculiar gift of an old man named Caedmon, became the mother of English poetry; the widowed Queen St. Elizabeth of Hungary, who fought the famine of 1225 by feeding 900 daily at her gate; tough and purposeful Mother Cabrini who left schools and hospitals all over this hemisphere in our own time. And thousands more.

But much as one must praise the diverse accomplishments of saintly women, the inspiration of Jesus’ mother is not for saints only and need not lead so far from home. If woman, “the sum and complex of all nature,” has one role more important than her others, it is the one symbolized by Mary as a source of love. Only as women guard the art and guide the quest of love can mankind know all the kinds and heights of love of which they are capable. The art and the quest begin in the family and end at God’s feet.





. Hallo, how are you? ... Freut mich wieder deine Stimme zu hören... Dir scheint...  
 . Hello, how are you? ... It's good to hear your voice... You sound fine...  
 . Ciao, come va? ... Sono contento di sentirti di nuovo... Sembri bene...  
 . Hello, hoe gaat het met U? ... Het is mooi omwat van U te horen... Het hoort...  
 . Hallå, hur mår Du? ... Det är roligt att höra Din röst igen... Det låter bra...  
 . Alo, comment ça va? ... Ça fait plaisir de t'entendre de nouveau... Tu as l'air...  
 . Hallo, how sigt dy? ... It is shoone van U te horen... En zight eer good uit...  
 . Hello, hvorledes står det? ... Det er rart at høre din stemme igen... Det lyder...  
 . Hallo, hoe geht's? ... Freut mich wieder deine Stimme zu hören... Dir scheint...  
 . Hello, how are you? ... It's good to hear your voice... You sound fine...  
 . Ciao, come va? ... Sono contento di sentirti di nuovo... Sembri bene...  
 . Hello, hoe gaat het met U? ... Het is mooi omwat van U te horen... Het hoort...  
 . Hallå, hur mår Du? ... Det är roligt att höra Din röst igen... Det låter bra...

**In transatlantic cables...** no substitute can do what copper does!

In the new transatlantic telephone cables, you'll find copper doing its job as only copper can. For one thing, copper—of all non-precious metals—can best carry the electrical voice currents that flash through these 2,250 mile-long cables. For another, copper, far better than any other metal, combines superb electrical conductivity with resistance to rust, corrosion, stress and wear. No substitute can do what copper does—in the transatlantic cables or in countless other achievements of modern science.


**Kennecott Copper Corporation**

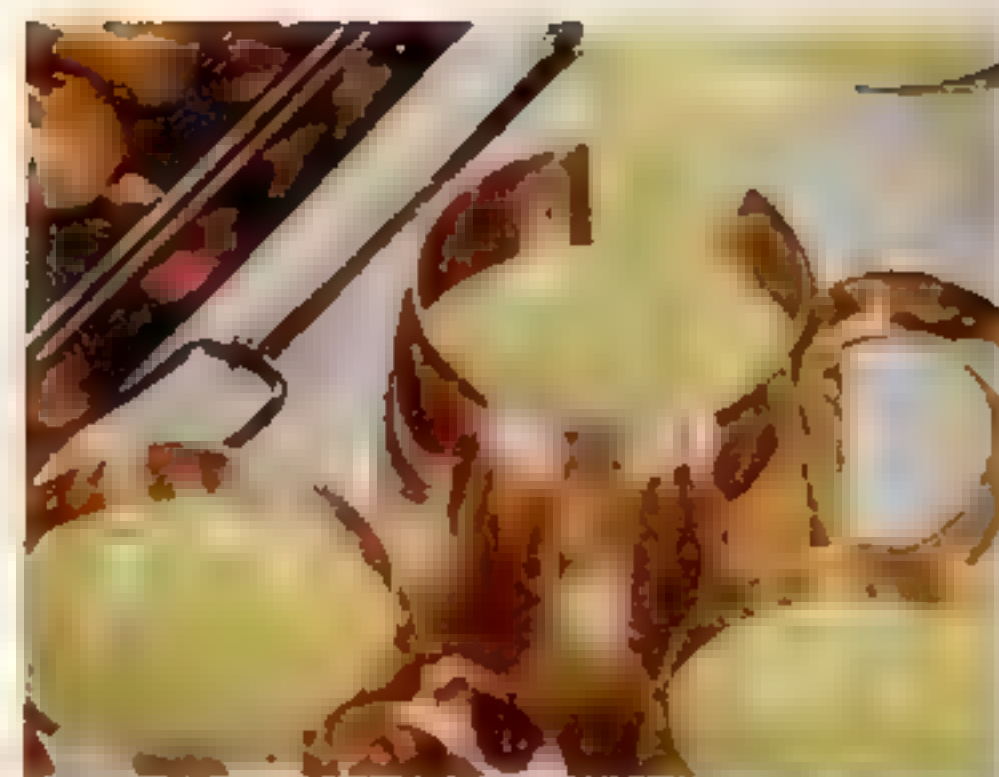
**Fabricating Subsidiaries:** *Chase Brass & Copper Co. • Kennecott Wire and Cable Co.*



# 21 times for good hot soup

—and 21 *Campbell's Soups* to choose from!

Quick! Nutritious! Delicious!



**FIRESIDE SOUP**

Barbecuing indoors tonight? Serve smooth, Campbell's **Green Pea Soup** in big mugs. Party-making!



**SOUP-PLATE SNACK**

While you watch TV, have a tray with cup or bowl of Campbell's **Clam Chowder**, crackers 'n' cheese.



**LUNCH-BOX SOUP**

Packed with lunch: something special in a vacuum bottle... hot Campbell's **Tomato Soup**!



**NEIGHBORLY SOUP**

When friends drop in, fill up pretty teacups with a friendly, warming soup... Campbell's **Chicken Noodle**.



**SOUP FOR BRUNCH**

Choose the Creole charm of **Chicken Gumbo Soup**... the best of chicken and vegetables, delicately seasoned.



**MIDMORNING SOUP**

Take a Soup Break — have a pick up with hot, bracing **Beef Broth (Bouillon)**! Tides you over till lunch!



**SOUP FOR SUPPER**

All-vegetable meal in a bowl! **Vegetarian Vegetable** brings 15 garden-best vegetables to the table.



**EARLY-BIRD SOUP**

Morning eye opener — tangy Campbell's **Consommé**, Continental style. Warms! Tastes wonderful!



**AFTER-SCHOOL SOUP**

For the kids — have hot Campbell's **Beef Noodle Soup** waiting. Pep-up snack that won't spoil supper appetites!



**4 O'CLOCK SOUP STOP**

Make it a healthy, happy custom! An afternoon cup of Campbell's **Cream of Celery** — and crackers to nibble.





#### AFTER-THE-GAME SOUP

Pleasant way to snack and relax — have a bracing bowl of Campbell's **Scotch Broth**. Hearty, good fare.



#### SOUP THROUGH THE MEAL

Here's the easy way to enjoy a variety of nutritious garden vegetables — a mug of **Vegetable Soup**.



#### SOUP TO START THE MEAL

Try Melba toast and a spoon of Cheddar Cheese on rich, brown **Onion Soup**. . . a French-style treat!



#### SOUP FOR LUNCH

Pep up lunch with **Pepper Pot Soup**! Quick to fix — with spirited flavor and wholesome nutrition.



#### SOUP TRAY BEFORE DINNER

While dinner's cooking, have a soup tray in the living room! Serve **Cream of Asparagus** in mugs.



#### BUFFET-SUPPER SOUP

A great serve-yourself dish . . . **Beef Soup** in a handsome tureen! Make it a Sunday-night specialty.



#### HOMEWORK SOUP

Arithmetic problems to tax returns . . . any home chore's pleasanter with a cup of **Vegetable Beef Soup**.



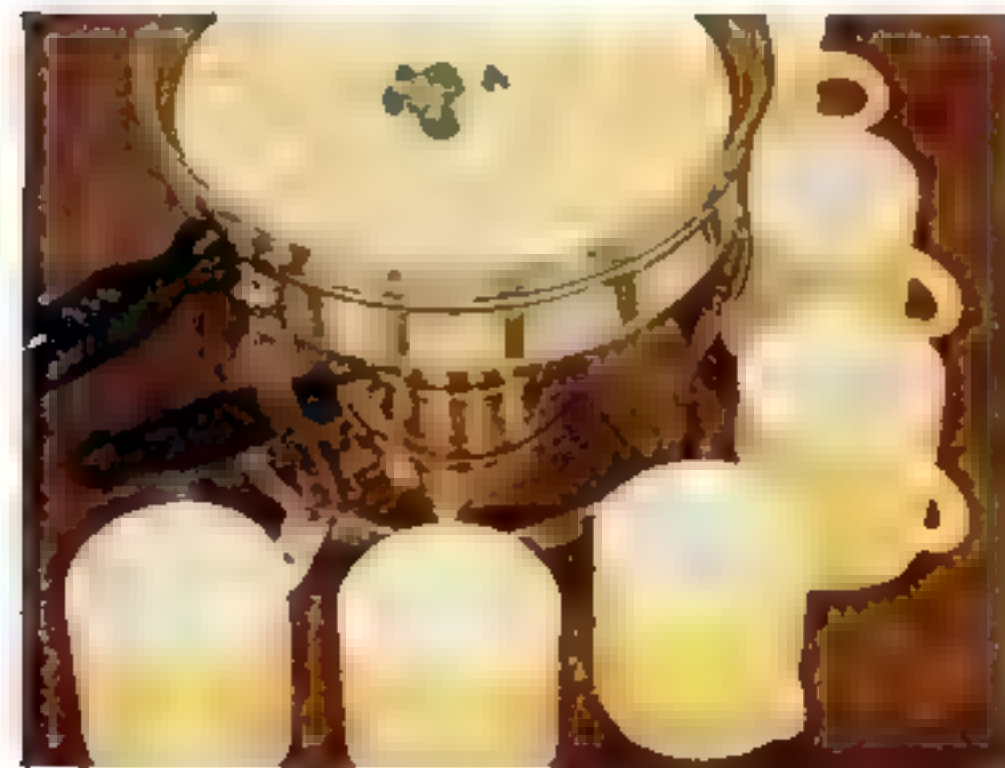
#### SOUP FOR BREAKFAST

New idea at the breakfast table . . . a hot and sparkling soup to start — Campbell's **Chicken with Rice**!



#### PANTRY RAIDERS' SOUP

From shelf to stove to bowl, only 4 minutes! Campbell's old-fashioned **Bean with Bacon Soup** — a raider's favorite.



#### AFTER-THE-PARTY SOUP

Say, "Come on back to my house" — for scrambled eggs and Campbell's **Cream of Mushroom Soup**. Easy, fun!



#### OFF-TO-SLEEP SOUP

A good, warm drink before bed — that sweet dream of a soup — **Cream of Chicken** made the home-kitchen way.



**SOUPS SUPPLY BASIC NUTRITIONAL NEEDS:**  
Vitamins, Minerals and Liquids — for general well-being.  
Proteins — for upkeep and growth. Carbohydrates — for energy.

Once a day . . . every day . . . **SOUP!**





Once again it's time to make a bowl of **MERRY CHRISTMAS!**

Here is one of the happiest traditions of the yuletide season, and here is the way to make the famous Four Roses Eggnog...the finest Bowl of Merry Christmas you ever tasted...

**The procedure:** Beat separately yolks and whites of 8 eggs. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of sugar to yolks while beating. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of sugar to whites after beating

very stiff. Mix egg whites with yolks. Stir in 1 pint of cream and 1 pint of milk. Add a pint of Four Roses and 1 oz. Jamaica Rum (preferably Myer's). Stir thoroughly. Serve very cold, with grated nutmeg.

**The result:** A bowlful (five pints) of the fluffiest, grandest eggnog ever ladled into a cup...thanks to the flavor you can get only with Four Roses.

**TIME to serve the finest... FOUR ROSES**

FOUR ROSES DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

Most graceful, most wanted! This spectacular new decanter of clean-cut grace and beauty. Contains  $\frac{1}{4}$  qt. of America's favorite gift whiskey.







TELEPHONE ON SHOULDER, MARGE SUTTON DISCUSSES P.T.A. WHILE SKINNING SHIRT FROM SON CART. LOJLY (RIGHT) AND A GUEST ARE IN BACKGROUND

# BUSY WIFE'S ACHIEVEMENTS

**Marjorie Sutton is home manager, mother, hostess and useful civic worker**

At the kitchen counter which doubles as her office, Marjorie Sutton of Los Angeles for a brief moment (above) straddles her two equally busy lives as a happy, successful housewife and as a useful civic worker.

At 32, Mrs. Sutton is admittedly lucky. She is pretty and popular. Her husband earns an average of \$25,000. She has a spacious home, a gardener and a full-time maid. Thus freed of much of a housewife's drudgery, she has a unique opportunity to work for her community—and she does. She is a sponsor of the Campfire Girls, serves on P.T.A. committees,

helps raise funds for Centinela Hospital and Goodwill Industries, sings in the choir at Hollywood's First Presbyterian, and inevitably is drawn into many of her husband's civic interests.

But Marge Sutton thinks of herself primarily as a housewife and, having stepped from high school into marriage, has made a career of running her home briskly and well. She does much of the cooking, makes clothes for her four children (ages 6-14) and for herself and, as a hostess, she entertains an endless stream of guests—1,500 a year, she estimates.



BUSY WIFE CONTINUED



**DRIVING THE MODEL T,** vintage 1921. Marge steers with Bart beside her. Christy's back seat, husband George, Marshall and Lolly on running boards.

**FEEDING "FRIENDLY INDIANS,"** a father and son group. Marge serves punch, George, who is helping eye, is known in group as "Big T" and "eye."





## 'SHE LIKES TO KEEP BUSY,' SAYS GEORGE

Marjorie Hayworth and George Sutton were married when he was 17 and she 16 and both were in high school. George rejected a football scholarship to go to work at his father's Ford agency (he took it over in 1948) and Marge left school to set up housekeeping.

With great understatement, George says, "Marge likes to keep busy." In her daily round she attends club or charity meetings, drives the children to school, does the weekly grocery shopping (average bill: \$100), makes ceramics and is planning to study French. A conscientious mother, she spends a lot of time with her children, helping with homework and on costumes for parties, listening to their stories and problems. Her husband comes home for lunch almost every day and Marge makes it a point, whatever her schedule, to be there too. She shares his enthusiasm for driving their Model T. "She'd be a racer if I'd let her," says George.

Many evenings the Suttons entertain two to 200 guests—church groups, their children's clubs, business friends. This leaves little time for reading or solitude but they try to arrange a few evenings alone. "We're a big family," says George, "and it's nice to have a quiet meeting of the board of directors now and then."



**HELPFUL HUSBAND** George Sutton fastens bracelet for Marge as they get set to go out. She made dress herself.



**HOSTESS BY CANDLELIGHT**, Marge ladles nonalcoholic eggnog (the Suttons do not drink) for two of the 50

guests whom she and George invited in for a pre-Christmas session of carol-singing after Sunday evening church service.



# Which dog is the grandfather?



**PIRATE AND DRUM**, vigorous German Shepherds, are both in tip-top condition—thanks to Homogenized Gaines Meal. Can you tell which dog is the grandfather? For the answer, see below.

These Gaines-fed German Shepherds are living proof that Homogenized Gaines Meal can help your dog enjoy **A LONGER PRIME OF LIFE!**

*Eyes bright, spirits high, energy bounding*—what a wonderful difference Gaines can make in your dog, young or old! It's extra-rich in real meat flavor—plus vitamins, minerals and every other food essential science knows your dog needs. In fact, pound for pound, Gaines contains more life-giving protein than any other type of dog food—even more than U. S. Prime Beef!

Gaines is *homogenized* to guarantee complete

nourishment at every feeding. Quite a difference from flake-and-powder mixtures that cause nourishment to vary from day to day. So help your dog enjoy a longer prime of life . . . get Homogenized Gaines Meal today!

Know which dog is the grandfather? It's 9-year-old *Pirate* (left), still as alert and lively as 2-year-old grandson *Drum* (right). Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Ketcham of Huntington, L. I., raised both dogs on Homogenized Gaines.



nourishes every inch of your dog

For an 8" x 10" print of this fine photograph, send name and address plus drawing of running dog from front of any Gaines Meal package or bag to Dog, Dept. E, Box 103, Kenosha, Ill.

A Product of General Foods





**TRIMMING THE TREE**, a 16-foot fir which the family cut in the San Bernardino Mountains. Marge

leans over the banister in the front hallway while Marshall, 8, Lolly, 10, and Gert, 6, watch wide-eyed.

## BUSY WIFE CONTINUED



**SUNDAY RITUAL** has George Suttan, head Lolly Gert and Marshall join in at 7 a.m. before church.

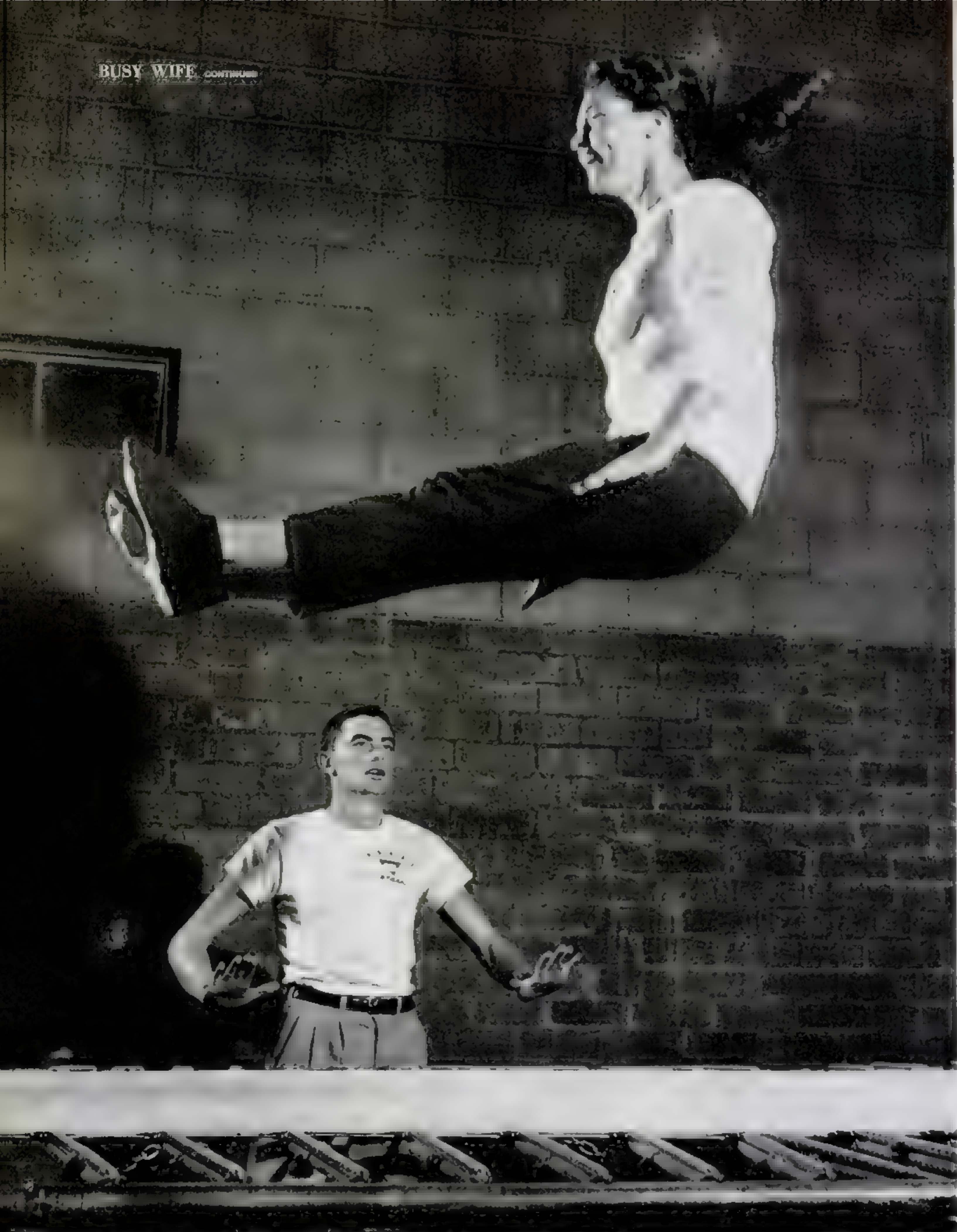


**CHURCH CHORE** finds Marge as the leonore's chairman, trimming Hollywood Presbyterian altar.



**LESSON SESSION** brings Marge to Lolly's room to drill her on spelling a hard word—in rest ty.





**KEEPING IN SHAPE**, Marge bounces high off the trampoline under the eye of instructor Joe Smith during her twice-weekly session at the Centinela Valley

YMCA in Inglewood. Her interest in the trampoline started during a "slim and trim" class which she took at the "Y" to help preserve her size 12 figure





## “It’s almost like wrapping up Christmas for 220 families”

“You could say they’re just average, these 220 young families in the files of my insurance agency. They probably have about the same income, the same number of youngsters as you and I and the folks next door. The same family pleasures to enjoy. The same problems to think about.

“But there’s something special about Christmas in their homes . . . something that gives all the things they do together a special glow.

“It’s their feeling of security, of confidence. It’s knowing for sure that there will always be Christmas for them, come what may. And what makes me feel so good about it is that I’ve had a hand in making it possible.

“Yes, I’ve come to know them pretty well over the past few years. I’ve had the good fortune to share some of their happiest moments. And I’ve been on hand when they’ve needed me.

“Together, we’ve worked out the kind of protection they need for their way of life. It’s what my company, The Travelers, calls American Family Independence.

“Nothing helps you enjoy today more than not having to worry about tomorrow. That’s why all these young folks feel extra happy tonight. And that’s why I feel as if I’ve helped wrap up Christmas for 220 families this year.”



# THE TRAVELERS

INSURANCE COMPANIES, HARTFORD 15, CONNECTICUT

*All forms of personal and business insurance including Life • Accident • Group • Fire • Automobile • Casualty • Bonds*

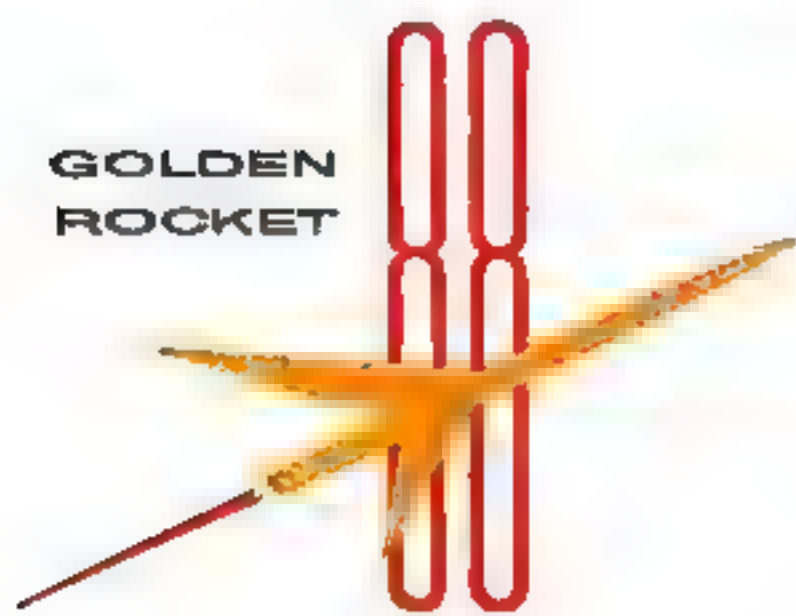




GOLDEN ROCKET 88 HOLIDAY SEDAN

*Come on—live a little!*

GOLDEN  
ROCKET



If you're the kind who won't settle for the ho-hum way of life . . . you're ready to join the circle of Oldsmobile owners. And the Golden Rocket 88 is for you! It's a mood-in-motion . . . with the bright new Accent Stripe, smart as the slap of skis on snow; it's the sweep of clean, low-level body lines. And above all, it's *power personified*—with the Rocket T-400 Engine's 277 high-compression horsepower. Dashing "go" when you need it . . . wise economy when you want it! Today . . . be our guest. Come in and let us show *you* the Golden Rocket 88 . . . value-car of the year!

OLDSMOBILE

BE OUR GUEST . . . TAKE A ROCKET TEST! YOU'RE ALWAYS WELCOME AT YOUR OLDSMOBILE QUALITY DEALER'S



# EARNED PLACE IN POLITICS



OFFERING SHOULDER FOR DESK, MRS. RICHARDSON GETS J. B. WILLIAMS JR.'S SIGNATURE IN HER CAPACITY AS CHAIRMAN OF NEIGHBORHOOD CIVIC GROUP

## AFTER 36 YEARS OF SUFFRAGE, U.S. WOMEN ARE A FORCE FROM GRASS ROOTS TO SENATE

When U.S. women won the right to vote, male reactions ranged from predictions that women would never have the stamina to do political work, to forebodings of democracy's doom, to wishful expectations that politics would soar into a rarefied new atmosphere of purity. After 36 years women may neither have ruined nor reformed politics, but they have convincingly shown themselves to be tireless workers.

Their work is mostly, and indispensably, at the grass-roots level. In the fever of campaigns they do at least as much as men to process mail, collect money, get out the vote and watch the polls. Many carry on their activity through the year—as does Mary Richardson (*above*). As member of the Stamford, Conn. Republican town committee, she fits into a key spot at the base of the country's political structure.



SERIOUS SPEAKER, before Republican town committee, Mrs. Richardson discusses voting laws





**AT THE CAPITOL** Mrs. Luther chats with three fellow legislators as they stroll along a corridor. The only woman in the legislature, she is considered one of its best-informed members and serves on several important house committees.



**ON THE JOB** Mrs. Luther (right) hears views of a member of the State Industrial Commission on bill to limit the weight women can lift in industry.

## A LAWMAKING HOMEMAKER

Combining a political career with a home is no easy task for a housewife, but Mrs. Sally Luther, 38, of Minneapolis, carries it off to the satisfaction of both her constituents and her family. A member of the Democratic-Farmer-Labor party, she was elected in November to her fourth term in the Minnesota House of Representatives. While the legislature is in session—from January to April every second year—Mrs. Luther hires a housekeeper to do the cooking and housework for her husband and three children. At other times she is busy two or three days a week at political chores like answering mail, taking telephone calls and calling on voters in her district. A cleaning woman comes in once a week to give her a hand. "She's probably not the world's best housekeeper," says her husband, "but she's as good as most women who have no other interest."




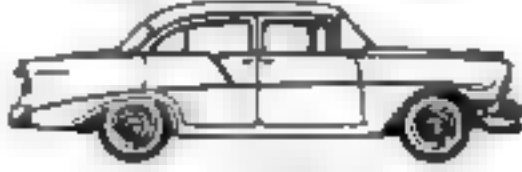





**IN THE KITCHEN** Mrs. Luther serves breakfast to her children Sara Lee, 11 months old, Charles, 15 and Mark, 4, while her husband, C. Hamilton, an attorney, munches a graham cracker and drinks a glass of milk. Mrs. Luther has an office

at home, normally does all the family's shopping, cooking, sewing and ironing. "I've learned what every working mother learns," she says. "How to organize my time, how to do several things at the same time—and how to cook easy dinners."



# Champion spark plugs power 111 out of 115 stock car winners !

## BOX SCORE OF 1956\* NASCAR WINNERS

		Short track	Convertible	Grand National	Total
FORD		6	20	9	35
CHEVROLET		18	9	2	29
DODGE		1	10	9	20
CHRYSLER		0	0	17	17
MERCURY		2	0	5	7
OLDSMOBILE		1	0	1	2
BUICK		0	1	0	1

\*through Sept. 9

**Tremendous record compiled by seven different makes of cars proves that Champions are best for your car, too! If you've gone about 10,000 miles without a change of spark plugs, they can boost your road horsepower by 24%!**

What could be more dramatic proof of Champions' amazing performance?

Out of 115 winning stock cars in 1956 NASCAR† races, 111 were powered by Champion Spark Plugs!

This kind of performance shows that

Champions are best for your car, too.

In fact, tests by independent engineers show that if you've gone about 10,000 miles without a spark plug change, new Champions can give your car an *immediate* gain in road horsepower—a gain that

averaged 24% in tests with all major makes of cars!

If you haven't had your spark plugs checked recently, chances are you don't realize how much power you're losing. For spark plugs should be checked every 5,000 miles—and changed every 10,000 miles—to assure maximum performance from your car.

Replace your old plugs with new 5-rib Champions—and get more road horsepower *instantly!*

†National Association for Stock Car Auto Racing



Cars that win stock car races are no different from the cars you drive. But the men who race them know how to take advantage of every last ounce of horsepower their engines can deliver.

That's why the overwhelming majority of winning stock cars—better than 96%—are equipped with Champion Spark Plugs. Tests show new Champions can increase road horsepower by 24%!







**NEW CONGRESSWOMAN**, Florence Dwyer, visits fellow New Jersey Republican, Senator Clifford Case, at his Washington office. She started as a precinct worker, went to state assembly, upset her male opponent in congressional race.



**HUNTING APARTMENT** in Washington. Mrs. Dwyer (*right*) is shown one with a view of the Capitol. When Congress is in session she plans to spend her weekends in Elizabeth, N.J. with her husband, an industrial relations expert.



**GETTING ORIENTED**, Mrs. Dwyer visits office of H. Newlin Megill (*right*), assistant to House clerk. Here she discusses with him and Albert Abraham, an aide to Senator Case, chances of getting extra gallery tickets for opening day.



**POLICY PLANNER** for Republicans, Maryland's Bertha Adkins was appointed to committee post by Chairman Leonard Hall who said he selected her "not because she is a woman but because she proved herself a real political expert."

## SUCCESS IN THE BIGTIME

In the tough competition of bigtime U.S. politics the women who succeed are in a minority. Bertha Adkins (*above*), who is the assistant national Republican chairman in charge of special activities, is the first woman in either party to attain such a position on the policy level. Even before the U.S. woman's suffrage amendment, Montana, where both sexes have voted since 1914, sent Jeannette Rankin to Congress. But today only 16 of the 531 members of the new Congress are women. The two on this page worked hard for their spots—the newcomer (*left*) who rose from the ranks, the veteran (*below*) who has a long background in Congress.



**SENIOR SENATOR** from Maine, Margaret Chase Smith, a Republican, entered politics in 1910 when she won special election for her late husband's House seat. She was first elected to Senate in 1948, now is its only woman member.



# LET'S MAKE A JELL-O MERRY-GO-ROUND!



**For a children's party . . . or just for a special treat . . . what could be more fun to serve than a bright little Merry-Go-Round dessert!**

Prepare your favorite Jell-O gelatin dessert flavor (children love red, so we chose strawberry). Pour into dessert glasses and chill. When the Jell-O is almost firm,

arrange animal crackers around the edge—close to the glass so they'll be seen. Chill until firm.

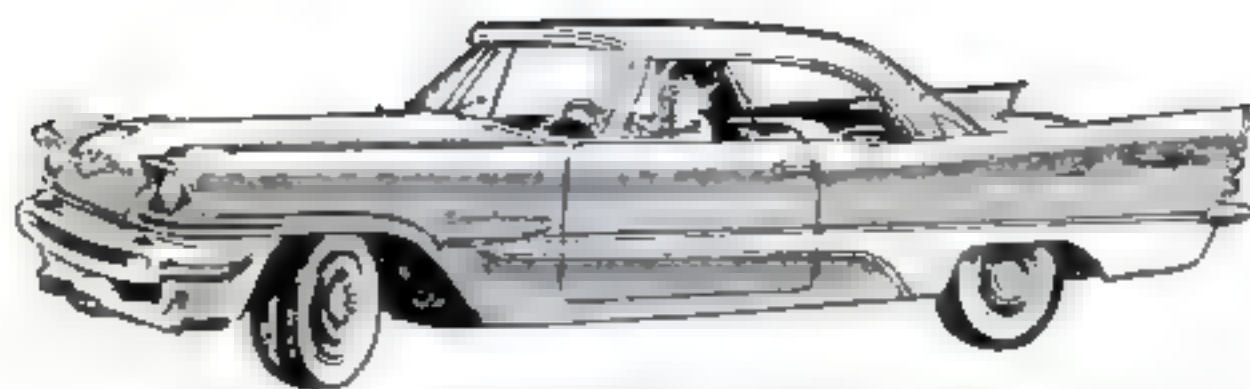
Now put a colorful candy stick in the center, and trim with a swirl of whipped cream.

**It's a bright young treat . . . full of fun, and full of energy, too. Surprise your children—tonight!**

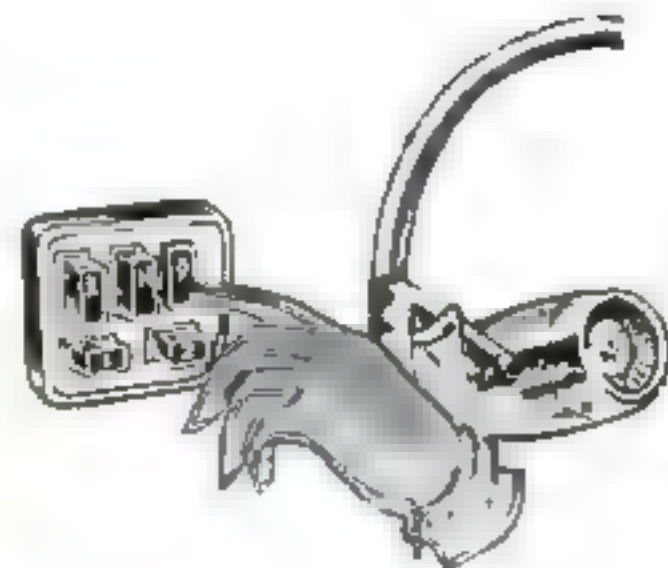
**JELL-O**  
GELATIN DESSERT  
TEN DELICIOUS FLAVORS

JELL-O IS A REGISTERED  
TRADE MARK OF  
GENERAL FOODS CORP.

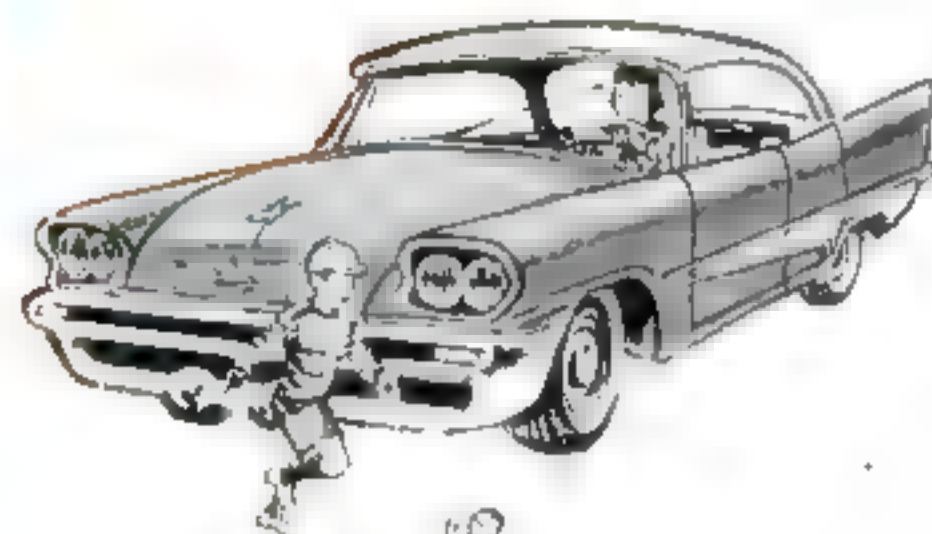
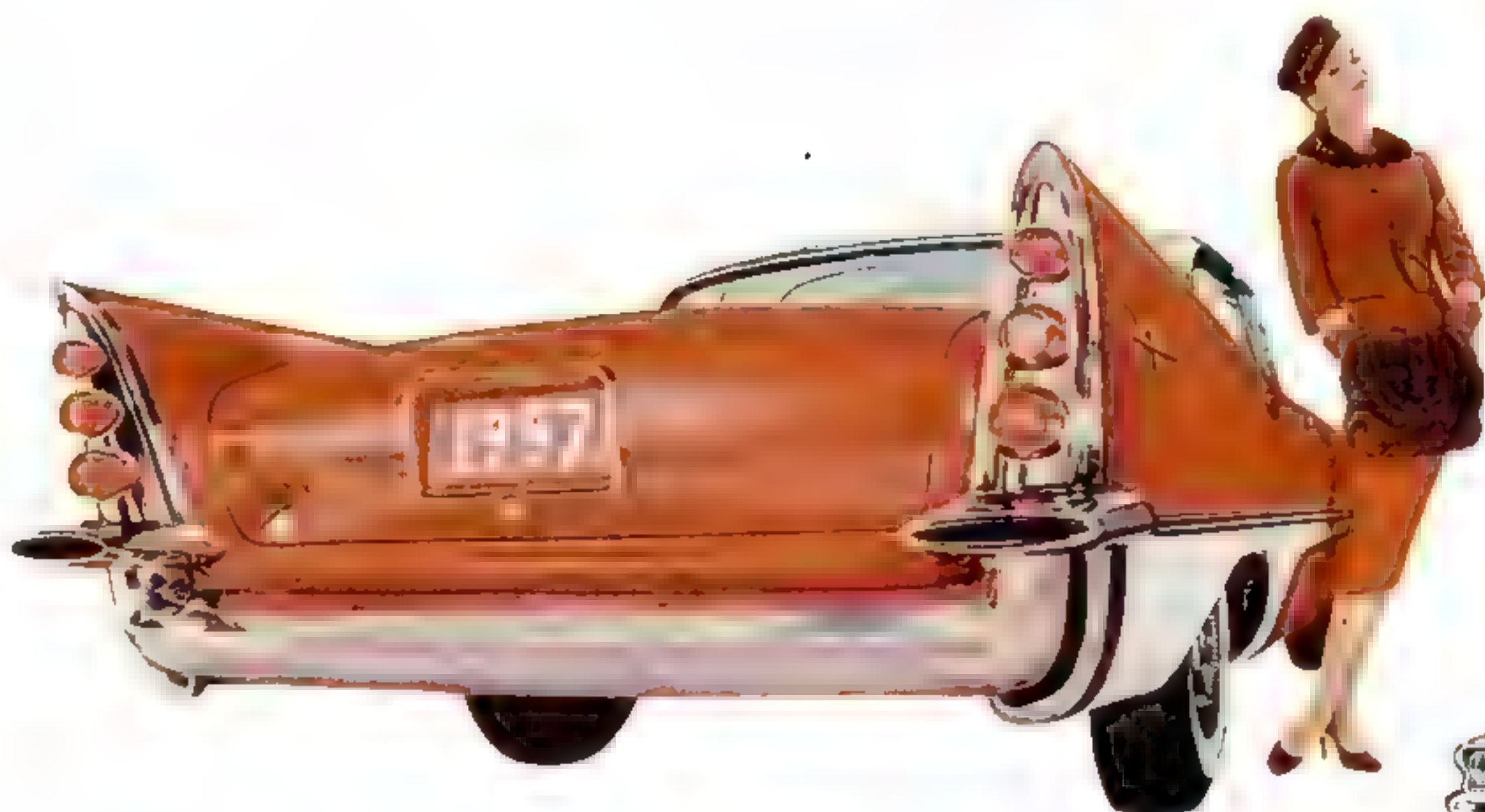




**EASY TO PARK** You have fingertip control with De Soto's new Full-Time power steering. One flick of the wheel and—like magic—you're exactly where you want to be.



**EASY TO DRIVE** Simply touch a button—and De Soto's new push-button control selects the proper driving range for you. It's fully automatic—smoother in traffic—safer on hills.



**EASY TO STOP** You're safe in a De Soto. New total-contact power brakes respond instantly to a nudge of your toe. You stop level—as a table top—no "dive" on quick stops.

## '57 DE SOTO perfect car for a woman (and her family, too!)

If ever a car were perfect for a woman, it's the 1957 De Soto. Here is the new look in high fashion—low, sleek lines (only four feet seven inches high), wide wrap-around windshield, and long, upswept tail fins.

Here is the last word in luxury. Each De Soto interior features deep-textured nylon fabrics, a jewel-case instrument panel, and spacious, comfortable seats. Wide-opening doors make getting in and out so easy. And you can have your choice of the most advanced De Soto power comforts for effortless driving.

Before you decide on any car, drive the exciting new De Soto. You—and your pocket-book—will be glad you did.



**EASY TO ENTER** De Soto's doors are big and wide—wonderful for party dresses, tight skirts and packs of little Indians. Safety locks, of course.



**EASY TO OWN** For 1957, De Soto presents three new lines in a wider range of prices—starting close to the lowest. There's a De Soto priced right for you.





DAISY BORDEN HARRIMAN, 86, gives dinner for 22 people nearly every Sunday. A Democrat, Mrs. Harriman once was minister to Norway.

## IMPORTANT ROLE OF THE HOSTESS

In Washington a few influential women represent a classical function—they provide a social background for talking politics. These are hostesses at whose homes leading figures talk things over at tea, cocktails or dinner.

The really powerful hostesses are the *grande dames* of Washington society, not those whose husbands come and go with the tides of election or who give enormous parties. Some are committed Republicans or Democrats with guest lists that tend to follow party lines. Others give functions which bring Republicans and Democrats into amiable associations. Though it is rarely the intention of these hostesses to entertain for specific political ends, guests admit that discussions they get into have often changed their minds on policy or legislation.

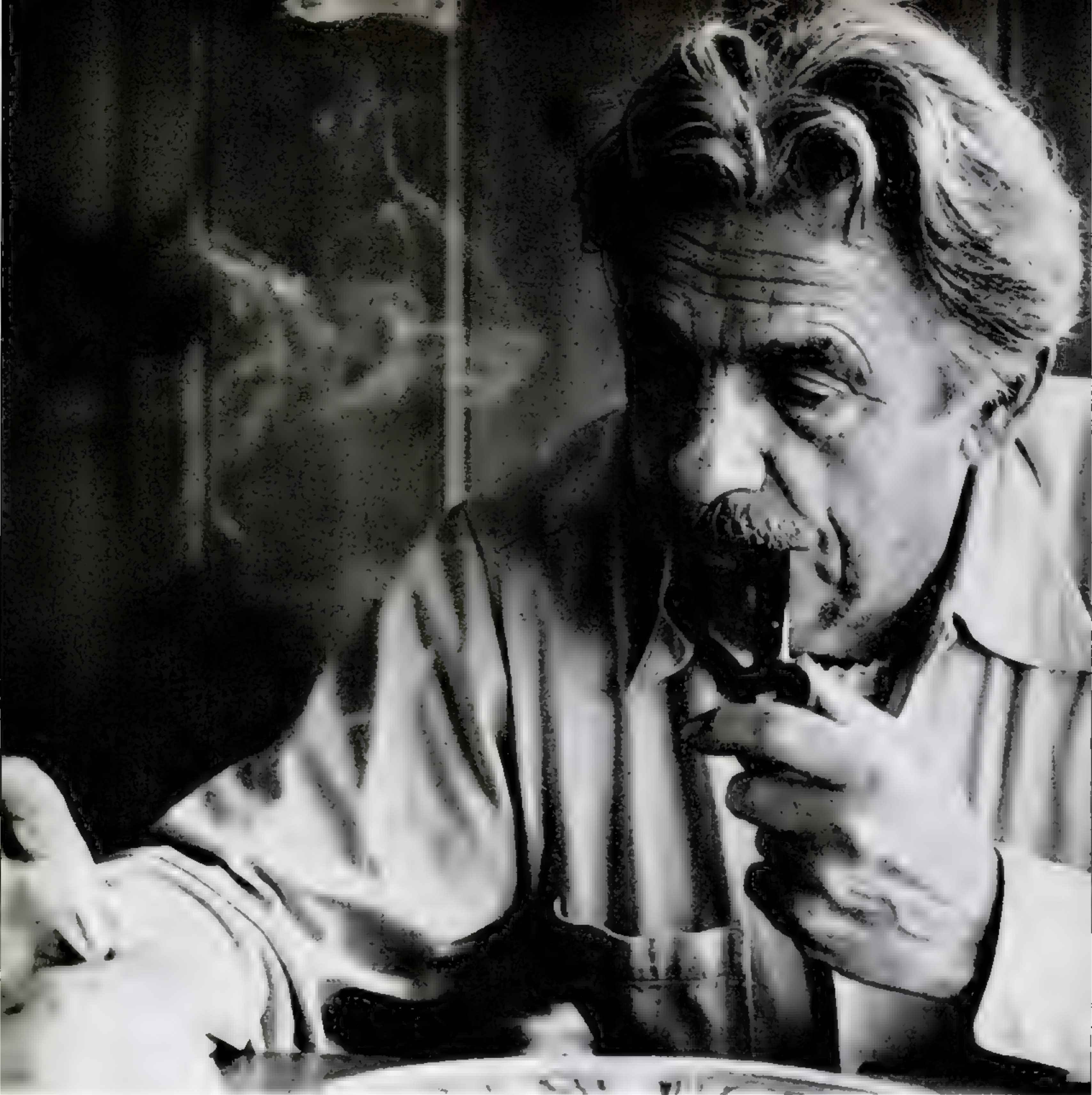


MARJORIE MERRIWEATHER POST, 69, the former wife of Joseph E. Davies, is a Democrat but is utterly nonpartisan in giving her parties.

SITTING BESIDE HER WEST HIGHLAND TERRIERS, MRS. ROBERT LOW BACON, THE WIDOW OF A REPUBLICAN CONGRESSMAN FROM NEW YORK, SERVES TEA







## HE TRADED PARIS FOR A CORN FIELD

Mr. Thomas Hart Benton studied art in Paris—but found more inspiration in the corn fields of his own Missouri. Now one of our most celebrated painters, Mr. Benton enjoys old friends, old habits. In *travel*, however, he goes strictly modern—via Lockheed Super Constellations, the favorite of distinguished air travelers everywhere. Next year Mr. Benton, still learning at 67, will study the Italian masters, flying to Rome on the *NEW*, faster, longer-range Lockheed luxury liner (Model 1649) . . . via TWA—Trans World Airlines.



*New, faster, The Super Constellation*

**COMING: THE LARGEST, FASTEST LOCKHEED LUXURY LINER**  
Model 1649—for non-stop service between world capitals via AIR  
FRANCE • LAL • Italian Airlines • LUFTHANSA • German Airlines  
TWA • Trans World Airlines • and VARIG Airlines of Brazil.

### LOCKHEED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

THESE SUPER CONSTELLATION AIRLINES SERVE THE WORLD • Air France • Al-India International • Avianca • California Eastern • Cubana • Delta Airlines • Eastern Airlines • Iberia • KLM • Royal Dutch Airlines • LAV • The Venezuelan Airline • Lufthansa • German Airlines • Northwest Orient Airlines • Pakistan International • Qantas • Resair Airlines • Scandinavian Airlines • TAP • The Airways • The Flying Tiger Line • Trans-Canada Airlines • TWA • Trans World Airlines • U.S. Overseas Airlines • Varig Airlines





EXPECTANT mother trying on maternity blouse friend Jude Franzheim wanted to lend her, Georgette Mapes (*right*) laughs when the blouse does not fit. But most other clothes did and she had to buy only two dresses during pregnancy.

# THE FIRST BABY

GEORGETTE MAPES AND A MILLION OTHERS SHARE A RICH EXPERIENCE

Of the accomplishments of the American woman, one she brings off with the most spectacular success is having babies. This year there will be a record 4.2 million children born in the U.S., and one million of these, also a record, are first babies. Pretty, brown-haired Georgette Mapes of Mt. Kisco, N.Y. helped establish this record—a fact which meant absolutely nothing to her in terms of the total statistics but everything in terms of her own rich happiness.

She had wanted a baby from the outset of her marriage four years ago,

and long anxiety made her exhilaration greater when the doctor said she was pregnant. There was almost too much for her and her husband, Lynn, to do—a new house to move into, clothes to ready. But she would find herself sitting down, just feeling pleased with herself. And in the midst of their work, they suddenly realized “we were nothing. The baby was everything.” There was the passing instant when for the first time Georgette felt terribly alone. Then came the moment when she could phone with the news that she had just done the most wonderful thing in the world.





**Shopping for the baby's lavette, Lynn and Georgette Mapes listen intently as a saleswoman describes the characteristics of different diaper materials. He was interested in finding out how they would stand up in their washer and dryer.**



**PAINTING THE INTERIOR OF THE NEW HOUSE. Georgette stands on step ladder while Lynn measures the wallboards. She worked hard to get the house ready in time and was cautioned by the doctor against doing more painting in the last weeks.**



## Making Provision for the Newcomer

Georgette Mapes, who is 25, and Lynn, 28, were married when they were seniors at Northwestern. When Georgette became pregnant in the spring they were living in a rented cottage, crowded with 30 potted plants, a canary and two cocker spaniels. In the fourth month of Georgette's pregnancy they sold a plot of land they had bought and purchased a larger house. Georgette pitched in energetically with all the moving and redecorating. Then, before settling down to what seems the longest part of the wait (pp. 60, 61), she gathered, much of it at a shower given by her friends, all the clothing and equipment she would need for the baby.

**At a surprise shower in a friend's house Georgette delightedly holds up a toy lamb that her mother-in-law had sent. Most of her friends gave her clothing for the baby.**





Chore of moving was taken in stride by Georgette who did most of packing. Here, carrying a couple of light articles, she follows movers into new home.

Biggest gift at the baby shower was a baby bath given by Georgette's mother. "If the baby yells," she said jokingly "I'll just close down the top."





FIRST BABY CONTINUED

## The Suspenseful Wait



In last week's *First Baby*, Georgette decorates the bassinet (here occupied by her pup Mandy) by sewing in an organically skirt with a hopeful blue ribbon. Bats on the floor are window curtains which Georgette also made herself. Below, she has some difficulty rising from sofa, also found it hard to find a comfortable reading position. She made normal gain of 20 pounds during period.



**P**REVIEW of the next room: Georgette on a visit to Northern Westchester Hospital during the final week. Her husband said she was a good way of learning to relax herself with maternity ward procedure. He goes on to his next and



# Drawing to Its Close



alone at seeing the delivery room itself, she relaxed happily later when taken and shown all the new babies in the nursery. Except for her regular checkups and a reading of Dr. Spock's *Baby and Child Care*, she had no other prenatal instruction.

CONTINUED



In labor at the hospital Georgette sits with her husband in her room. As Lynn checks his watch to time the interval between her pains, she kisses his hand. Below she rests with a cigaret and waits the final word from the doctor. After Georgette had been in labor for a little more than two hours, he told her to go to the delivery room. She refused a stretcher and walked there herself.





## A Great Achievement Named George Michael



THE most unnecessary man in the world at the moment, Lynn Mapes, as mother in waiting, lies with steps in delivery room. Calm to the point he was now like the first father, restless and in need of a word of reassurance from the doctor.



George Michael Mapes, now a pounds 12 colossus, is held by his mother for the first time as a new arrival. Lack of a room, which would keep the boy a few minutes earlier, for he it was, for the mother's room, the new

JUST THREE HOURS OLD, GEORGE MAPES SLEEPS IN HIS WONDERING MOTHER'S ARMS. FATHER HAD TO WAIT TO HOLD THE CHILD UNTIL HE LEFT THE HOSPITAL







when she fully awakened an hour and a half later, had no recollection that she had already seen her son. From the time her first pain woke her at home, George's labor lasted only about six hours and her delivery was normal and uncomplicated.



Jimmy's father, unworried by suspense of what would be a quick city breakfast with his mother-in-law, Mrs. George Sauer, who had come from Dayton, Ohio to help out at the house, George's son arrived in the delivery

TELEPHONING THE GOOD NEWS TO HER CLOSEST FRIENDS, GEORGETTE IS ECSTATIC WITH BOLD PRIDE AND HAPPINESS, SHE TOOK HER BABY HOME IN SIX DAYS





# *Now! More Complete Relief at Any Stage of a Cold!*

**New BROMO QUININE® — with  
Vitamin C—guarantees more complete  
relief than Aspirin or Any Cold “Remedy”!**

**Only BROMO QUININE  
relieves all these symptoms:**

- 1 Runny, stuffy, sneezy nose**  
Bromo Quinine helps clear up nasal congestion . . . lets you breathe more easily. Aspirin can't do that!
- 2 Headache** **3 Fever**  
Exclusive medicinal formula gives fast-acting relief . . . lasts far longer than aspirin.
- 4 Tired, lopy feeling—temporary irregularity**  
Bromo Quinine helps perk you up . . . gently, safely brings your system back to normal. Aspirin can't do that!
- 5 Muscular aches and pains**  
Ache-all-over feeling disappears along with other cold symptoms . . . relief lasts far longer than aspirin!

**NEW!** Today's Bromo Quinine is fortified with Vitamin C to help build resistance to colds as well as more serious ailments that often follow.

**Here's BROMO QUININE's unsurpassed guarantee:**  
Whether you have a sniffle or a heavy virus cold, new Bromo Quinine cold tablets will bring you:  
1. More complete relief 2. More immediate relief  
3. Longer-lasting relief than aspirin or any other remedy sold or your money back.

When you've got a cold—get a real cold tablet!

**NEW BROMO QUININE**







# DOERS AND DUTIES IN ONE CLUB

## Raleigh women meet civic needs

As nowhere else in the world, the women of America are organization women. Some 65% of them belong to at least one of the countless women's organizations dedicated to community service. This year the General Federation of Women's Clubs awarded top state honors for civic achievement to the Woman's Club of Raleigh, N.C. and its 757 lively, conscientious members.

Founded in 1904, the Raleigh Woman's Club has taken on responsibilities ranging from local beautifying (planting a public rose garden) to lobbying a law (banning crime comics) through the state legislature. "There isn't one important part of the civic life of Raleigh that we don't contribute to," says club president Mrs. Earl Brian. Often, as with Raleigh's excellent cerebral palsy center, the club has gotten a project going so well that the larger agencies or the city or county have been happy to take it over. And from each good work that it does, the indefatigable Raleigh Woman's Club is given heart to tackle another.



### WOMAN'S CLUB LEADERS

The officers of the Raleigh Woman's Club assemble before club's \$150,000 property. In foreground is club president Mrs. Earl Brian. Other officers and their duties are (front row, left to right) Mrs. Thomas Wingfield, communications; Mrs. T. Lewis Nash, conservation; Mrs. D. M. Wood, music; Mrs. Harold Dudley, education; Mrs. W. Fred Dorsey, community affairs; Mrs. Henry Bridges, correspondence; Mrs. C. Woodrow Teague, special projects; Mrs. David Worth, third vice president; Mrs. Tobias Goodman, public affairs; Mrs. Maxwell Warlick, house committee. In rear row from left are Mrs. D. E. Schreffler, ways and means; Mrs. Clyde Smith, literature; Mrs. C. L. Carpenter, second vice president; Mrs. Graham B. Poyner, publicity; Mrs. C. P. Deyton, auditor; Mrs. W. E. Colwell, treasurer; Mrs. W. T. Martin, first vice president; Mrs. James Reid, the Junior Woman's Club president; Mrs. E. S. Johnson, international affairs; Mrs. Robert Williams, home department.

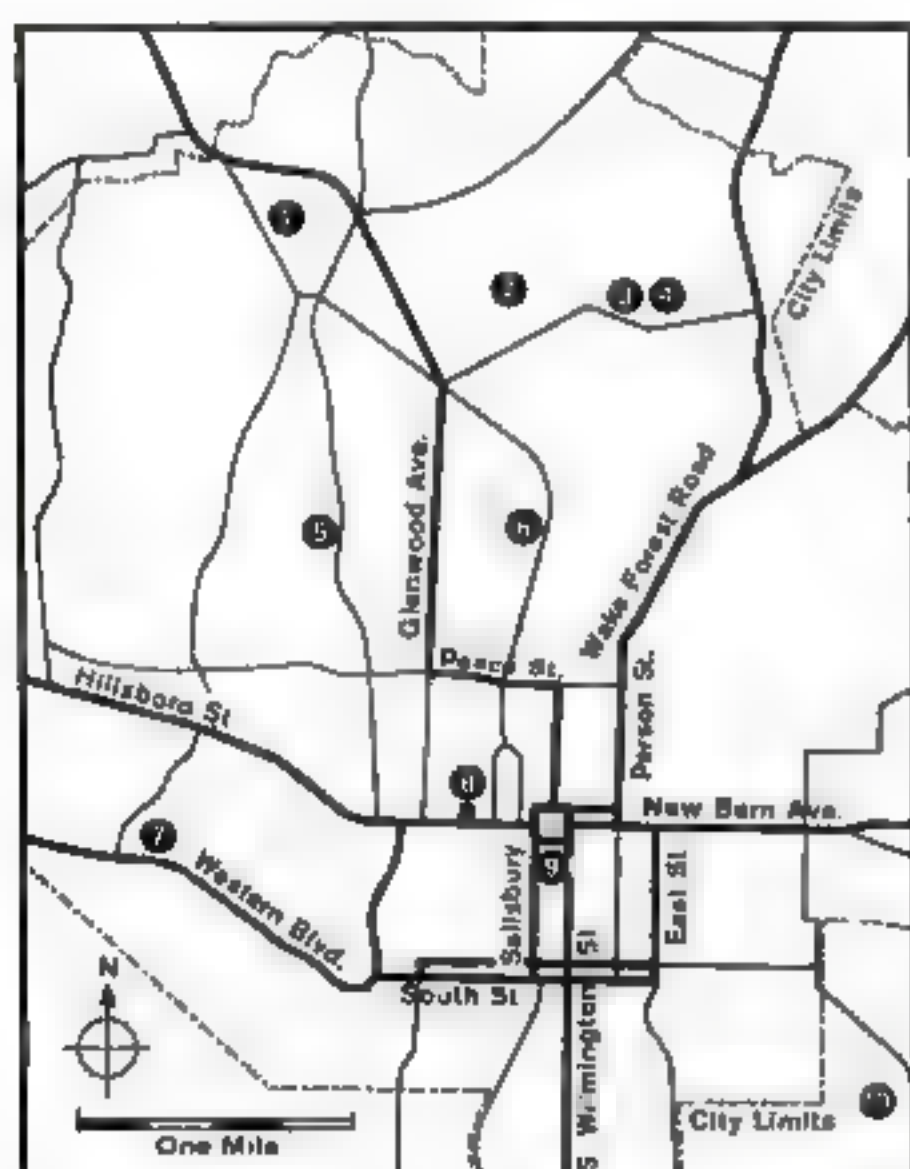
**IN CLUB ELECTION** Mrs. Charles Harris writes names of candidates for nominating committee on blackboard.





LEADING WOMEN PRISONERS IN SINGING "GOD'S PRAYER," YOUNG JANICE CAPPS PLAYS ACCORDION AS CLUB OFFICERS AND PRISON HEAD (REAR) WATCH

## WORTHY TASKS ALL OVER THE TOWN



**CLUB PROJECT SITES** dot whole Raleigh area and include 1 Josephus Daniels High School beautification plan, 2 cerebral palsy center, 3 juvenile home, 4 Negro tuberculosis preventorium, 5 hospital being visited, cancer clinic being set up, 6 downtown boulevard beautification plan, 7 an arts and crafts center, 8 the woman's club headquarters, 9 art sales gallery to encourage local talent 10 the prison classes.

**TEACHING ART** at the weekly prison class. Mrs. Russell Broadbush displays drawing made by inmate.

Place after place in Raleigh is better for the touch of the Woman's Club's hand (*map, left*). At the state woman's prison, the club builds character (*above*) and teaches skills (*below*). Members visit the local hospital and help inmates at the juvenile detention home (*p. 69*). The club has donated a Negro TB preventorium and is working hard to have a rest home for cancer victims established.

To handle its endless variety of activities, the Raleigh Woman's Club has had to set up 15 special departments. Their chairmen call on members' time and energy so often that one willing Raleigh woman has good-naturedly said, "Sometimes I feel my middle name is projects."



**TEACHING WALKING**, Mrs. W. J. Reynolds helps boy at cerebral palsy center the club set up.







Cake: Betty Crocker White Cake Mix Frosting: new Betty Crocker Fluffy White Frosting Mix tinted pink

## All the rest of your natural life

The first birthday. And the first step. And the first word. And the first day of school. And the first mumps. And the first bumps too big to kiss away. And the first date and the first dance and the first roses and first love and the joys and terrors and triumphs of the days that lie between. They're all here . . . in a single moment, in a single family, lost in the wonder of the first baby . . . and this first birthday.

Don't go away. It's a moment to remember. A moment to mark with a very special

cake . . . one that's nothing less than perfect. A cake you just know must be made from Betty Crocker Cake Mix.

For Betty Crocker guarantees the perfect cake . . . for the perfect moment . . . cake after cake. Don't pin *your* faith on something less. Ask your store for that mix that bakes a cake that's homemade light and homemade good and easy!

But don't wait for a big moment! Why not celebrate a *little* moment—this very special little night?



"I guarantee a perfect\* cake—  
cake...after cake...after cake!"

*Betty Crocker of General Mills*



Yes, all our Betty Crocker Mixes—Cake Frosting, Date Bar, Brownie, Pie Crust, Answer Cake—are guaranteed to come out perfect, or send the box top to Betty Crocker, Box 200, Minneapolis, Minn., and General Mills will send your money back.



# Pepsi-Cola

## refreshes without filling

THIS holiday season, the traditional dishes will all be there—but how the recipes have changed!

The modern taste for lighter, less filling foods has affected even time-honored stuffings and desserts. And the slender waistlines of today's active people show how their wholesome eating habits have paid off.

Today's Pepsi-Cola, reduced in calories, keeps pace with this sensible trend in diet. That's why more people than ever this year will be asking for Pepsi—the modern, the *light* refreshment.

Never heavy, never too sweet, Pepsi-Cola refreshes without filling. Have a Pepsi.



The *Light*  
refreshment





**SINGING TO THE SICK,** the Vespers Group, a new project of the club music department, cheers patient in Raleigh's Rex Hospital with some Christmas carols.

**COMFORTING THE SORROWFUL,** Mrs. Will J. Hudson Jr. brings advice and encouragement to a 13-year-old girl shoplifter held at county juvenile home.







**SETTLING CLUB AFFAIRS.** Mrs. Brian (standing) is flanked by officers at luncheon meeting.



**MODELING FOR CHARITY.** Mrs. E. D. Baker shows clothes furnished by a local store at \$1.85-a

plate fashion show lunch. Proceeds of \$100 were donated to Raelz branch of Salvation Army.



**LEGACY TO COMMUNITY** — the Raelz hobby center, located in a city park building, where local women compare their hooked rugs. Woman's club

helped start hobby center, made it so popular that city took it over. New woman's club is looking hard for new community building with more space.



WORKING TOGETHER  
★ ★  
TO BRING PEOPLE TOGETHER



For many a year, the Bell seal has been the signpost of telephone service. A little while ago we got to thinking that such a well-known symbol deserved a slogan.

We found six words that seem to sum up the story of the telephone and the telephone business... "Working Together to Bring People Together."

"Working Together" describes the spirit and co-operation of the telephone companies and the thousands of telephone men and women who help to provide the service.

"To Bring People Together" describes the greatest use of the telephone

It is priceless in emergencies and indispensable in saving steps and time

and getting things done. And one of its biggest values is in helping people keep in touch with each other.

Many a day is brightened just because someone reached for the telephone to exchange news and good wishes and a friendly greeting.

Isn't there someone you'd like to call right now?

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



TUNE IN "TELEPHONE TIME"...the TV program with John Neabitt's real life stories the whole family can enjoy together...every Sunday over CBS... See your local newspaper for time and channel.





*"We women are self-possessed in the doctor's office. We can keep calm about illnesses because, as a sex, we are so much less fragile than men"*

# WOMEN ARE WONDERFUL

They like each other for all the sound, sturdy virtues that men do not have

by PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

**W**OMAN today is in danger of being so completely analyzed and discovered that she will soon have lost much of her allure and a good deal of her armor. Medicine measures her astonishing strength. Anthropology discusses her adaptability. Philip Wylie attacks her for being too aggressive and Ashley Montagu says she belongs to a superior race. In the open arenas of business, sports, day labor and the arts, she has been cajoled into demonstrating competencies she had managed to conceal for centuries, even from herself. So I expect I won't be read out of the Female Party if I smash one more dearly held belief—the belief that women dislike other women.

For quite the contrary is true. Women like women fine. The more feminine she is, the more comfortable a woman feels with her own gender. It is only the occasional and therefore noticeable rake or adventurer among our sex who refuses to make friends with us. I speak now merely of genuine friendship. Our love we reserve for its proper object, Man. How could we help loving men, the dear, romantic, illogical, timid, sentimental things? Their hearts are so tender, their trusts so deep; and they are often such good cooks too! Uncertain, coy and hard to please they may be, but it is woman's duty to cosset and protect them. And she has done so to the best of her considerable ability for a long, long while. In addition, men make the best possible fathers for our children.

What man has misconstrued, perhaps, is woman's behavior during what I must bluntly call the hunting season. We are immensely practical. If the race is to continue, we like to provide a second parent. So we go about the serious business of finding husbands in a serious manner which allows no time for small luxuries like mercy toward competitors. Nature turns red in tooth and claw, every method is fair and rivals get no quarter.

Once triumphant, however, with a man for our hearth, a fresh generation on its way, we sheathe our swords. We lay aside, as it were, certain secret weapons, and reaccept the company of our own kind. We

choose each other for neighbors. We dress for one another's approval. We borrow loaves of bread, exchange recipes and sympathy, talk over our problems together. Watch women at cocktail parties. All eyes and smiles for the gentlemen at first, the safe (by which I mean the satisfactorily married) ladies begin gradually to drift away from the bantering males. They do it tactfully. The fiction must be maintained that men are their sole concern. But by almost imperceptible degrees, women edge toward some sofa where another woman is ensconced. There, while the talk seethes and bubbles around them, they whisper cozily together of truly important things like baby-sitters and little dressmakers.

Do I imply by this that women are as frivolous and unintellectual as they have been accused of being in other eras? Or that the larger issues do not concern them and that maybe old theologians were justified in debating whether or not they had souls? Far from it. I am simply trying to convey the natural attraction that binds us together. Those two women on the sofa might well go on from household problems to the lesser topics of literature, space-rockets or politics. I know. For I am frequently one of the ladies on the sofa. In other words, I like women.

## Shoe trees and knobless knees

**M**Y reasons are many and sufficient. I like them for their all-around, all-weather dependability. I like them because they are generally so steady, realistic and careful about tidying up after a hot shower. I admire them for their prudence, thrift, gallantry, common sense and their knobless knees, and because they are neither so vain nor so given to emotion as their opposite numbers. I like the way they answer letters promptly, put shoe trees in their shoes at night and are so durable physically. Their natures may not be so fine or their hearts so readily touched as man's, but they are not so easily imposed on either. And then they own all those basic manual skills like repairing gadgets and replacing tops on





*"Many women still maintain that they can do anything better than a man can, but there are certain trades I wish the girls had not taken up"*

# WOMEN ARE MISGUIDED

They are still waging a shrill, ridiculous war over the dead issue of feminism

by CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER

**I** HAPPEN not to be what is known as a "woman's woman." The female who is proud of the fact that she is a "woman's woman" is as ludicrous to me as the manhood-triumphant male who boasts of being a "man's man." I am quite content to be a woman but I don't regard my state as a remarkable accomplishment. I am not inordinately proud of my sex any more than I am inordinately proud of mankind as a whole. And I am anything but proud of the unwomanly way in which women's women are behaving these days.

Being completely nonpartisan when it comes to the comparative merits and superiorities of the two sexes, I am always astonished when I run across the earnestly vigorous partisans, those "what-women-are-doing" enthusiasts who still go under the outdated term of feminists. There are still an astonishing number of American women who get all worked up over American women, hailing each new distinction of any member of the sisterhood as one more goal for their team. And often as not, the more unfeminine the achievement, the more rapturous the cheers.

I have been exposed to this attitude all my life, for my mother was awfully impressed by the emancipated female "who did things." To be sure, when I was a child women had not been doing things for too many years as far as the professions or civic affairs were concerned, and my mother thought those who did were wonderful. There was a female general practitioner that mother thought was especially wonderful—only, I'm sure, because she had crashed the gates of the medical profession, for as a person she was a fright, resembling a tweed-clad horse with a definite mustache and smelling of leather and disinfectant. I called her "Dr. Spook." She was one of the Emancipated Women all right, and the first shackle from which she had emancipated herself was charm.

I had to put up with Dr. Spook because she was the first woman doctor in our neighborhood. To be the *first* woman to accomplish any unusual feat has always been heralded, especially by other women, as being something remarkably splendid. Woman will go to all lengths in her

incomprehensible scuffle to prove herself the equal of man. In 1901 Mrs. Anna Edson Taylor had herself nailed into a steel-bound barrel, shoved out into the rapids of the Niagara River and swept down over the falls. She goes down in the pages of history as the first person to survive this idiotic act. Whether or not it proved women to be the equal of men in courage and shock absorption, it certainly proved that they can be equally asinine.

A surprising number of women in this country still maintain that they can do anything better than a man can. This is a pity, for if a woman *can* do a man's job better than he, and if she lets him know it, she is no true woman. It is certainly not to be questioned that in many fields women are on a par of excellence with men. In others, their excellence might be summed up by the words of Dr. Samuel Johnson: "Sir, a woman preaching is like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all."

Whether they do them well or not, there are certain trades I wish the girls had not taken up. For instance, that of the hospital technician. I have never had a blood count taken or other medical tests performed upon me by anyone but a very brisk, very terrifying, young Miss Efficiency, smugly competent, aloofly impersonal and about as compassionate as an armadillo.

## Funereal hostesses

**T**HEN there are those lady headwaiters who go by the euphemistic title of "hostesses." For me they strike a chilling note. A headwaiter leads one directly to a table with an anticipatory flourish that whets the appetite. A head waitress, after considerable hesitancy, takes a mysteriously circuitous route to what proves to be the most distant table, as though she thought it best not to let one be seen. It is rather like being shown to a pew at a funeral.

I also feel curiously uncomfortable about all-girl orchestras. I am



toothpaste tubes. I respect them, too, because they are such good drivers.

Say what you will, the male operator of a car is not in a class with his female counterpart. Statistics show a greater ratio of fatal accidents for the man. At long last there has been official recognition of male incompetence by insurance companies in 45 states, where a car can be insured at a greatly lowered rate if there are no male drivers in the family under 25. Don't misunderstand me. I'm not *blaming* men. It is in their natures to dream greatly, even amid traffic. The young ones cannot help showing off to their dates and the older ones must not be held culpable for a tendency to compete with the sedan in front.

In spite of knowing several men who really handle an automobile very well, I somehow always feel safer when a woman is at the wheel. For one thing, she has had such a lot of experience. There is not a man in a thousand who has spent so much time playing chauffeur as the average housewife, urban, country or suburban. What's more, a woman gets where she is going with a minimum of fuss and temper. She is not too proud to inquire directions and when they are being given to her, she listens. Men would rather pore endlessly over maps, however inadequate, or else make out by intuition.

Now I have nothing against intuition. It is one of men's inborn and most endearing qualities. But their trust in it baffles the ordinary straight-thinking woman. In every field from horse racing to national politics we prefer to marshal facts, estimate them calmly and then make our choices, rather than rely on some sixth sense. Something is always telling a man

some peculiar inner voice—that Senator Humphrey Grouh is really going to solve the farm problem, or that the storm windows don't need to go up this weekend because we're certain to have a mild November, or that tonight is his lucky night and he's bound to fill that inside straight.

There are, I admit, areas where intuition pays off. If Columbus hadn't had a hunch that he could sail to India by way of the Atlantic Ocean, he'd never have bumped into San Salvador. Wellington felt in his bones that he could stop Napoleon at Waterloo, just as those prospectors in California felt there was gold lying around the vicinity; and their bones were speaking true. Moreover, few businesses could burgeon or stock markets flourish or plays get produced without the impulsiveness of Adam's heir.

Just the same, women choose to proceed less rashly. They know that if their hunches go astray, they will have to pick up the pieces. Even in small things a woman likes to be guided by fact. Let her loose in a delicatessen and she comes out with the loaf of rye bread and the half pint of cream which she had put down on her list instead of the olives stuffed with anchovies, the assorted cheeses, pumpnickels, pickles, herring, potato salad, breast of turkey, pastes, spreads and relishes which her husband dreamed the larder might need over the weekend. And if she has a sore throat she does not ignore it completely on the theory that rude germs go away if one doesn't speak to them, or else take, groaning, to her bed because she has an intuition she will die before nightfall. She consults her doctor or a thermometer.

### The unfragile sex

**O**F course women can keep calm about illnesses because, as a sex, we are so much less fragile than men—a point which scarcely needs belaboring. Again, statistics prove it. Wives consistently outlive their husbands. If one of a pair of twins succumbs in infancy, it is nearly always the delicate boy rather than the sturdy girl. Despite the severer tensions of a woman's life (and what hard-driven executive would exchange his routine for the soul-lacerating vexations of a housewife's day?) we are not so prone to ulcers, alcoholism or gout. We survive shipwreck, bankruptcy and childbirth with notorious aplomb.

Even the small ordeals find us less vulnerable. We are brave at the dentist's, self-possessed in the doctor's office and disinclined to faint while being vaccinated. Again, we deserve no credit. Providence simply has provided us with that extra bit of stamina.

Providence has, indeed, almost made men expendable—or is trying to. I read with apprehension last spring that scientists had found they could raise turkeys from unfertilized eggs without benefit of a male turkey. They called it parthenogenesis. The scientists when last heard from were dubiously experimenting with some of the higher vertebrates such as rabbits. It gives one to think.

Extra stamina accounts for much. It explains why, no matter how they may clamor for equality, men can never hope to compete with women in certain sports and occupations. Men may do well enough in less demanding fields. They can throw a ball overhand, hurl a discus about, climb an unimportant mountain. But put them down in a crowded department store at holiday time for some jolly scrimmage and they collapse at the first counter. A woman in three-inch heels, with a tote bag weighing 10 pounds on her arm as handicap, can outwalk a man on a shopping expedition any day—and outdance him again at night. In one morning she can wash, iron, turn mattresses, wrestle with



"Now and then a gifted man sets out to be his own carpenter"

the sweeper, paper the ceiling of the dinette, and do it on black coffee and a slice of toast.

Which brings me to another admirable female trait: the ability to get along on a restricted diet. A husband before breakfast is more terrible than an army with banners. Deprive him of his lunch and he wilts like a plucked dandelion. And the dinnerless male is something too dismal to contemplate. So, when undertaking a vital mission, women like to have women for companions. They are not always having to be stoked with food. If they *must* stop along the line of march for sustenance, they are willing to settle for a teasop instead of the most expensive cafe in town, and to divide the bill fairly afterwards. This I find consoling. One of man's most exasperating qualities is his insistence on lavish gestures when he is settling a restaurant charge.

Notice what happens when two couples are dining out. Mr. and Mrs. Whitehouse, an unextravagant pair, have taken the \$3.50 blue plate special with a martini apiece. Mr. and Mrs. Blair have each downed two or three cocktails and gone on to beef tenderloin, asparagus hollandaise and for dessert something flaming in a silver dish. But when the bill is brought, Mr. Whitehouse says expansively, "We'll just split it," and pays his unequal share without a murmur.

You won't catch us ladies behaving so. When we lunch or dine together we tot up every item ("Marge, you had the chicken sandwich on out-and-raisin bread, and Evelyn, did you order two cups of coffee with that lemon-sponge?"), figure how the cost should fall and even divide the tip in proper ratio.

It's this no-nonsense side of women that is pleasant to deal with. They are the real sportsmen. They don't constantly have to be building up frail egos by large public performances like overtipping the hat-check girl, speaking fluent French to the Hungarian waiter and sending back the wine to be re-cooled. They are neither too proud to carry packages nor too timid to ask a dilatory clerk for service.

What I enjoy, too, about my feminine friends is their downright honesty. Ask a woman if she likes your hairdo and she *tells* you. Make a small bet with her and she expects to be paid. And when she passes on a bit of scandal, she doesn't call it "shop talk," thus lending it a spurious moral air. Of course we women gossip on occasion. But our appetite for it is not so avid as a man's. It is in the boys' gyms, the college fraternity houses, the club locker rooms, the paneled offices of business that gossip reaches its luxuriant flower. More tidbits float around the corridors of one major advertising firm in an afternoon than Louella Parsons ever matched in a year's output. Commuting trains buzz with it. The professions grow fat on it. The fluffiest blonde of a private secretary locks more secrets in her chic head than the granite-jawed tycoon who employs her. Women, in fact, are the secret-keepers. Forced by biological circumstance to live a subtler life than their brothers, they have learned to hold their tongues. "Kiss and tell" is a male and not a female slogan. There is something about man's naive character, something less than flutlike in his soul, which makes him a poor risk for a confidence.

That additional flut in a woman helps her, moreover, to keep her head. She is not always out on some rash adventure—leading a lost cause, buying shares in El Dorado or lending money to a brave little widow with nine famishing and nonexistent children. If we have not man's compassion, we also lack his gullibility.

And then from the purely technical point of view, I do like women's mechanical handiness. They are so reassuringly clever about mending things—about fixing locks on doors and putting in new fuses and repairing leaky faucets and stopping windows from rattling. What's



ready to grant that the female musician can be every inch the equal of the male artist, if not occasionally the superior. But the sight of a woman playing a peculiarly unwomanly instrument is so distracting that one spends the time watching her instead of listening to the sounds she produces. There is no logical reason why female musicians should be confined to the piano, the harp, the violin, the viola and an occasional flute. And there are no logical grounds, artistic or physical, for objection to a woman's playing on a bassoon or pounding a kettledrum or venting interesting sounds by means of a tuhu. But she looks ridiculous. The English conductor Sir Thomas Beecham apparently shares my dim view of lady musicians. When, on a guest tour of this country, he discovered women in the symphony orchestras, he fulminated: "Women are like the vultures on the battlefield: they appear after everyone else is dead. . . . The sooner they're allowed to run their course, the sooner the present era will blow up in ineptitude, inefficiency and incompetence. There will be five years of no music, and at the end people will say, 'Now we'll start over.' "

Actually there was recently a talented young female bassoonist who gave up a promising career on that sturdy instrument, not to do something more feminine but to take up bullfighting. This is Patricia Hayes of San Angelo, Texas, who has had spectacular success in the arenas of Mexico and Portugal. Unfortunately she is not America's only matadora. Pat McCormick (also from Texas) has slaughtered more than 125 bulls since 1952, and Bette Ford, a former model from McKeesport, Pa., has accounted for more than 53 bulls since 1954.

It is obvious that in time there will hardly be a job that women will not try to tackle. I don't know if as yet the carpenter's union has admitted any women to their ranks, and so far we do not employ many lady paper hangers, plumbers or garage mechanics. As far as I know, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is still a brotherhood. Trains are my favorite means of transportation, but the day I look through the cab window of the Century and see, seated behind the throttle, a woman wearing goggles and one of those caps made of bed-ticking, I will take a plane. And the day a woman wins a heavyweight or even a bantamweight championship over a male pugilist (and there have been lady boxers), I will take up lavender and lace.

Women have plenty of champions among the sociologists and anthropologists who have proved her equality to man. If she is equal, the fact is not too disturbing. What is disturbing is the inordinate pride we flaunt in our accomplishments, a sort of we-are-the-leaders girls' college attitude—which is okay as long as one is a girl in college. If a woman can do a job as well as a man, so what? As for all those women's groups and committees, I think they are fine if they are accomplishing fine things. They are to be commended for proving themselves constructive, valuable *citizens*, but not for proving themselves constructive, valuable *women*. Any step toward the betterment of this sorry world is a splendid thing. But the fact that the public benefactor is a woman doesn't make it any more splendid.

Ladies, we have won our case, but for heaven's sake let's stop trying to prove it over and over again. By setting ourselves up as a race apart and special we lose many of the delights and fulfillments of being women. In the long run, we cannot do without men and men cannot do without us—not unless we drive them to it with our shrill cheering for our own accomplishments. If ever the day approaches when men *can* do without us, I will take out citizenship papers in another and more agreeable planet.



"Women have certainly proved they can be as asinine as men"



## Holiday time... is Pizza party time!



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APPIAN WAY QWIK BREAD MIX  
—delicious bake-at-home bread.  
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more, they do it with no fuss and just a piece of string or old wire.

Now and then a gifted man sets out to be his own plumber or carpenter or electrician. But did you ever watch him at his work? To begin with, he must first invest in an elaborate set of tools, expensive as Russian sable. These he brings out lovingly, one by one, fondling them as a hunter does his rifles. Then he commandeers as helpers anyone unfortunate enough to be within earshot. People must hold things. Someone must hand him things. The ladder has to be supported. He has to have fetched to him intermittently sharpeners for his chisels, cloths for wiping his hands, hot water from the sink and cups of coffee or cold drinks at frequent intervals. Papers must be laid down around him and the entire household must listen to his exhortations, arguments and complaints. Particularly, there must be some obliging menial to look on, admire and deposit the laurel wreath on his brow when the job, as it sometimes does, gets finished. But I've seen women merely give a sharp slap to a reluctant washing machine or a dig in the ribs to a sulky toaster, and off it goes.

Mechanically deft as they are, not to speak of honest, clean, courteous, brave, reverent and loyal, women are the proper objects of woman's admiration. Oh why, I often wonder, in defiance of Henry Higgins, can't men be more like us!

But I always hear myself answering, "How splendid that they aren't!" Expendable they may be. But into our hard, practical lives they bring tenderness and sentiment. They give existence its meaning, its essential élan. They encourage our better natures. And they are esthetically so appealing too! Who better graces a drawing room? What prettier sight can one see at evening under the soft glow of the lamp than a man dressed in his old tweed jacket and lounging slippers?

No, without men we should be the poorer. Brightness would fall from the air, life would lose most of its color and all of its romance. And there would be no one to help us lift our monotonous daily burdens. Besides having to go to the office every morning, we would also have to write all the novels, paint all the pictures, start all the wars; and we have better business than that already. Women are the fulfilled sex. Through our children we are able to produce our own immortality, so we lack that divine restlessness which sends men charging off in pursuit of fortune or fame or an imagined Utopia. That is why we number so few geniuses among us. The wholesome oyster wears no pearl, the healthy whale no ambergris, and as long as we can keep on adding to the race, we harbor a sort of health within ourselves.

Sometimes I have a notion that what might improve the situation is to have women take over the occupations of government and trade and to give men their freedom. Let them do what they are best at. While we scrawl interoffice memos and direct national or extranational affairs, men could spend all their time inventing wheels, peering at stars, composing poems, carving statues, exploring continents—discovering, reforming or crying out in a sacramental wilderness. Efficiency would probably increase and no one would have to worry so much about the Suez Canal or an election.

On the other hand, though, I like our status too much to make the suggestion seriously. For everybody knows it's a man's world and they have not managed it very well, but at least it's their baby. If women took over, we might find ourselves thrashing around in the very masculine morasses we have so far managed to avoid.



"It is a woman's duty to cosset and protect her man"



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*"Canadian Club"*

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IMPORTED FROM CANADA

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Log Cabin Syrup has real maple flavor because it's blended with real maple sugar. That's why Log Cabin is the secret of better-tasting waffles!

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Product of General Foods







Maternity evening coat designed by Charles James. One of a series created for The Mennen Company by noted designers.



# To every Lady-in-Waiting

Your baby  
will be the most fortunate ever born

Never before have infants' diseases been so few

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so well understood. And now... Mennen achieves

**a truly great advance in infant skin care**

Oh lucky, lucky . . . the baby born in this year of grace. When so much that is new can spare a baby so much. Even the age-old skin problems need not distress your cherub, for Mennen has found a way to help prevent them.

*What is this great advance in infant skin care?* Mennen Baby Magic, the lotion used in more hospitals than ever before. It's been called one of the really important new discoveries. It not only softens the newborn's skin

but actually prevents diaper rash, when used regularly. You'll want it, along with Mennen Baby Powder and Oil, the very second you and your baby come home. Many mothers buy this trio as early as they buy the layette.

Remember . . . like the new approaches to an infant's physical and emotional health . . . these pure, pure products are *modern*. They are *not* the same old unimproved formulas of your grandmother's day.

ACTUALLY PREVENTS DIAPER RASH when used regularly. Baby Magic heals diaper rash, too! Checks chafing. Giant size, \$1. Squeeze bottle, 60¢.



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**FAMOUS ANTI-CHAFING POWDER!** It is a special anti-chafing formula that resists moisture. It clings longer, too! Lovely rosebud fragrance! 30¢, 55¢.

**SPECIAL BABY-CLEANSING OIL** is non-greasy. Bathe baby with it daily until navel heals. Use regularly to cleanse diaper area. 50¢, \$1.

ALL PRICES TAX FREE





In Vietnam, Halsman was taken with "fragile childlike quality" of Nguyễn Minh Hằng, an Annamese girl with characteristically delicate features. Minh Hằng, 17, whose name means Bright Moon, fled to Saigon from Hanoi to escape Communists, wants to be an actress.

# BEAUTY ABROAD: A PORTFOLIO

## Portraits give U.S. women basis for comparison

In the past 10 years or so, as their menfolk have come back from tours of duty around the world, American women have heard much—too much, some think—about the beauty and allure of foreign women. Sometimes the men made comparisons that were not altogether favorable to American women and, in extreme cases, could be heard muttering that foreign girls might make better wives.

To give American women a means of matching themselves with their foreign counterparts, LIFE sent Philippe Halsman on a 60,000-mile, 16-nation trip around the world.

Halsman is a discerning judge—his portraits of U.S. beauties have appeared on 59 LIFE covers. On his trip he found Italian women more tantalizing than Americans, Japanese more graceful, Malaysians more languorous. In general, he observed, foreign beauties "often have an attitude of submissiveness, of wanting to please, that the male finds flattering." He still thinks there are more downright good-looking women in the U.S. than anywhere else.

Photographed for LIFE by PHILIPPE HALSMAN





"Extreme femininity, great softness, a ready blush and a quick smile"—qualities which have delighted Americans in Japan since 1945—were seen by Halseman in Hiroko Maruyama, 22, of Tokyo. Here she is dressed in an ornate *furisode*. Like most young Japanese women, she wears Western clothes at her job, which is modeling in Tokyo stores.

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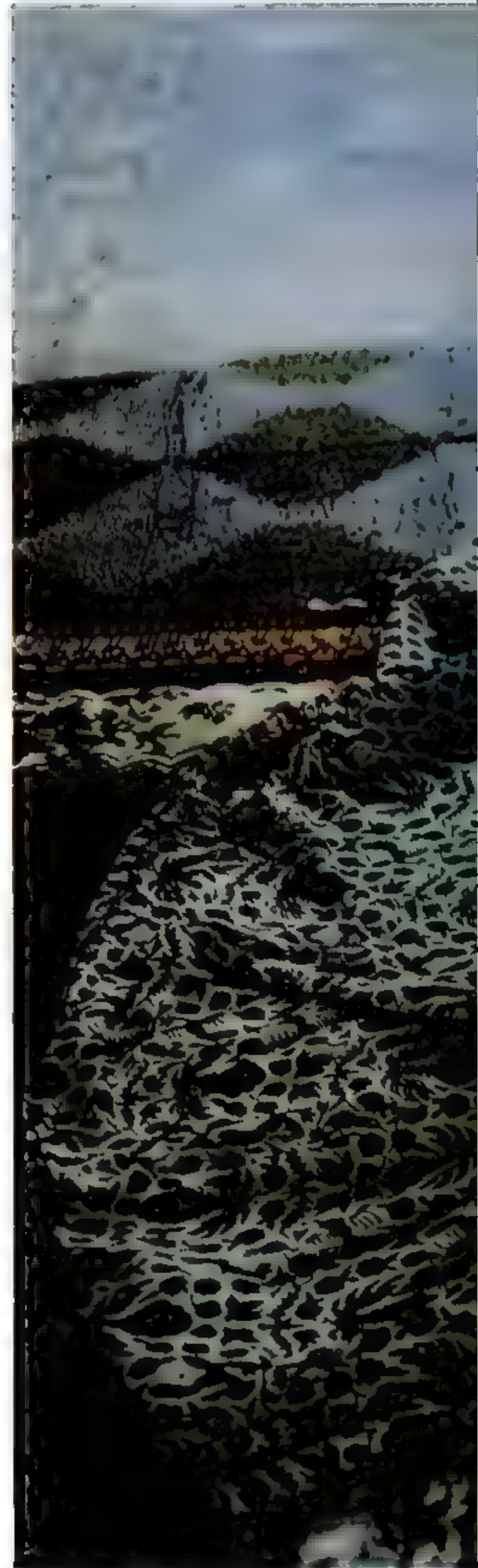




In Hong Kong, Halsman looked for a working girl rather than classical doll-like Chinese woman. Ho Yin Ling, who attracted him with "her open smile and frisky gaiety," is one of several girls who operate sampans as water taxis that carry people between vessels in the harbor. At 19 she lives with parents on a junk, takes care of another owned by Americans.



The exotic Eurasian blending of Orient and West attracted Halsman in Violet Sleight of Singapore. Violet's mother is part Malayan, her father Australian. Now 21, Violet, shown here at the Raffles Hotel, models occasionally, speaks fluent English, Chinese, Malayan, and visited the U.S. in 1953 as a beauty contest winner.







The sensuous quality seen often in women of the tropics is evident in Umi Kalthum, a pure Malayan Halsman photographed in Singapore because of her "languid grace." Mrs. Kalthum, 22, who has four children, is married to a movie director, has appeared in several films





The poised and dignified carriage of Desak Putu Raka, 20, standing at a community bathing site along a stream in Bali, reflects both the grace of Balinese women and Desak's long training as a dancer. Miss Desak gave up dancing recently to become a weaver.

Varied types of Indian beauty are represented by Dhuru Kripalani (left) and Kamla Malhotra, shown in Delhi wearing "bindi" marks on foreheads. To Halsman, Dhuru, 20, is "animated ideal" of some Indian women, while Kamla, 18, is "placid Hindu type."













## BEAUTY ABROAD

CONTINUED

In Athens, Halsman  
looked long before finding  
Katherina Tazedaki, who  
impressed him with her "wild  
Mediterranean grace, innate  
nobility, classic harmony."  
Katherina, 22, here on the  
Acropolis with the Parthenon  
in background, is studying  
for doctorate in archaeology.  
She was born in Canea on  
Crete, where the women are  
often more fine-featured  
than those of Greek mainland

CONTINUED





Among the husky farm girls and dark-haired city women of Israel, Halsman was especially taken with the blond, blue-eyed slenderness of Nurith Pilzer, 17. Like all Israeli youth, Nurith, here at Negev border near the Gaza Strip, undergoes extensive military training.



The youthful piquancy and unabashed voluptuousness of Rosana Schiaffino seemed uniquely Italian to Halsman.

Rosana, 17, shown through a Michelangelo balustrade in Rome, was born in Genoa, has played in movies, wants to become a star.



In Swedish women Halsman found the quality of freshness characteristic of Americans. In many he also found a cool reserved elegance like that of Anita Edberg of Stockholm. Miss Edberg, 19, wants to be an actress.





Daughter of a West African Foulah chieftain whose people are believed to have migrated from the Upper Nile centuries ago, Taihou Daillo is regally dignified in flowing dress, gold jewelry, elaborately dressed hair. At 19, Taihou is a widow with one child.

CONTINUED







The proud, dark beauty of Maria Angeles Hortelano, 21, exemplifies the great traditional style of Spain. Miss Hortelano, pictured in a Madrid cafe, is the daughter of a wealthy industrialist, wants to become a movie actress in the U.S.



In Ireland, looking for a redhead with green eyes Halsman found instead a "black-haired, blue-eyed beauty with a holiness that is completely Irish." She is Finola Kavanagh McVey, 30, the mother of four children. Here she is seen in a meadow near Dublin



The traditional elegance and poise of English gentry shows in this portrait of Mrs. John Wyndham, niece of the Earl of Dunraven. Mrs. Wyndham, 31, has two children, is shown in Petworth House, Sussex, in the family since the 13th Century

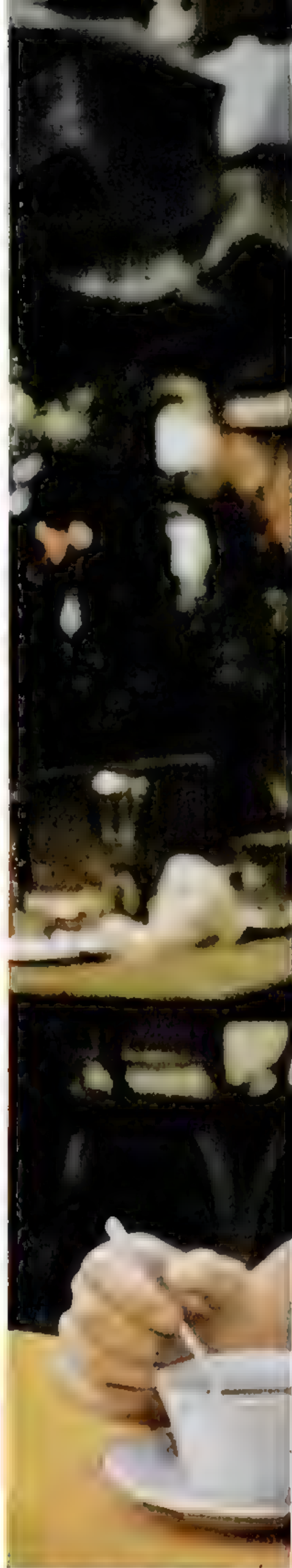
A lush and full-lipped yet ingenuous quality embodied in Latin American beauties drew Halsman to Yvonilda Ferreira, 18, of Rio de Janeiro. Born of poor parents near São Paulo, Yvonilda works in a department store, wants to be a radio announcer





A Parisian actress who recently won great critical acclaim for her performance in the new play, *L'Ombre*, Marie Versini, 17, is of Norman and Corsican descent. "Her beauty," says Halsman, "is not in her irregular features but in the emotional intensity and strength of her look."

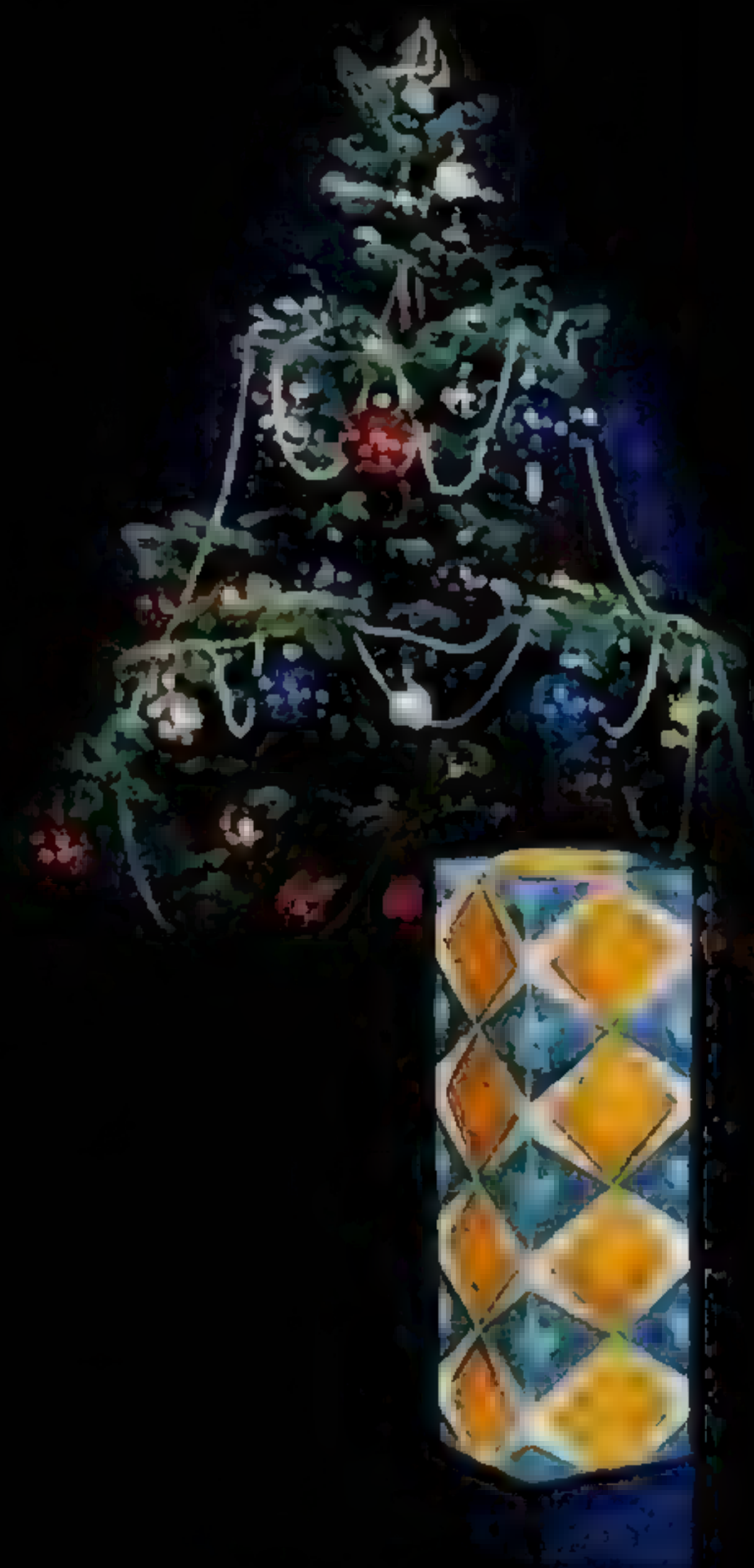
Edith Scob, a 19-year-old student in Paris, is an international beauty. She is of French, Russian and Swedish extraction. Edith, shown here at a Montmartre cafe, attracted Halsman with "an appealing, unsure, almost pathetic quality that persisted in spite of her loveliness."











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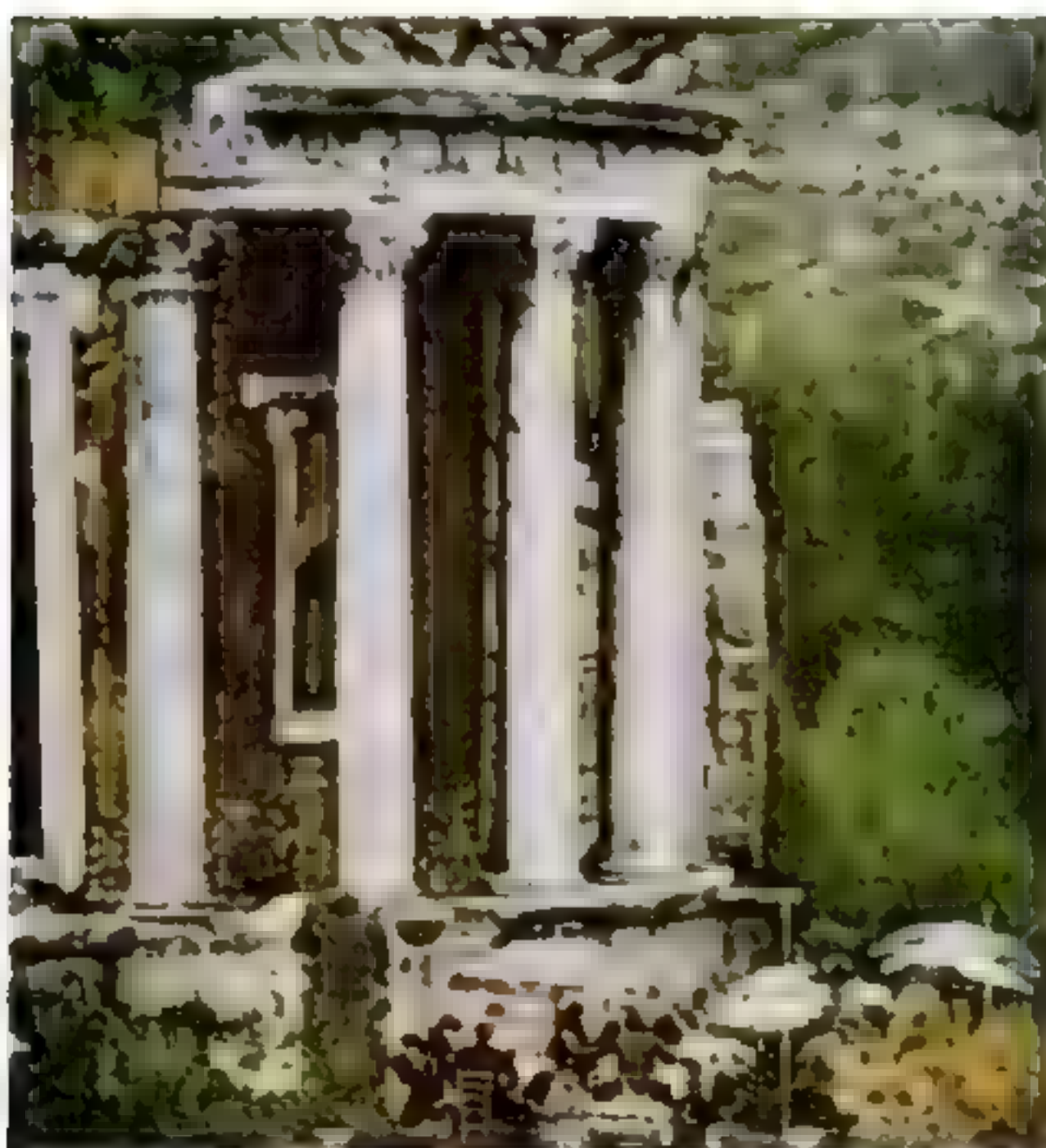
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Made the way Chef Boy-Ar-Dee learned to make it in his native Milan.

The moment you taste Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Dinner, you detect the perfect balance of flavors that distinguishes the true Italian dish.

And see how easy it is to serve! All the makings come in one handy package:

A box of fine Italian spaghetti, ready to cook . . .  
plus a big can of Chef Sauce—with Meat or Mushrooms—ready to heat. Made with red ripe tomatoes, lovingly spiced with special Italian seasonings . . .  
and then a can of grated Italian-style cheese to add the crowning touch.

Takes only 12 minutes to prepare—enough for 3 hungry people. Costs only about 14¢ a serving, so you can enjoy this Italian-style treat *often!*

**CHEF BOY-AR-DEE®**  
**Spaghetti Dinner**

with meat or mushroom sauce



# A Teen-Age Fledgling Starts to Grow Up



AT AGE WHEN FEW THINGS SEEM RIGHT SIDE UP, MARTHA BANNERMAN, 13, HANGS FROM KNEES WHILE JIM CROOK HOVERS ON BIKE

## 13-YEAR-OLD FINDS TOMBOY ANTICS GIVING WAY TO ADULT GRACES

Although a girl starts to become a woman at the bewitching age of 2 and the process goes on until she approaches 20, the big problem of establishing herself as a woman is most acute during her early teens—and also most conspicuous as the tomboy takes up lipstick and the telephone. Along with some six million other young teen-age girls across the U.S., Martha Bannerman, a blond, long legged 13-year-old of Silver Spring, Md., is in the throes of growing up.

Still the equal of boys at most gymnastics (*above*), Martha

finds herself torn between blue jeans and petticoats, the ease of wearing sneakers and the glamor of high heels. Her \$2 weekly allowance goes for riding lessons, goldfish, hair lacquer. She is an expert dancer who occasionally cries over math. Recently at a junior high school welcome dance, Martha's full-dress initiation into the evening world of adults got off to an awkward start (*pp. 100, 101*). But the party proved to be as contradictory as everything else about Martha and by the time it ended the girl had given shy promise of the assurance that leads to maturity.





Dancing with her, Martin proves quite savvy—he is much more dancer than any of the boys she knows. He also helps her with her homework.



Suzie sits out a long, hot day in her room, listening to her favorite records. Putting up her hair is an idea on her mind, and she is rearranging her books and playing records.

In an adult slouch and with her shoes removed, Martin exchanges his lunch with Suzie Henry after yesterday's pyrotechnic demonstration.







In a new nightly ritual, Martha puts up bangs, a process requiring five minutes and 11 bobby pins. She washes hair once a week, carefully arranges the back in an elaborate crosscross ducktail which looks as casual as a boy's.



Trying dressy gadget on an afternoon shopping trip with Suzy, Martha soberly considers effect of a decorated hair ornament but passes it by. At the next counter, the girls decided they still have no nose for perfume.





**Preparing** for cross-up party—a junior high dance, Martha fixes near-nude top—white underwear strips showing at neckline of new tulle dress. When daughter stood looking glam, tragedy was averted by her mother who applied pins



**Meeting** at embarrassment overcomes self-conscious Martha and her date, Gary Aker, who arrived with scuffed flat shoes. Martha had put on new high heels, but she tactfully shelved them and went to the dance in flat ballet slippers



**Twirling** around dance floor, Martha and Gary cling wordlessly during a slow number. When the tempo speeded up, Gary whisked out of sight and Martha jittersizzed with girls. This is first year girls wanted specific dates for dance





**RELAXED AT LAST** just as the party breaks up at 10.30. Martha (in pearls), Gary (in bow tie) and the two couples who came with them cluster in almost empty school cafeteria and bubble with things that must be said before tomorrow.





BY A LEADED WINDOW A STUDENT READS IN SOLITARY ALCOVE OF LIBRARY

# Tough Training Ground for Women's Minds

## BRYN MAWR SETS HIGH GOALS FOR ITS GIRLS

At Bryn Mawr College in Pennsylvania women are given some of the most intensive intellectual training available in any college in the U.S. In this the girls of Bryn Mawr embody one great change that has come over American women in a century. Before they were admitted to colleges, few women were concerned with problems beyond those of homemaking and livelihood. Through college education they became aware of—and started to take on—the problems of the world outside the home. Today a third of all American college students are women, and college has become almost as much a part of a woman's life as of a man's.

At Bryn Mawr the intellectual process has been kept pure, undiluted by any vocational or domestic-science courses. Greek and Latin are as vital a part of the curriculum as English and mathematics—in campus festivities the girls even sing songs in Greek. Bryn Mawr's president explains that the college's high intellectual reputation stems from the fact that it has always had high expectations of what women can do. Today Bryn Mawr is high among all colleges in the proportion of graduates who take advanced degrees. But though another Bryn Mawr president reportedly said that "only our failures marry," 80% of the alumnae have.



BOUND FOR CLASSES, casually dressed student cuts across campus. Girls can't resist as long as they like as long as they keep pace with work



IN PHYSICS EXPERIMENT to determine the path and speed of a projectile, sophomore Lucy Sherman is coached by Physics Professor Walter

C. Michels on technique of aiming rifle at target. Courses in physics and chemistry at Bryn Mawr take advanced students into atomic and nuclear research.







**GETTING A LAUGH** from American history students, Associate Professor Arthur P. Dudden emphasizes vitality of Monroe Doctrine by showing 1923

newspaper ad in which religious group uses Doctrine to bolster its arguments. History is one of the two most popular departments - English is the other.



**GREEK INSTRUCTOR,** Emily D. Townsend prepares for class on Greek tragedy. A Bryn Mawr alumna, she returned for her Ph.D., stayed to teach.

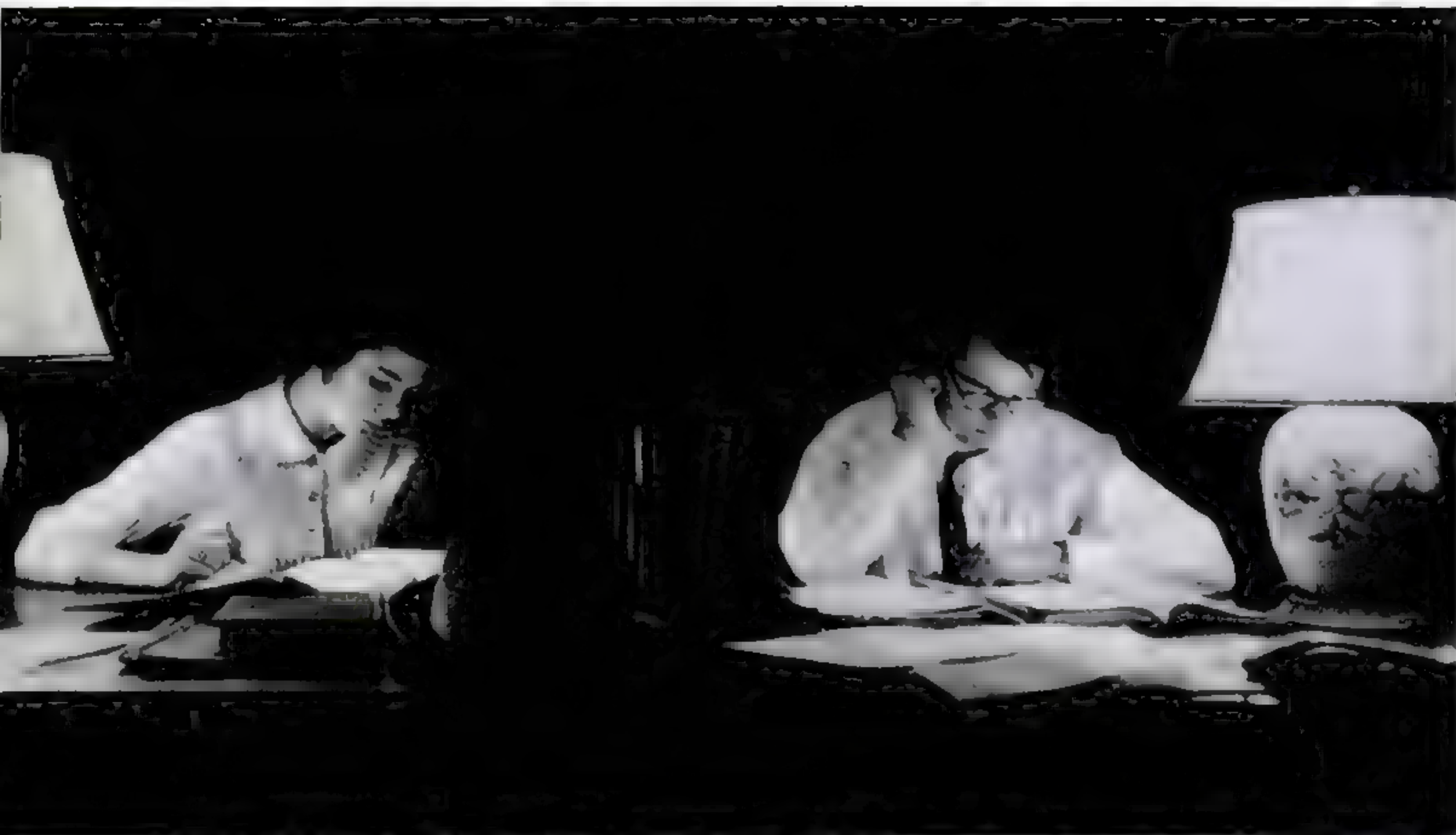


**CHEMISTRY ANALYSIS** is conducted by Anita Laise who filters a solution of calcium oxalate under watchful eye of Assistant Professor Edith Lauman.



**HISTORY CONFERENCE** with Marjorie Milbank is held by Professor Helen Taft Manning. Marjorie, a senior, spent last year studying in Geneva.





**STUDYING ON A DATE**, Nancy McLroy and Pierce Loneragan, a graduate student at the University of Pennsylvania, make use of Bryn Mawr library's recreational room which is equipped with comfortable furnishings as well as 2,000

books. Bryn Mawr allows men from nearby colleges to use library. As part of inter-collegiate plan, Haverford and Swarthmore students come to Bryn Mawr for courses, like classical archaeology, which are not offered at their own colleges.



**SOCIALIZING WITH THE GREAT**, students savor tea and talk with Anglo-Irish Novelist Elizabeth Bowen (*left*), who was awarded a Bryn Mawr fellowship for distinction in writing. The \$3,000 fellowship brings celebrated writers to

the campus where they have no academic duties but rather serve to stimulate the students in gatherings and discussions. Bryn Mawr also regularly imports professors from other U.S. and foreign colleges for special lectures and seminars.





When company comes serve the better cheddar stamped "Miss Wisconsin"





**Now – a new Canada Dry holiday punch you can make  
in 5 minutes...30 tangy servings from this recipe.**

**Big Party-Size Bottle  
Makes 8 Highballs with  
Longer-Lasting Sparkle**

Canada Dry's exclusive "Pin-Point Carbonation" has the tiny bubbles that last and last ...keep your highball fresh and lively no matter how long you "nurse" it.



*Life is great...when you "Carbonate"*

- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar
- 1 small jar (8 oz.) maraschino cherries
- 3 cups grapefruit juice
- 1 large bottle Canada Dry Collins Mixer
- 1 large bottle Canada Dry Club Soda
- 1 large bottle Canada Dry Ginger Ale
- Optional: add your favorite liquor to taste (GIN, RUM, WHISKEY or VODKA)

Combine first 3 ingredients; pour over ice into large punch bowl. Add ice-cold Collins Mixer, Club Soda and Ginger Ale just before serving. Liquor if desired. Stir gently to mix. Makes about 30 punch cup servings.



## "I LIKE WHAT THEY SAY BEHIND MY BACK!"

Mrs. C. S., Michigan City, Indiana.

"My hair is prematurely gray. At first, I was terribly self-conscious about it. I felt as though people were talking behind my back.

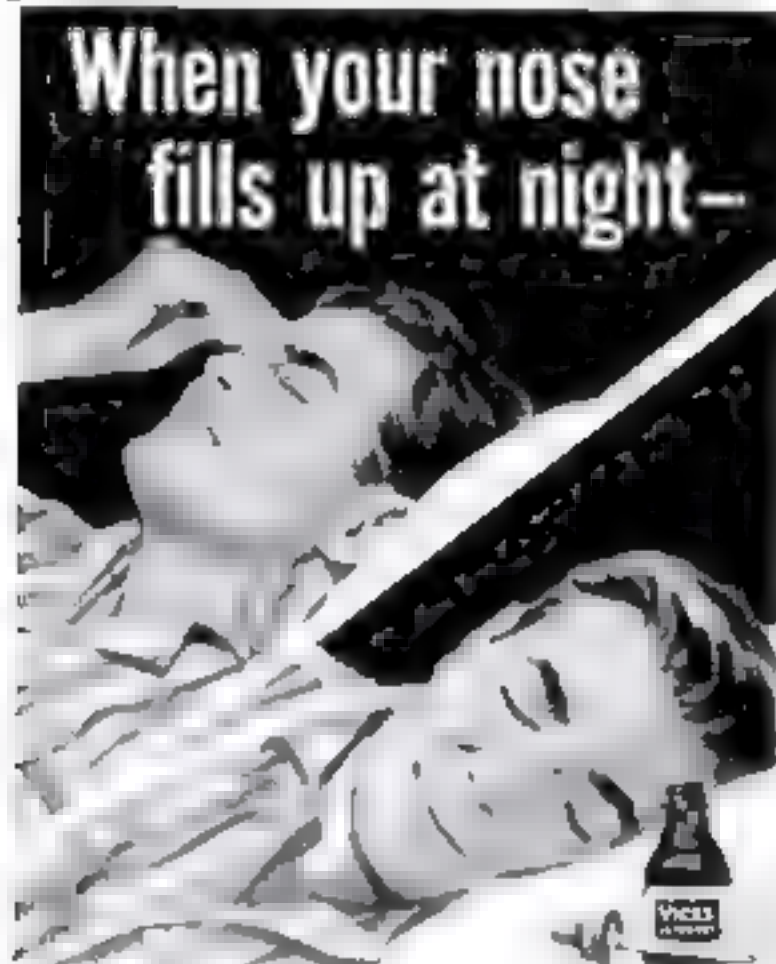
"But now I've learned that my gray hair can be truly attractive. My secret is Silver Curl . . . the home permanent that's custom-made for gray and white hair. What a wonderful difference it's made! Silver Curl gives me the softest, most manageable waves ever. And it's a good, long-lasting permanent, too.

"Now, thanks to Silver Curl, I like what they're saying behind my back! In fact, I've overheard some wonderful compliments!"

**EASY TO DO!** Even if you've never had a home permanent, you can have a Silver Curl with ease. Silver Curl is self-neutralizing . . . no extra steps. You just apply waving lotion—wind up curls—rinse and let dry. That's all!

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When your nose fills up at night—  
Open up your nose—  
**BREATHE AGAIN—  
SLEEP AGAIN!**

Stop tossing and turning on those nights when a stuffed-up nose keeps you from falling asleep. Use Vicks Va-tro-nol® Nose Drops! A few drops up each side of your nose, as directed in package, and . . . your nose opens in seconds. You can breathe again!

Nothing works like Vicks Va-tro-nol Nose Drops to open a stuffed-up nose. Use it! Breathe again! Sleep again!

**VICKS VA-TRO-NOL**  
NOSE DROPS



**SHORT PANTS** are convenient uniform for freshmen Carol Porter (left) and Karen Northam who perch on stools in chemistry lab to work out calculations for experiment. Skirts must be worn to classes, dinner and off campus.



**LONG PANTS** are lounging clothes for Ann Barthelmes as she does assignment for writing course. To teach such courses Bryn Mawr has used such literary celebrities as Poet Marianne Moore, herself a Bryn Mawr graduate.

## Upset Stomach got you OUT OF FOCUS?



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Take Minty Phillips' Tablets

**FEEL FINE  
AGAIN FAST!**



You can't beat Phillips' Tablets for on-the-spot relief from acid upset. A few Phillips' Tablets have you feeling better—almost instantly—for they contain one of the world's fastest antacids! Delightfully flavored, they're as pleasant and refreshing to take as candy mints. So always carry Phillips' Tablets wherever you go—for on-the-spot relief from acid indigestion. Get a handy tin today.



**PHILLIPS'  
TABLETS**



# CHANGING ROLES IN





# MODERN MARRIAGE

Studying causes of our disturbing divorce rate, psychiatrists note wives who are not feminine enough and husbands not truly male

by ROBERT COUGHLIN

**N**OT since the age of chivalry has so much activity revolved around the idea of romantic love as in contemporary America. In song and story, in the movies and on the stage, in boy-girl relationships from the kindergarten through college, love is the thing. And not since the age of Victoria has the ideal of the happy home compelled such overt sentiment and general admiration. The advertisements with their happy parents and rosy children in a setting of creature comforts and domestic bliss, the magazine covers with their warm scenes of family life, even a good number of hit songs testify to the great expectations with which men and women in this country enter the blessed state.

Yet our divorce rate is the Western world's highest. Even this does not measure the amount of active unhappiness in marriage. For religious convictions, the belief that divorce is bad for the children and social disapproval operate to keep many couples together. To marital failures may be added the alarming rise in juvenile delinquency, a sign that the home increasingly fails in its essential function of child rearing.

Between the ideal and reality, something is urgently wrong—wrong on such a scale as to indicate that there is some deep-lying disturbance of a psychological nature at work. Accordingly *LIFE* has taken the problem to those qualified to comment on it, the psychiatrists. *LIFE*'s panel was selected so as to take in a broad range of geography, and it was selected also to take account of differences in rural and urban ideas. Each of the five members of the panel is engaged in a broad spectrum of psychiatric work: each one teaches, treats private patients and comes into contact with a full range of emotional troubles in public and industrial clinics. They are Dr. John Cotton of New York City, Dr. Richard Proctor of Winston-Salem, N.C., Dr. Paul Huston of Iowa City, Dr. Perry Talkington of Dallas and Dr. Ralph Greenson of Beverly Hills. As we shall see, each finds special variations of the marriage problem in his own region. But from their common experience comes an explanation of what may be the basic disturbance.

It is the failure of men and women to accept their emotional responsibilities to each other and within the family—as *men* and *women*, male and female.

What do these terms mean? A large body of humor notwithstanding, they are not self-evident. It is not enough to say with the legendary French deputy, "*Vive la différence!*" The fact is that each sex contains a part of the other. Furthermore, the social and economic conditions that distinguish the sexes in one civilization may be altogether different in another; a Scotsman, for example, wears a kilt as a badge of his maleness. For the purposes of psychological understanding, any definition of what is a man and what is a woman requires looking deeper than surface custom. It must, in fact, go to the most primitive level and highest temporal necessity of human existence—the preservation of the species.

## Differing emotional needs

**M**EN are designed by nature to sire children and women to bear them, and from these elementary facts, psychiatrists say, come their differences in emotional needs. For women, the sexual act itself implies receptiveness and a certain passivity, while the long period of human gestation and the extraordinarily long period of a

child's dependence implies a need for protection and support for the mother. These primary feminine qualities—receptivity, passivity and the desire to nurture—color a woman's entire emotional life.

For the male, the sexual role requires aggressiveness and a certain degree of dominance, even of exploitiveness (the desire to utilize others for one's own advantage). These male characteristics are carried into everyday living in many ways. Since the male's primary function is simply to impregnate he can feel somewhat detached from the result; yet one of the significant ways in which male humans differ from, say, male monkeys is that male humans in every society provide for their females and their young. To be a man, therefore, carries with it not only the qualities mentioned above but the idea of responsibility.

And it is precisely at this fundamental level, the psychiatrists fear, that the general trend of American society is unhealthy. Spottily and sporadically, but increasingly, the sexes in this country are losing their identities. The emerging American woman tends to be assertive and exploitive. The emerging American man tends to be passive and irresponsible. As a result neither sex can give to nor derive from marriage the satisfactions peculiarly necessary to each. They are suffering from what the psychiatrists call sexual ambiguity.

## The pioneer tradition

**T**HIS is not a peculiarly American disease but it is more prevalent here than any place else in the world, and the reasons are embedded in some of the very factors that made the nation great. As a pioneer society, we attracted and bred people who were resourceful and had a well-founded sense of their own importance. The members of the pioneer family were deeply interdependent. The father built the home and raised the crops; the mother cooked the food and raised the children. There could be no lack of what the psychiatrist calls "ego-supporting roles." Then came the industrial revolution, and the same energetic qualities that had conquered the wilderness produced an abrupt and explosive transformation of our way of life. From a predominantly rural and agricultural society we rapidly became a predominantly urban and industrial one. This had an unsettling effect on the emotional lives of both men and women, but particularly women.

Why particularly women? Because, the psychiatrists believe, the sudden change destroyed the traditional basis for woman's self-respect, her sense of her own value to society. Her husband now was away at an office or factory, out of sight and doing things from which she felt detached. Children became an economic burden instead of an economic asset. The home itself, the center of her deepest emotional satisfactions, lost not only its economic value but most of the educational and recreational ones she had supervised. Worst of all, the men, with their new orientation toward money-making skills, began in effect to patronize women. Women were pets, housekeepers, sometime companions, mistresses, biological mechanisms to produce a child or two. But, except where the older patterns persisted, they were no longer important in their own right.

Naturally women reacted, and their most conspicuous reaction took the form of "feminism," a supercharge



## A WIFE WHO DEVOTES FULL TIME TO HOME



CLOSE TO HER CHILDREN all day long. Mrs. Barbara Carroll of South Hills, Ky. teaches Debby, 1½, to ride a tricycle, gets help from husband William



Carroll in preparing children for bed and comforts Debby at nap time (opposite). Barbara worked for six months after her marriage in 1951 but gave up her job

### CHANGING ROLES CONTINUED

political movement which had as its goal "equality between the sexes." Women demanded their "rights." Since males seemed to be having much the best out of life, the male criteria became the feminist goal. "Rights" were what men had, legally, socially and morally. Thus the idea that women should be "as good as" men soon became transposed into the idea that women are really "the same as" men, saving only a few anatomical details, and that what is good for one sex is equally good for the other.

"Feminism" as such became moribund after women received the right to vote and it now seems as quaint as linen dusters and high button shoes. But it yielded one major product, that common urban phenomenon known as the "career woman." And the fatal error that feminism propagated sank deeply into the national consciousness. It has cost both sexes dearly. To count those costs, and to see where and how they occur, it is best to turn to the panel members who deal with them in their daily encounters with emotionally wounded people.

In New York City the "career woman" can be seen in fullest bloom and it is not irrelevant that New York City also has the greatest concentration of psychiatrists. These women are a subject of special interest to Dr. John Cotton. Their marriages, he finds, are characterized by certain similarities or common symptoms—a pattern which might be called the New York Career Woman "syndrome."

At the center of this syndrome one finds a bright, well-educated, ambitious wife, probably in her mid-30s, well-dressed and attractive. She and her husband both work and make about the same amount of money—around \$10,000 a year each. They live well and can afford a servant to run the home and look after the one or two children. Everything seems to be wonderful.

### The wife seeks help

THEN, one day, the wife (it is almost always the wife) arrives at the psychiatrist's office for advice about her marriage. Her husband is drinking too much, she says. He doesn't take on his share of responsibilities, whether it be writing the checks for the monthly bills or seeing about vacation reservations. He is not aggressive sexually; in fact he often seems indifferent to her. When they do have relations, she finds it difficult to get satisfaction. They quarrel a good deal, and one or two times, when he has been drinking, he has actually hit her. She has lost a lot of her respect for him. She doesn't want to be a clinging vine, goodness knows, but at least she wants a man she can depend on. Someone who does the things a man is supposed to do. A man.

Enter now the husband. He drinks a bit more than is good for him, he agrees, and does things he is sorry for later. The marriage is not in good shape. But the trouble with his wife is that she tries to run everything. She has strong ideas and he . . . well, rather than get into a wrangle he had tried to see things from her point of view, and finally began letting her make most of the decisions. He was sexually attracted to his wife and still thinks she is a good-looking woman.

But she expects him to respond to her mood. She is independent and assertive in all their other relationships, and then suddenly she switches to the role of yielding seductress; he cannot make the transition. He admires her as a person but does not think she is much of a wife. She dislikes housework, she never learned how to cook, she turned the children over to nurses as soon as she could. She gives them presents but doesn't give much of herself to them. She never gives much of herself to him. He wishes she would do more of the things that women are supposed to do. He wishes she were more of a woman.

How did these two people get into this fix? Cause and effect are seldom clear cut in the human personality, since the hereditary and environmental factors that form a single individual are almost infinitely variable. But a specialist like Dr. Cotton can trace the most probable sequence of events.

The wife may well have been raised in a household in which the mother directly or indirectly rejected her own female role. Directly, perhaps, by choosing to go to work outside the home. Indirectly, perhaps, by her sense of dissatisfaction at staying home, reflected in remarks about the dullness of housework, the trials of giving birth and of being a mother and so on. At the same time, the mother probably was the dominant personality in the household, with the father a somewhat shadowy figure in the minds of the children—shadowy because he was unassertive or uninterested or, more likely, simply because his job kept him away all day and brought him home at night too late and too tired to spend time with them.

The little girl, then, very early formed the idea that womanly occupations are unpleasant. She grew up in a culture that put a higher value on getting and spending than on conceiving and bearing. So she was naturally inclined toward a career, toward independence, toward "self-expression." As she moved ahead in her career, she would of necessity develop those sides of herself that were most aggressive. She might well mask these under a feminine manner. But one way or another she would acquire attitudes of aggression, exploitation and dominance, and to that degree would become masculinized. And this character she would take into marriage.

Why would she marry? Partly for sexual gratification, which she would consider an inalienable "right." But also because she would still be basically a woman, driven by her primitive biological urge toward reproduction, toward homemaking and nurturing. And however much she might scoff at the idea intellectually (being "independent"), she would deeply want to be able to submit to her husband, to find in him the essential male qualities which would complement her essential female ones. Yet the chances would be against her finding them. The chances would be, because of her masculine-aggressive character, that she would unconsciously pick out a man who could be dominated. Where would he come from?

He might well come from an emotional environment rather similar to her own, one, that is, in which the mother was the dominant figure in the child's eyes and in which she somehow rejected her feminine role. The boy, needing his mother's love, tried to please her. And in manner and form he may have succeeded, for such women often





before the first baby came. Her husband has firm views on subject. "Nobody," he says, "is more capable of taking care of our children than their mother."

overcompensate for their guilty feelings of dissatisfaction by becoming overprotective, overaffectionate or dominating mothers. In either case his orientation was toward pleasing mother and he was likely to feel dependent on her in many ways, especially to the degree that he lacked a strong and available father image on which to pattern himself. When he became a man and married he probably brought with him a passive attitude and began to look to his wife for protectiveness, praise, the feeling that she was looking out for him.

Yet his basic maleness is still there and he wants a wife who will let him assert it. If she does not, he is wounded at the deepest levels of his ego and reacts unpleasantly.

Thus we have the syndrome in its essence: each partner brings to the marriage mutually contradictory wishes. She brings the wish to dominate and to be dominated, and he brings the wish to be passive and to be aggressive.

On the face of it the case history just related is an unusual situation, for how many "career women" wives make \$10,000 a year? Then why bring it up? It is brought up because it illustrates in extreme form a general problem which Dr. Cotton observes at many social and economic levels in New York. It can be transposed to the suburbs, where the great majority of wives do not have "careers."

### 'Just a housewife'

**I**F there is such a thing as a "suburban syndrome," it might take this form: the wife, having worked before marriage, or at least having been educated and socially conditioned toward the idea that work (preferably some kind of intellectual work, in an office, among men) carries prestige, finds herself in the lamentable position of being "just a housewife." To be "just a housewife" is to be degraded; she announces her position to the census taker with an apologetic flinch. In the circumstances in which many young-marrieds find themselves—a cramped house or apartment, two or three small children needing constant attention, no money for servants or luxuries—she may become morbidly depressed.

If she avoids depression or recovers from it, observes Dr. Cotton, her humiliation still seeks an outlet. This may take various forms: in destructive gossip about other women, in raising hell at the P.T.A., in becoming a dominating mother who supervises every detail of her children's lives, or above all in dominating her husband, that undeservingly fortunate creature who gets to travel to the city every day and engage in those interesting business activities which she envies. In her disgruntlement she can work as much damage on the lives of her husband and children (and her own life) as if she were a career woman, and indeed sometimes more.

The pattern can be transposed to the lower economic level of the factory wife. She works, she almost always says, because she wants to buy something for the home, or to give her children a better education than she had, or for some other rationally satisfying reason. And indeed there are multitudes of pressures to make her do so, for the whole idea of progress and self-betterment, the very driving force of American society, is manifested in more and better

CONTINUED



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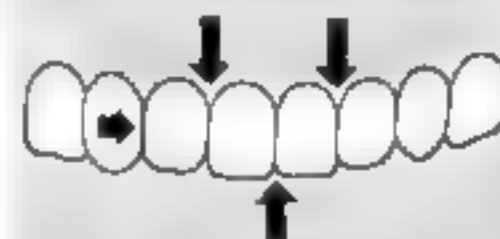
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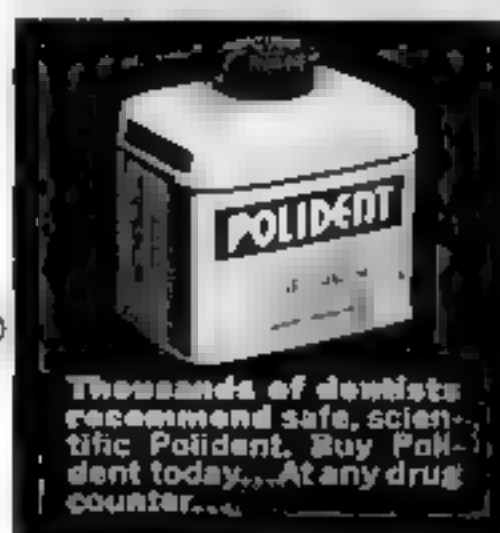
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## CHANGING ROLES CONTINUED

automobiles, refrigerators and television sets, and in more and better education.

On the other hand, a great many factory wives work because, deep down, the wife-mother-homemaker role bores them and they get a greater sense of importance by entering a male environment. In any case, the result for the factory wife is similar to that among the suburban and "career" wives. If she does not work she feels degraded, and if she does work she may begin to take on masculine attitudes. The factory couple, leaving perhaps on the same bus in the morning, both perhaps wearing trousers, he soldering the radio parts which she later puts together on an assembly line, coming home equally tired to their frozen-food ready-cooked dinners and the television set they have bought with their joint earnings, are sexually undifferentiated at all times except in the nuptial embrace. The relationship is mutually insulting to their primary maleness and femaleness.



**SOUTHERN IDEAL.** Scarlett O'Hara (Vivien Leigh) seemed soft but was able to guard home.

One of the worst aspects of this general situation, Dr. Cotton points out, is that it tends to repeat itself in magnified form with each new generation. The masculinized mother and feminized father produce girls who are even more masculine, boys who are even more feminine. In his practice he has come upon a considerable increase in frigidity and impotence, and he has been especially struck by the increase in male homosexuality.

Now the foregoing does not mean that all or even a majority of marriages in the metropolitan environment are afflicted in these ways. What it means, according to Dr. Cotton, is that the affliction is prevalent enough to present a clear danger and a clear trend. We must now ask to what extent this trend is a product of the particular environment. For instance, is there a difference in the South?

In the experience of Dr. Richard Proctor of Winston-Salem, whose patients come from many parts of the South, the situation there is markedly different. The southern tradition is still largely in force and it decrees that domesticity is the natural calling of women. The southern sense of family pride and continuity makes women enter marriage with a well-developed sense of responsibility for child-rearing and homemaking. The traditional value of "gentility," along with the availability of servants, makes the southern girl want to grow up "to be a lady." That is, a lady who will preside graciously over her household and yet be capable, should the need arise in emergency, of plunging in heroically to shoot the intruder or plow the fields. "The southern woman's ideal picture of herself is pretty close to Scarlett O'Hara," Dr. Proctor says. "It's the velvet exterior over the core of steel."

It is socially correct for women to work, but only under well-defined circumstances. The young girl fresh from school is entitled to have her fling at a temporary career. The older woman will be forgiven for taking up some part-time, genteel calling. The spinster is entitled to work at some job sanctioned by tradition. But the career woman as such is considered an eccentric.

But the South is changing economically and its attitudes are changing in consequence. Women are becoming more "independent." More and more are looking beyond the home for their satisfaction. The textile mills employ many thousands of them. Men are slowly, often grudgingly, taking on more housekeeping functions. One general result has been a marked breakdown of intersexual social manners. Men are not so courteous, not so ready to indulge in the rituals of conversational gallantry. And the women resent it. In fact, both sexes resent the breakdown in the old attitudes, and Dr. Proctor finds a marked increase in marital tension.

He cites, among others, the man who arrived with his college-bred wife to complain that "she's been getting too big for her britches," while she said that he was both demanding and discourteous. Then there was the young wife who developed nausea and frigidity because her husband seemed to be shirking his share of responsibility for the home and children, while he became resentful of her frigidity and felt she should be more capable at home.

And the couple, a variation on the type Dr. Cotton has described,



consisting of an alcoholic husband and aggressive wife: his mother had been a dominating person and he had grown up as a rather passive male. Her mother had been mild and subdued and her father very aggressive and she, seeing that her father's role contained more prestige and satisfaction, had modeled herself on him. Soon her husband began to drink and she began to take over more of the male role, which only made him drink more. Finally she went to work to support their family: he became impotent.

Characteristically, when she came to Dr. Proctor for advice, she declared that she would like nothing better than to stay at home and be a wife if only her husband would sober up and support the household. Yet it became clear in the course of treatment that she actually enjoyed her role, partly because of her own aggressiveness, partly because she was able to be a martyr in her own eyes and those of the neighbors. And with these unconscious motives, she responded to his occasional attempts to become more of a man by criticizing and belittling him. That he did try was due to his own feeling of shame; yet, while hating his weakness, he also enjoyed being protected by her. She was not so much a wife as a mother image to him—indeed, even in treatment, he never called her by her own name, but referred to her as "Mama."

Dr. Proctor's general diagnosis is: "What is happening here is what happened in the northeast 40 years ago. Women are beginning to rob men of their masculine egos. For the most part we are still enjoying the famous 'cultural lag' of the South. But give us another 25 years and we'll catch up."

In the Middle West, as Dr. Paul Huston sees it from his vantage point in Iowa City, the trend is much less visible. In fact Dr. Huston doubts that a trend exists except in the biggest cities there. The reason, he suggests, lies in the relatively great stability of the Midwestern tradition and way of life.

Although urbanization and industrialization are increasing, this has happened at such a comparatively slow pace that the older values have not been seriously disturbed. These values came from the idea of the family farm where family roles are well established and sexual differences tend to be clear cut, as they are in any "structured society." The towns and smaller cities of the Midwest are populated largely by near descendants of such families, and in more or less diluted form the rural attitudes still prevail in town. The aggressive-masculine female and the passive-dependent male exist in the Middle West, but in nowhere near the numbers that Dr. Cotton encounters in New York.

When divorce comes in this environment, Dr. Huston finds, it is most likely to result from a "failure of communication" between man and wife. Each partner starts from the same premise: i.e., that family happiness is the goal to be desired. Then the man, let us say, begins to picture happiness for the family in terms that were most meaningful to him as a child and perhaps he suggests investing family savings in a vacation cottage. The woman's idea, similarly conditioned from childhood, may be to put the money into a bigger home in a nicer neighborhood. Their discussion of the pros and cons turns to argument and further differences; eventually each regards the other with bitterness. And because Midwesterners are characteristically rather stubborn (social stability can lead to emotional immobility) and somewhat taciturn ("it isn't what you say, but what you do that counts"), they finally lose contact with each other. A silence falls: "Fred and Helen aren't speaking these days." The probable grounds for divorce will be that grab bag of tangled antagonisms, "cruelty."

In Dallas the foregoing patterns crisscross under the eye of Dr. Perry Talkington. Women comprise about one third of the working force in Dallas, which makes it dead average with the nation in that respect. Hence Dallas has seen some of the now familiar dislocations of family life and sexual attitudes. But the Southwest is still closely enough related to the South to share in some of its traditions, and here also the men are giving up their prerogatives grudgingly. The career woman as such is a rare creature.



**MASCULINE GARB**, popularized in 1940s by Marlene Dietrich, typified women's equality.

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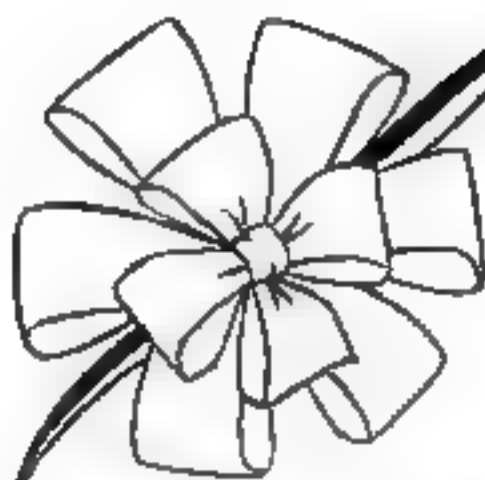
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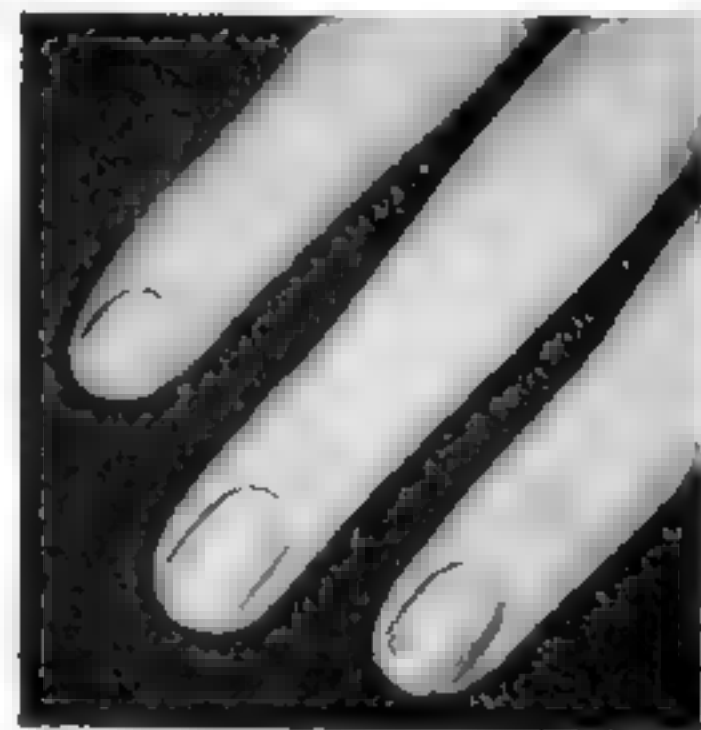
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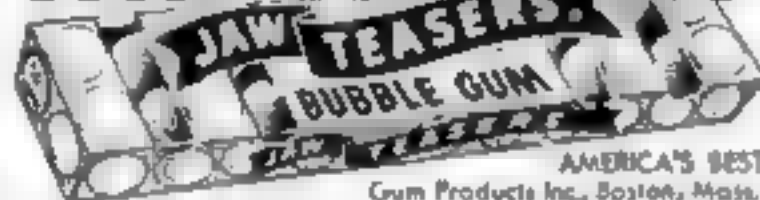


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EVERYONE IS BUSY in the farm family of the Berkeley Pearsons, Middletown Valley, Md. As Mr. Pearson works a hand plow his wife Dorothy (far

## CHANGING ROLES CONTINUED

However, the Southwest contains another symptom of trouble. It is not unique to the area by any means, but it does seem especially prevalent there and it comes to Dr. Talkington's attention often. Cause and effect run something like this:

The Southwest until lately was a frontier and retains some of the frontier's old habits of thinking. On the frontier women are scarce and therefore precious, able to choose among men without much regard for social or economic class. (Some of the most distinguished grandmothers in this area are former Harvey restaurant waitresses.) The process of male thought, therefore, becomes a) get a woman, b) make money, c) bring the money to her in some conspicuous form—diamonds, charge accounts—so that she and the world will appreciate his devotion and her high status.

But the man, says Dr. Talkington, tends to feel that he has discharged his responsibilities to his wife merely by putting her on a gilt-edged pedestal. She grows lonesome there and feels the lack of his companionship and the satisfaction of shared interests. At parties she finds herself on one side of the room with other females while the males congregate on the other.

She has become a kind of household goddess, but she is no longer a wife. Out of sheer boredom she is likely to become one of those women who move around in packs from one luncheon or cocktail party to another. She may try to cover her anxious emptiness with one of the new tranquilizing drugs.

## The overwhelming mother

ALL this is bad for her but it is worse for the children, especially the boys. The children are *her* responsibility: Daddy is busy, he understands business, she understands children. So she proceeds to take up this role with a vengeance and to become an overwhelming mother, later a meddling mother-in-law. The sons she raises tend to be more or less infantile in their relations with women and to be immature human beings. Thus, through very different outward circumstances, she and the career woman produce second-generation males with similar flaws.

The increasing emotional immaturity of the American male was borne home on Dr. Talkington most strongly during the war. Of all the men turned down at induction centers, 38% were sent home because of "emotional inadaptability" to military life and many medical discharges were for the same reason. "Most of them were emasculated males," Dr. Talkington says. "They wanted to depend on somebody else. Instead of giving and protecting, they wanted to be protected. They had never learned to accept responsibility—somewhere they had lost the male image."

Dr. Ralph Greenson of Beverly Hills emphasizes another consequence of this sexual confusion. In addition to his wide general psychiatric practice, he is a "training analyst"—he psychoanalyzes doctors who wish to become psychoanalysts and teaches them how to diagnose emotional disorders. But it is becoming harder and harder to find examples of simple emotional disorder in the Los Angeles area. And the reason, he believes, lies in a widespread breakdown of character structure. "You need a well-developed ego to develop a well-defined neurosis. The old-fashioned tyrannical father produced children who at least had enough character to become neurotic, and these children became neurotic in ways that one could get at and treat. Now people are becoming diffuse and treatment is much more difficult." Some of Dr. Greenson's patients, both male and female, seem to have lost their identities entirely. Or they have multiple identities and come to him to find





(left) plants vegetable seeds and the children also help. Farm families, in which each person's role and use is well-defined, are the most durable in the U.S.

out who they really are. "By and large," he says, "they had mothers who were fatherly and fathers who were motherly."

Fathers who are motherly, in Dr. Greenson's experience, develop largely as a reaction to their overaggressive wives. "The man becomes confused by these attitudes in his wife. He confuses being fair with submitting to her aggressiveness. Finally he begins to trade roles and to take on more and more of the maternal role with the children, protecting and nurturing and worrying about them." But this will be more apt to happen if he has had reason to feel a lack of motherliness in his own mother.

Dr. Greenson gives as an example the son of "progressive" parents who believed in letting the members of the family express themselves by doing pretty much what they liked. There was no sense of order in the home: the mother busied herself with outside interests and the children helped themselves to what they found in the kitchen. The patient grew up without a clear feeling of identity. But one thing he was sure of: he wanted to supply his children with a warm, stable home life. The girl he married had worked. She stayed home afterward to raise their family, but it seemed to him that she was not being attentive enough as a mother. Soon he began to take over the motherly role himself, and to overwhelm his children with affection and preside over all the details of their lives. He was especially devoted to his small son. Then, to his horror, he found the boy wanting to dress up in his mother's clothes.

Instead of realizing that the fault might lie in his own actions ("the child's conception of grownups was that they were all mothers"), he was more than ever convinced that his wife was not giving enough love. In his anxiety he began to develop a whole series of personal and professional problems. Eventually he came for psychiatric help and was able to understand the roots of his troubles. As it turned out his wife actually had sound maternal instincts which had been somewhat held in check by his competition with her. When he managed to limit himself to the fatherly role, she responded by becoming an excellent mother, and the family settled into a healthy relationship.

Such instances do not mean that fathers should avoid their children or deny them demonstrative love and affection; quite the contrary is desirable. But, says Dr. Greenson, "children need discipline. There is such a thing as too much democracy in a family. Overpermissive and overanxious parents create emotionally unstable children. Someone has to represent authority, and in our society it should be the father."

The aggressive woman may well be one who takes the greatest pains to ensure her physical attractiveness to men. This is not paradoxical; carnal promise is about all she chooses to offer them and with their failing aggressiveness she must work twice as hard at it. Having got a man, such a woman demands and needs sexual gratification from him. And she fails often because of this very attitude, which is so contrary to the emotional circumstances under which a woman can achieve full release.

It is easier to describe a disease than to cure it. We have seen that there is a disease which may result from a variety of irritations. It is associated with changes in the status and activities of men and women. It seems to flourish most in metropolitan, fluid populations such as those of New York and Los Angeles. It is a serious disease and its effects bear more heavily on women than on men, since in the biological nature of things the stability of marriage is of greater concern to them.

What to do until the psychiatrist comes?

Since the psychiatrist usually is not invited, what most such

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SHIFFLES,  
STUFFY NOSE

2 SORE THROAT

3 CONSTANT  
CILIATION

4 TIGHT  
CHEST

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# Expecting?

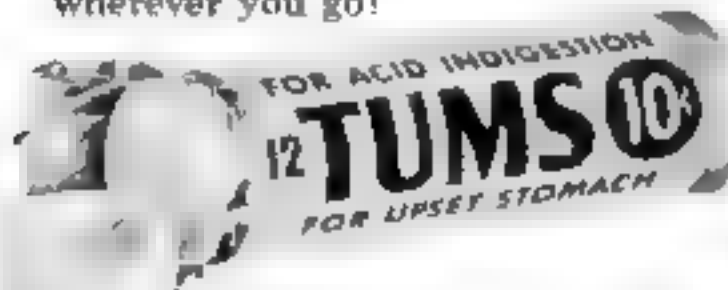
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a moment  
longer from

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ACID INDIGESTION**



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While carrying baby, you'll find modern TUMS are such a blessing! Now those acid attacks needn't cause you another minute of distress. Just eat one or two tasty TUMS. They quickly dissolve just right to get to the stomach fast... and neutralize the excess acid that causes your heartburn. And TUMS relief really lasts! TUMS scientific formula contains no soda, no alkalis... nothing to upset your digestion. They're safe, fast, and sure. Used by millions of grateful mothers. Carry TUMS wherever you go!

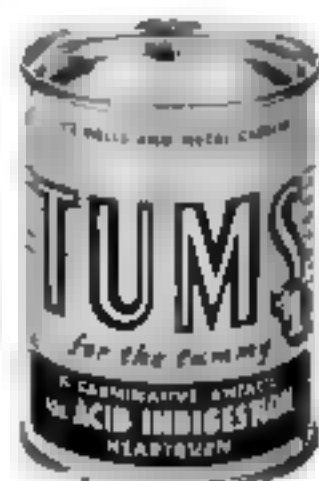


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## CHANGING ROLES CONTINUED

married people do is to suffer along, trying to keep what handhold they have on the ideal of marriage to which they both subscribe. Many adaptations are possible. For instance, the man may simply throw in the sponge and become, in effect, his wife's great big baby boy, and if she is sufficiently aggressive she will accept this with a certain pleasure. Or again, the wife, with a flash of primitive comprehension, may realize that her deepest values are being threatened and arrange to give her husband at least the impression that he is both dominant and cherished. To the extent that they are mature human beings they can learn to live with each other on mutually acceptable day-to-day terms.

Should women revert entirely to homemaking and nurturing? Aside from the fact that this would remove a third of the U.S. working force and bring about economic chaos, such a generalization overlooks all sorts of realities. Some of the 21 million women who work are widows or involuntary spinsters who have little choice in the matter, and others are married but childless. A big number are women past 45, whose nurturing functions are largely completed. Still other women work out of sheer economic necessity: their husbands are ill or jobless or make too little to give the decencies of life to their families (the wives of medical interns are one example). Others are girls fresh from school who, unwilling to repine until the right man comes along and having some spirit of adventure and intellectual curiosity, are well justified in getting a job. Whom does this leave?

### The values they lose

It leaves a large number of young mothers who work, not because they really have to but because in fact they are rejecting the role of wife and mother. Most of them, as noted earlier, assign a good reason: the family needs a new something-or-other. Perhaps it does. But such women should be aware of the values they and their children may lose in exchange for the values gained. It also leaves the out-and-out "career woman" so familiar to Dr. Cotton. She may find many satisfactions in her job, but the chances are that she, her husband and her children will suffer psychological damage, and that she will be basically an unhappy woman.

But a large majority of married women in the child-rearing ages do stay home. Are they required to be meek nonentities lest they wound their husbands' tender egos? The idea is absurd. They have fully equipped minds and should use them in every feasible way, from potting geraniums to writing books or making political speeches—even, when the children are of school age, to having a part-time job—so long as their primary focus of interest and activity is the home. The danger is that if they stay at home they will feel thwarted and somehow inferior, because society has given them underlying attitudes that make them believe that the full, rich life lies elsewhere. If they are feminine women, with truly feminine attitudes, they will—without self-conscious exhortations about the delights of domesticity—accept their wifely functions with good humor and pleasure. They will not think of themselves as "just a housewife."

And what about the American man? Is he supposed to put on his bearskin, swing his club and strut about with oath and brag to assert his maleness? There are some men who do almost that, but they are either genuine misanthropes or else (far more likely) men so insecure in their maleness that they have to overassert it for display purposes. To define the role of the male it must be remembered that it was he, in the historical sense, who brought about the present troubles. He changed the rules of the game during the industrial revolution; he proceeded to patronize women for not playing by the new rules; and then he was dismayed when women learned to compete with him on his own home grounds. This sequence of events contains the clue to what men should now do.

They should admire women.

They should admire them not for the cut of their trousers, figuratively or literally, but for their miraculous, God-given, sensationally unique ability to wear skirts, with all the implications of that fact. And, summoning up what reserves of masculinity are left in them, they should become responsible males. A man should provide and be glad to; he should not expect protection but expect to give it; he should be a father who reinforces tenderness with strength; he should treat his wife neither as a drudge nor as an advertisement of his success but as a helpmate in the fullest sense.

What is the prognosis? The gross symptoms are discouraging: the country grows more urbanized and more industrialized, and the number of women who work has increased by 50% in the last 15 years. Yet to Drs. Cotton *et al.* there are also some hopeful signs.

One is the present high birth rate, which can be taken to mean

# "I'm 104

**...and arthritis can't stop  
me from enjoying life!"**



This photo taken Aug. 1958  
**Liniment!** Must be more than 70 years ago that I first used it. Tried a lot of new pain-relievers since, but never found one which eased my aches like Sloan's! Today, Mr. Perry and millions of fellow-sufferers still use Sloan's. It's all heat-producing liniment—not diluted with alcohol. Penetrates full-strength... helps relieve the tormenting pains of rheumatism, arthritis, muscular soreness good and quick. Ask your doctor!

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**CHASES PAIN**

Relief for young folks from 10 to 110

AMERICA'S FINEST SOFA-BED,  
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## CHANGING ROLES CONTINUED

that women are putting a higher premium on motherhood. Beyond this is the reappearance of the old-fashioned three- to five-child family in an astonishing quarter, the upper- and upper-middle-class suburbs. Here, among women who might be best qualified for "careers," there is an increasing emphasis on the nurturing and homemaking values. One might guess cause and effect: that because these women are better informed and more mature than the average, they have been the first to comprehend the penalties of "feminism" and to react against them. Whatever their motivations, their example is apt to be catching, since styles in ideas as well as in dress and decoration tend to seep down from such places to the broader population. The social prestige of motherhood seems to have penetrated even among the most *recherché* taste-makers. A recent issue of *Vogue* magazine, which earnestly strives to set and reflect the most sophisticated taste, and which is staffed largely with career women, has on its cover a picture of what unashamedly is a mother and her baby.

Another sign is the recent tremendous growth of suburbs in general. Although many factors doubtless are responsible, one surely is the nostalgia that men and women feel for an older way of life which they carry in their minds as an ideal.

And technology itself, which disrupted the home, is beginning to put it back together. Radio and television, especially the latter, have made it once again the chief center of recreation for the family. With the rise of automatic machinery, more can be accomplished in less time: the mother has more time for her children, the father's working day grows shorter, and he is physically present in the home a good deal more. With the great increase in home ownership, moreover, the chances are that he is building a barbecue pit, painting the shutters or doing something of the sort which, aside from its literal value, has a symbolic value to his wife. He is visibly interested in their joint enterprise; she is reassured in the importance of her role. And he is present in the flesh, at least, as a male image for his children.

Being present, he also is better able to understand his wife's problems of homemaking; while she, perhaps having had a job, in any event knowing many women who work, is better able to understand his. Without trading primary responsibilities or trying to compete with each other, they are able to help each other. With mutual respect based on understanding, he can dry the dishes or tuck the children in, she can paint the fence or write the checks, without any loss whatever of prestige or emotional confidence.

Thus some foundations are being laid for a new mutual admiration society. This is the countertrend which may eventually demolish the dominant and disruptive trend and make marriage what it should be: a true partnership in which each partner feels equally important for his or her own contribution; in which men are men, women are women and are quietly, pleasantly, securely confident of which they are—and are absolutely delighted to find themselves married to someone of the opposite sex.



**AT HEARTHESIDE** Mrs. Martha Robinson, who gave up a promising stage career to be full-time mother and wife, looks over old clippings with daughters as husband Tom reads. "When wives work," says Mrs. Robinson, "somebody gets neglected along the line." She has never regretted her decision.

## CHEST COLD MISERY

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**MUSTEROLE**  
With Amazing GM-7



New, modern-formula Musterole now contains the amazing pain reliever, GM-7 (glycol monosalicylate), combined with stimulating oil of mustard; speeds deeper "baked heat" comfort to aches of colds, local congestion, sore muscle pain. New Musterole also quickly eases aching back, strains. In 3 strengths: Regular, Extra Strong, Child's Mild. Save, buy large size tubes—today.



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**Relieve Headache,  
Feverishness of Colds**

Millions Choose

For headache, feverishness of colds take St. Joseph Aspirin. Speeds relief to millions daily without stomach upset! 100 tablets only 49¢ Ask for St. Joseph Aspirin.



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Deliciously  
lighter!

A KISS OF  
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# Landmark for Hungry Americans



From happy experience millions of Americans know they will find a wide range of prices and courteous, friendly service under the familiar orange roofs. Howard Johnson's restaurants—featuring full-course meals, salads, sandwiches and tempting desserts—can be found on important highways. Today there are over 500 and we're still growing.

## HOWARD JOHNSON'S

Restaurants • Motor Lodges

Ice Cream • Candies



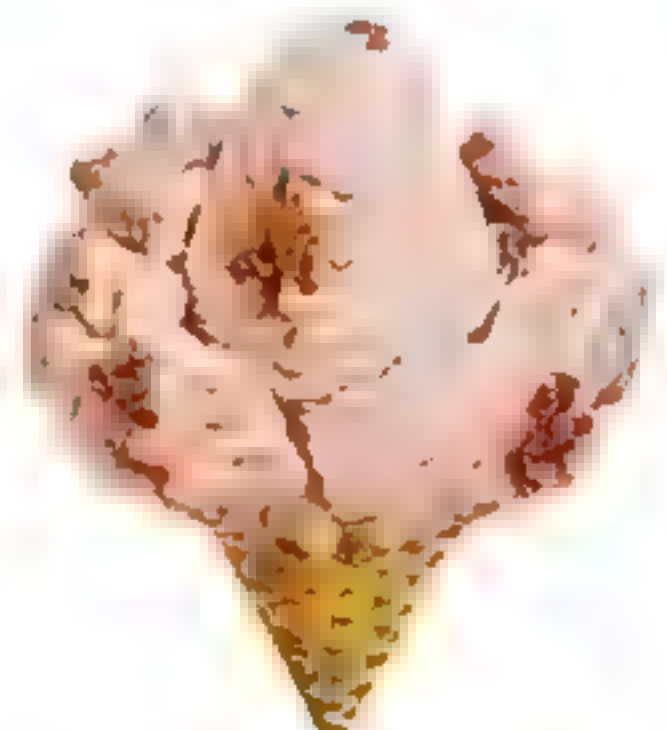
Juicy charcoal-broiled steaks



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28 flavors of pure, rich ice cream

LOCATIONS FOR HOWARD JOHNSON'S restaurants and motor lodges are desired on main highways and in shopping centers.

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*Birds Eye is the frozen food  
with the BEAUTIFUL flavor*

Birds Eye Strawberries are so much *more* than just good food. Every Birds Eye berry is *red-ripe* to the heart... sweet as summer herself... perfect inside and out.

The flavor? *Beautiful*. And this beautiful flavor is frozen in just a few fresh hours after picking.

**Serving tips:** Birds Eye Strawberries *belong* on shortcakes... or for a festive dessert, serve them over ice cream in meringue shells. Either way, wouldn't Birds Eye Strawberries taste good *tonight*?

*Some freeze food... **BIRDS EYE FREEZES FLAVOR***



**Make it an all-Birds Eye meal.** Lead up to your Strawberry surprise with Birds Eye Chicken, Potato Patties and Mixed Vegetables.

Products of General Foods



# BILLIONS OF DOLLARS FOR PRETTINESS



PERSONAL POWDER is Christian Dior's latest concoction of waxes and dyes of the Ritz powder bar—J. Magnier in San Francisco. This year for the first time the new wax is pressed in a box and dithers to impress.

## BIG INDUSTRY THRIVES ON WOMAN'S STRUGGLE TO STAY YOUNG

With youth and good looks bestowed on her at birth, the American woman matures to face two mortal enemies. In a land where youth is at a high premium, she finds age stalking her. And in a land of fried chicken and fudge sundaes, fat is dangerous satraps. Scorning surrender, woman fights back hard. She is often remarkably successful at it, standing off fat by inches and age by years.

She has relied a greatly to help her, the U.S. beauty business, and has made it an integral part of the economy of

the nation. But even so, her battle is not for the weak. In countless beauty shops and salons her flesh is mortified. She is shaken on tables, beaten by machines, starved, steamed, packed in mud and needled with cold water. In earnest conference she picks her hair shades and face powders (*ahore*). And she pays. This year her defense budget will be cosmetics and toiletries, \$1.4 billion; beauty treatments, \$660 million; soap and electric devices, \$400 million, reducing \$65 million—a total more than double the defense budget of Italy.

Photographed for LIFE by LEONARD McCOMBE

CONTINUED 121





**FUTURE BEAUTIES** get some free samples and indoctrination in a perfumed Little Lady bubble bath from Arnold Perlman, president of Helene Pesselt, Inc.



**DO-IT-YOURSELFERS** taking a course in Viceroy's beauty salon in New York City get a new cleavage on how to make up girls. In the background, Viceroy



**BREAKFAST AT MAINE CHANCE**, part of a diet tailored to client, is served Singer Martha Lyon

**PARAFFIN BATH** at Maine Chance encases patient in wax, is followed with session in heated cabinet →

## DO IT YOURSELF

To make it easy for all women to pursue the quest for beauty, the industry has developed a method that ranges from the hard sell to an appeal to the scientific. Even a young lady is not a fool. A cosmetic line to meet her needs (upper left). For ladies who like to beautify themselves there are special courses and home textures to take a little time







proprietor take pictures of nestled couples. Ladies take pictures home and practice, return for his possession. Other hair stylists from at-home approach.



**STAY-AT-HOME.** Mrs. Helen Bray, surper, goes party pick up, mask which Helen Courtney, of Beauty Creations Inc., sells a trailer camp in Burbank, Calif.

## OR GET IT DONE

permanence has been found in the last ten years. But for those who have everything, including a few or many pounds, one of the most luxurious establishments is Elizabeth Arden's Arizona Maie Chance (below) near Phoenix. Here, for \$400 to \$600 a week, they may live in sumptuous starva. One keep a strict routine and shed a pound a day.



**EXERCISE SESSION** conducted by exultant in the (left) helps three Maie Chance clients to learn

the stick and hold in their stomachs and stand properly. Blue tank suit is part of the daily uniform.





**TOP BRASS OF REVLON**, which leads beauty industry with \$112 million in sales this year, inspect new fingernail polish on hands of model Susie Parker. She wears \$5,000 mink dress, \$360,000 worth of jewelry. Revlon's president,

Charles Revson (left), 49, has test smudges of lipstick on the palm of his hand. Next to him (left to right) are Fashion Director Beatrice Castle, Advertising Manager William Mandel, Vice Presidents George Abrams and Martin Revson

## TITANS OF THE GLAMOR WORLD



**HEAD OF COTY**, President Philip Cortney (left), and Board Member Grover Whalen sniff perfume. Coty leads U.S. in perfume and toilet-water sales.

There was rarely a name on the bottle when grandmother bought her rice powder and rose water. Now beauty business names are famous—and unknown brands are very hard to sell. The bearers of many of the renowned names are shown on this and the next two pages.

There are the durable old hands like Rubenstein and Arden. And there are the new top-fighters like the Revsons of Revlon, who began with a \$300 nail-polish investment in 1932. Some are specialists like the latest rocketing success, Slenderella, which sticks to slenderizing. Others, like Coty, go in for almost everything from bath salts to brilliantine. The business is fiercely competitive and its leaders stick pretty much to themselves—Miss Arden and Mme. Rubenstein have never even met. But all have one thing in common. More than their unguents made of turtle oil and queen bee jelly, they sell glamor and a sense of well-being to women almost everywhere.

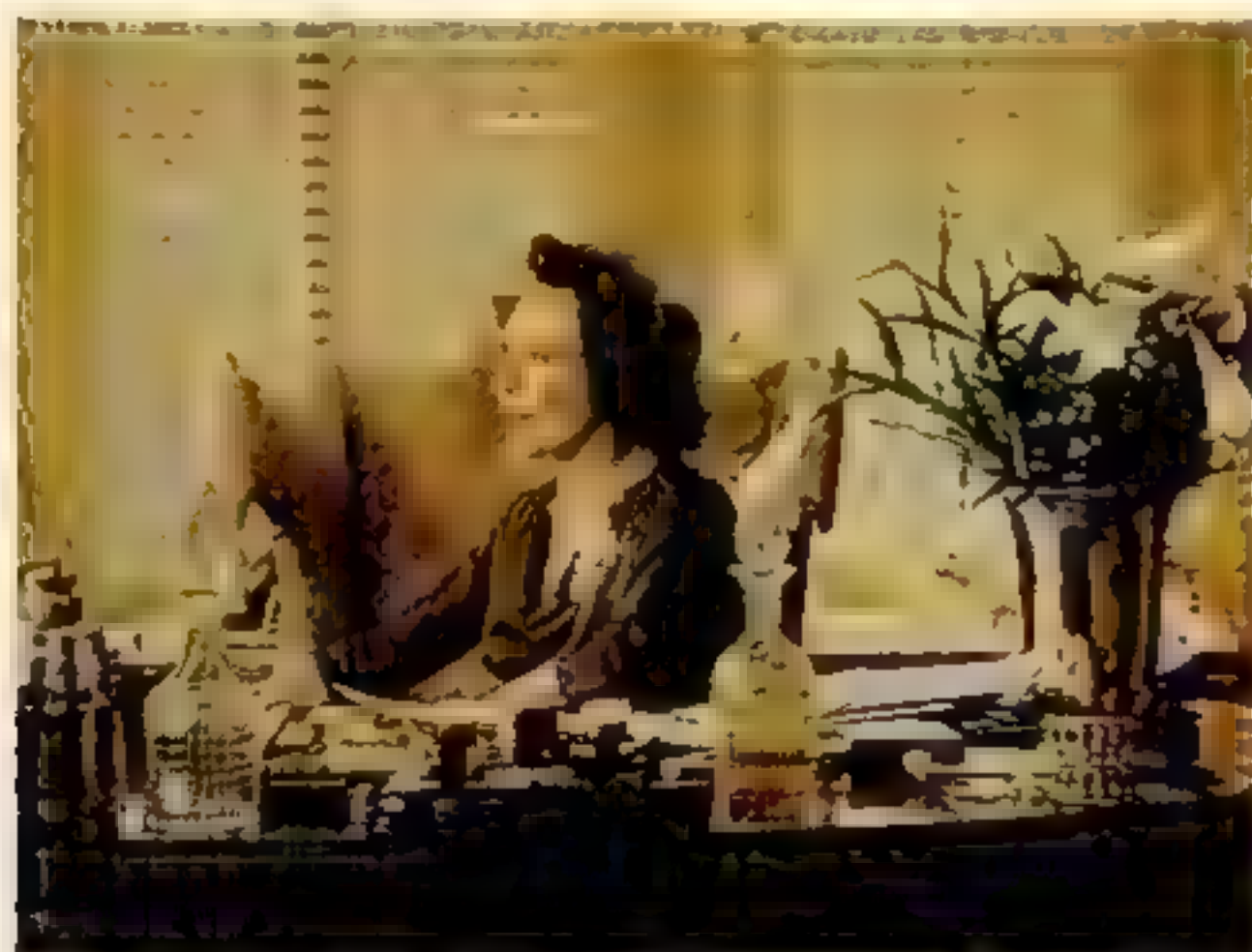
**SLENDERELLA**, a six-year-old reducing firm, operates 152 slenderizing parlors, will gross \$25 million. Here Vice President Irene Ward measures customer.







**LILLY DACHE**, president of General Beauty Products, Inc. and famed designer of L'Oréal, discusses advertisements with sales manager while a model tries a new face powder and disgorger (right) paints window display. Miss Dache is in her 30s.



**MISS EYAN**, who is said to be in her 60s and whose married name is Baroness Langer von Langenloth, directs her U.S. company from a luxurious New York office. She makes eclogues and five costly perfumes, including White Shoulders.

**ELIZABETH ARDEN**, cosmopolitan whose real name is Florence Nightingale Graham and who is believed to be in her late '20s, stands on mirrored stairway on the 20th floor of her New York salon, one of 11 in the U.S. and 1 in the world.





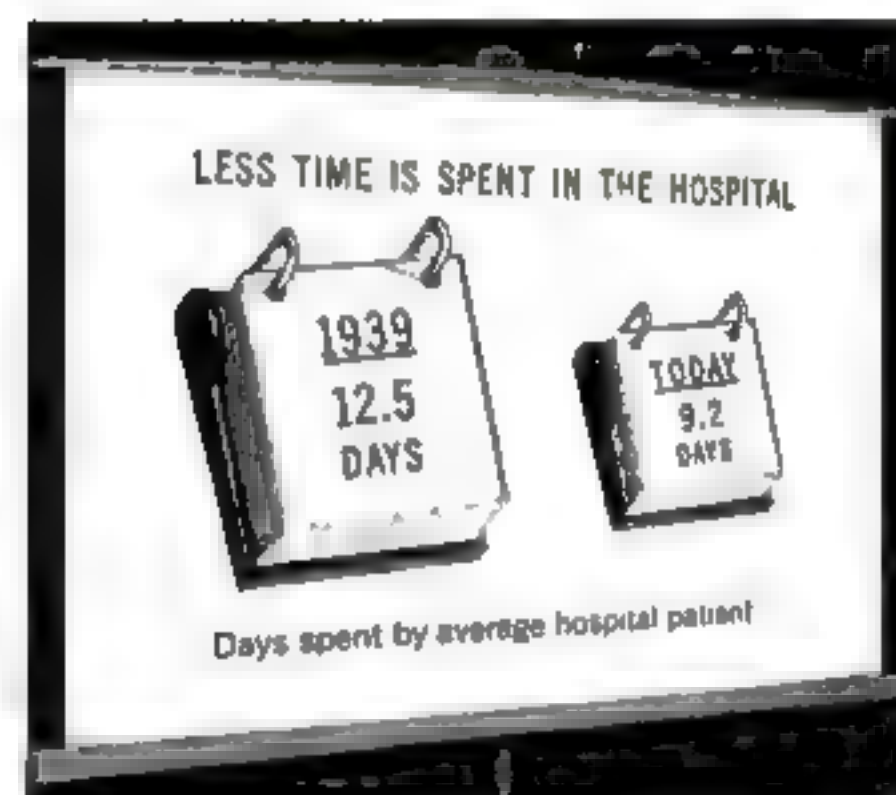
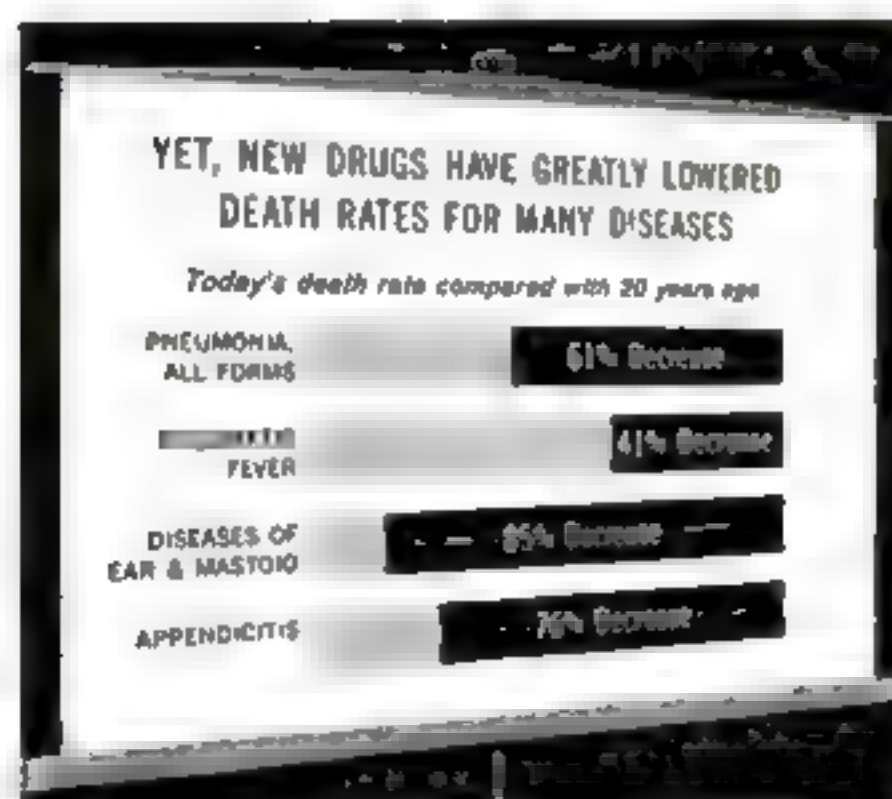
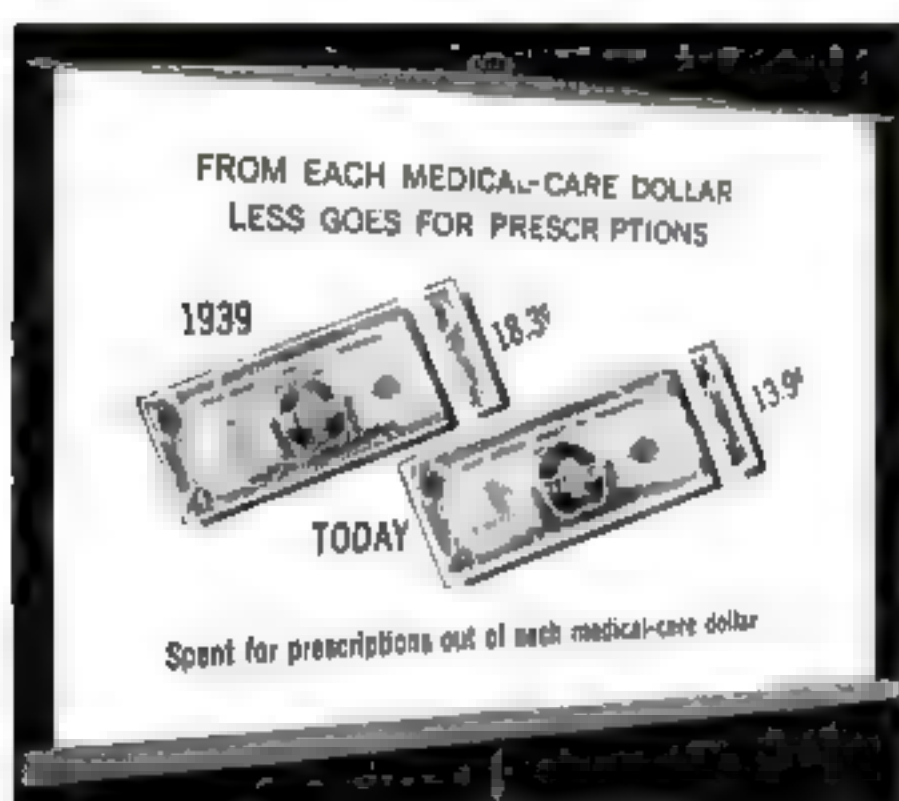


**HELENA RUBINSTEIN**, *grande dame* of the American cosmetic industry, stands next to part of her \$50,000 collection of pink opaline in her 26-room Park Avenue

penthouse apartment. Her pink satin gown, hand embroidered with pearls, is by Balenciaga, her favorite designer. Madam Rubinstein is reputed to be a member of the

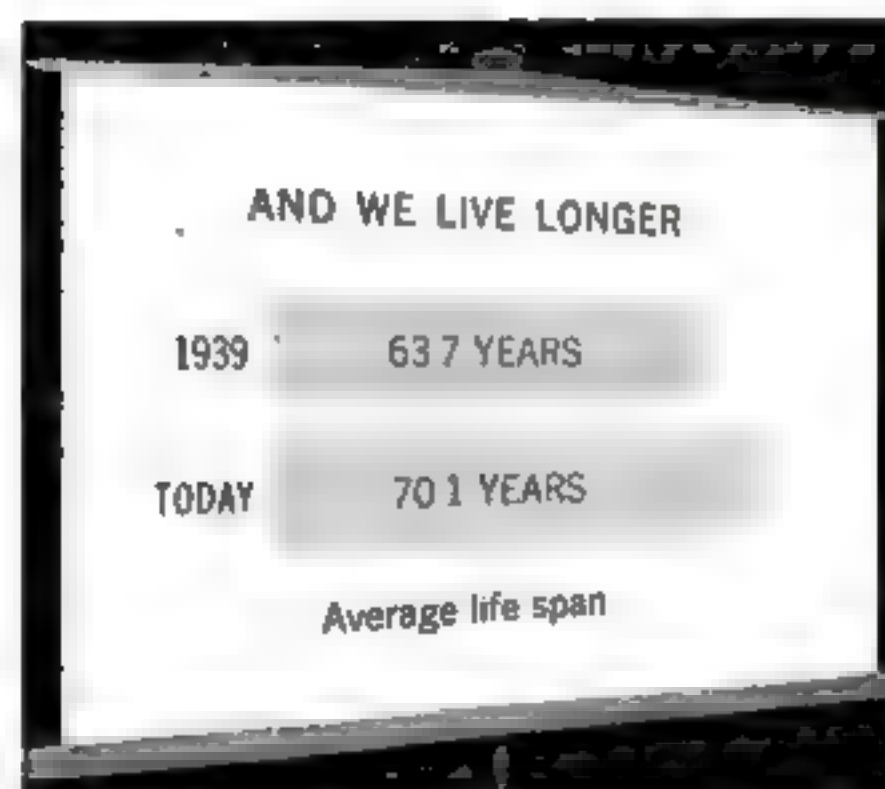


# Have you seen these latest facts on the cost of medical care?



These are some of the reasons  
why today, more than ever before,  
*prompt and proper medical care*  
*may well be one of the*  
*biggest bargains of your life!*

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# A Widow's Determination Not to Be Lonely

## GRANDCHILDREN AND JOB HELP HER BUT NOT ALWAYS

Marion Wilson became one of America's 7.6 million widows two years ago when her husband died, at 48, of a heart attack. The Wilsons had been married for 28 years and lived much of that time in Portland, Ore. Their three children were grown, and with the busiest part of life past they were beginning to enjoy the new pleasures of a quiet house and grandchildren.

Her husband's death came cruelly early—a fourth of all women widowed in the U.S. are under 50—and for more than a year Marion Wilson's grief was raw with recall. Home, friends, children, music, every sign and act of living reminded her that her husband was gone. But her firm religious convictions and her basic optimism carried her through the adjustment. Today, at 49, she is devotedly absorbed in her grandchildren and has re-established a cheerful social life with old friends. She maintains her independence by supplementing a modest life insurance income with a part-time job as a children's librarian.

There are still problems; the house is too big, and Mrs. Wilson is thinking of moving into a smaller home. She has had to struggle with the management of her own business affairs. And, as it is for some 70% of U.S. widows who do not marry again, the ever-present fact of Marion Wilson's life is her aloneness.



Marion Wilson waits for friends to join her at the University Club in Portland before going to the symphony opening. For a while after her husband's death, Mrs. Wilson found it difficult to listen to any music they had enjoyed together.



Mrs. Wilson goes down to the cellar to chop more kindling for the fireplace. She used to do few chores outside of her normal housekeeping, now takes care of simple maintenance inside the house and keeps up the garden and grounds.





Sun reads to grandsons Tommy and Mike Metz during their weekly visit. She often takes them on zoological excursions around Portland.



In the library Mrs. Wilson helps two girls choose their books. She started the job when her husband was still alive, now works three full days a week.



At home Mrs. Wilson eats light dinner on a tray and watches baby son in the living room. Generally she is alone three nights a week and away by 9:30.





THE telephone is a good antidote for loneliness and Mrs. Wilson spends time each day calling and being called by her friends. Here she is telephoning her daughter, asking for news of another daughter in Chicago who is expecting a baby.

## WIDOW CONTINUED



ONE evening a week Mrs. Wilson plays bridge with friends. Her partner above is Mrs. Thornburn Reul, while Mr. Reul is paired with Mrs. West Stone. Mrs. Wilson resigned from regular bridge club but now and then makes a fourth there.



DINING out in downtown Portland Mrs. Wilson enjoys meal with sister-in-law Mrs. Donald Johnson (right) and Mrs. Ernest Johnson, who is also a widow. Though she often sees many friends of both sexes, her life is essentially a loneliness.



GOING over financial accounts formerly handled by her husband is a difficult new part of Mrs. Wilson's life. Though she does most of this work on her own, she occasionally asks advice of friends on investments and major purchases.



A new kind  
of deodorant  
**ban**  
**rolls on!**

More effective  
than creams, easier to  
apply than sprays!\*

BAN is a new lotion form of deodorant that actually *rolls on* more effective protection . . . with a little revolving ball in the top of the bottle. This waste-proof, drip-proof applicator automatically spreads on just enough of BAN's pleasing lotion to check perspiration . . . stop odor for a *full 24 hours*. BAN is safe for normal skin . . . won't damage clothing. Get new BAN today—wherever fine toiletries are sold —ORG

\*In a recent survey against the leading cream and spray deodorants, 100% of 100% preferred BAN.







On a windswept beach near Gearhart, Marion Wilson takes a walk alone she and her husband often took together. For a while after Mr. Wilson's death she shunned solitude, but now she welcomes it as time for rest and peaceful thought



*It's America's  
Number 1  
Road Car!*





# HOUSEWIFE'S HOUSE

Designed by a woman, it puts kitchen in the center

Almost all the houses in the U.S. are designed and built by men. The fact that housewives are not entirely happy with man's conception of woman's domain was made loudly clear last spring at a U.S. housing administration forum at which women vociferously explained what





they think are modern, it uses (LIFE, June 4).

On the basis of this, Margaret King Hunter of Hanover, N.H., one of the country's few successful women architects, designed an interior to suit her own needs as mother, cook and laundress. Her house so impressed G.E.

executives that they built it to test and exhibit.

Above, Mrs. Hunter stands in the hub of her house. Her kitchen does not timidly drop one wall. It does away with all walls and is stationed right in the middle of all the living space. At the left is the play area (*next page*)

and a counter where Christopher Hunter (*left*) and friends are laying supper. The living room is at right, dining area is in foreground. The ventilating fan is in the plastic skylight over kitchen. Shades operated by motors may be lowered to enclose kitchen or screen any side.

CONTINUED





**LIVING ROOM** opens from end of kitchen (right) where sink and counter also doubles as serving bar. Whitogamy paneling on fireplace wall is repeated throughout living area, requires no upkeep. Cabinet in right foreground is TV set on dolly which can be wheeled about. Furniture is by Jens Risom and Herman Miller.

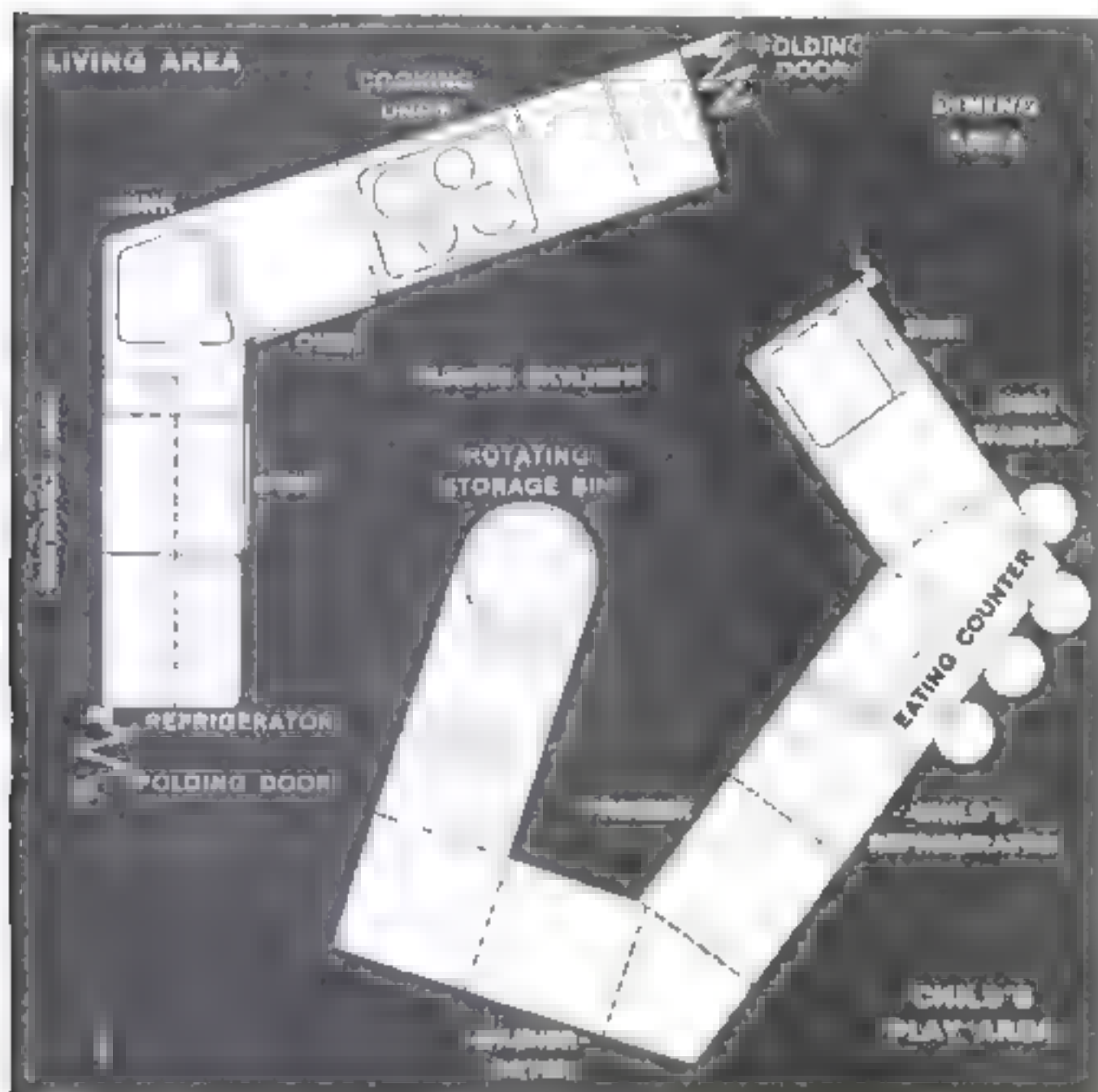
**PLAYROOM** (below) is behind kitchen's eating counter, making it easy for Mrs. Hunter to keep an eye on the goings-on. Room is equipped with many storage cabinets so children can keep own area clean. The back wall is made of cork floor tiles, thick enough to hold big thumb tacks and pins for displaying children's art.



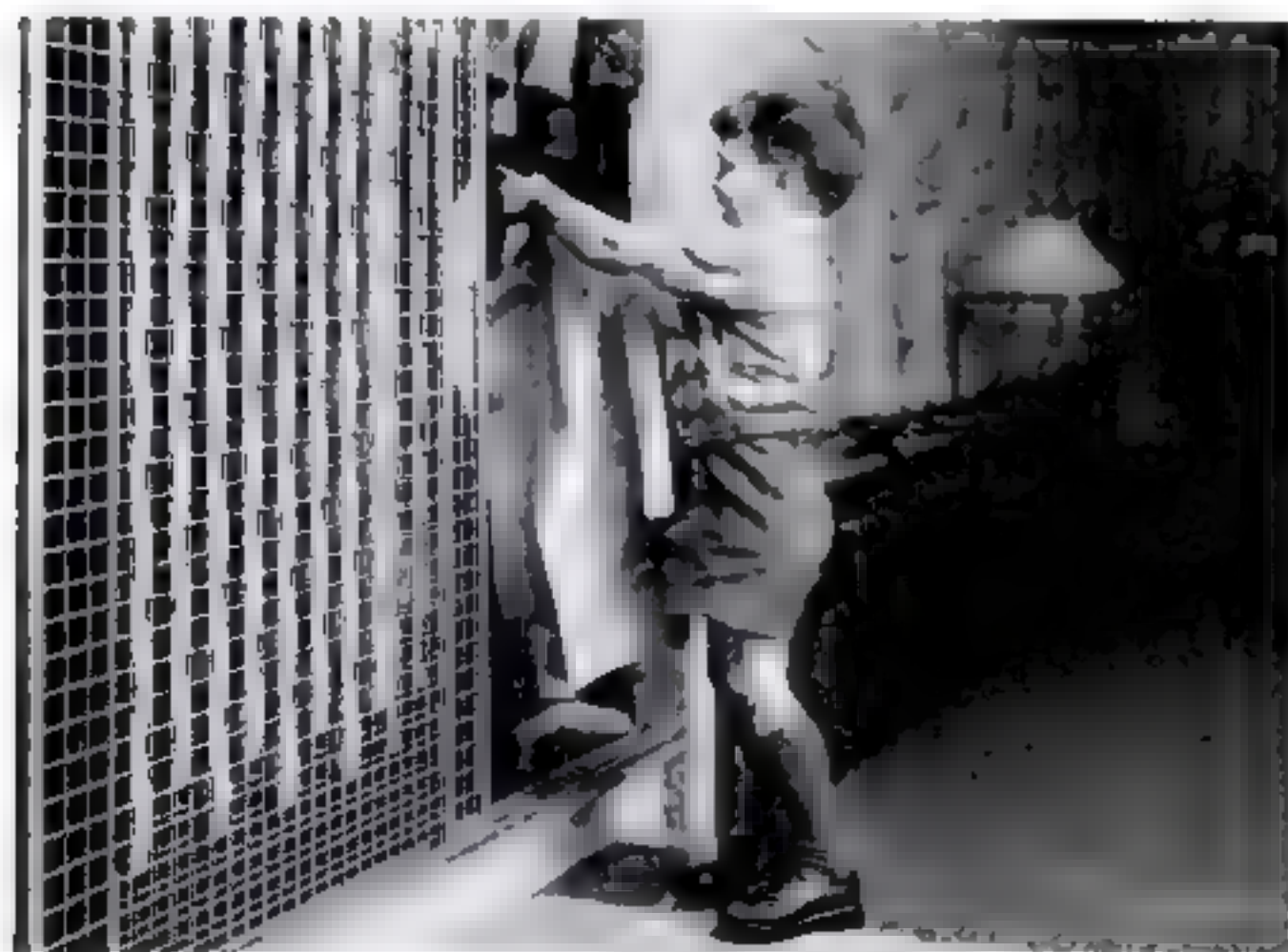




**CHILD'S REFRIGERATOR** opens into the playroom. Leftovers and milk are kept there in hopes that the children will not raid main refrigerator.



**KITCHEN PLAN** shows how appliances, cabinets and work surfaces are arranged so that each job—cooking, dishwashing, freezing, laundry—has its own area with everything needed for the specific activity stored within easy reach. Most of the utilities are counter high, making it easy for the housewife to watch the children while working. But between the kitchen and entrance hall, refrigerator and cabinets above it combine to make an enclosing wall.



**COAT CLOSETS** in hall have mesh doors and heating units at rear to dry clothes. Removable stainless pans under perforated closet floors catch dirt.



HANES HOSIERY, INC. • 350 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK • \$1.35 TO \$1.95



# Sgt. Bill Calvert



BILL CALVERT: "BACK IN 1944 WHEN I READ THIS UNION OIL AD IT SOUNDED TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE."



# eleven years after

Since VE Day he's enjoyed the best years of his life. Will the next eleven be as good for him—and you?

"I WAS A SERGEANT in Uncle Sam's World War II army the first time I saw this Union Oil ad.

"I read it with more than casual interest because I hoped to return to my job at Union after the war. And because it talked about my future.

"An hour's work in America, Union Oil pointed out, bought four times more bread, cigarettes or what-have-you than an hour's work in any other country.

"And—Union predicted in the ad—good as those figures were, *by the time our fighting men are in their forties the average citizen could be making twice as much and enjoying twice the material benefits.*

"Believe me back in 1944 it sounded too good to be true. But the facts speak for themselves.



more than when I had it. I'm making 260% more than when I went to war.

"Sometimes I find myself taking it all for granted. When I do, I remember some of those countries I fought through twelve years ago

"And I remind myself that America is probably the only nation on earth where you enjoy so many of the rewards of your own work."

\* \* \*

Bill Calvert is now an Assistant Supervising Accountant in our Comptroller's department.

Like so many of us since the war, he has increasingly benefited from America's genius for mass production.

It is worth noting, though, that there are danger signs posted along the road ahead. One of these is the high cost of government.

We are privileged to disagree as to what ought to be done to perpetuate the highest standard of living yet achieved by man. But none of us can afford to disagree on the need for its protection.

For eternal vigilance—historically the price of liberty—may in our time be the price of prosperity, too.

YOUR COMMENTS ARE INVITED: Write: The Chairman of the Board, Union Oil Company, Union Oil Building, 617 West 7th Street, Los Angeles 17, California.



"50% more people own their own homes today than owned them in 1945.

"There are 111% more automobiles driven today than then. And 120% more washing machines, vacuum cleaners and other household helps in use.

"We spend 100% more money for so-called luxuries—vacations and sporting equipment and entertainment—than we did in 1945.

"We're all living better. My old job pays 105%



## Union Oil Company OF CALIFORNIA

MANUFACTURERS OF ROYAL TRITON, THE AMAZING PURPLE MOTOR OIL



# 'MY WIFE WORKS

Jim Magill argues that Jennie's full-time job is good for her, good for

The young woman shown with her little daughter Laurie on the cover of this week's LIFE is 27-year-old Jennie Magill of Hammond, Ind. Like millions of young wives Jennie faced an important decision: whether to stay home with her two children or take a full-time job. In her case the decision was easy to make and later to



Her work is a source of pride to Jim. "She has done a terrific job. And when I tell her about my work she doesn't brush it off."



Going home, Jim always picks Jennie up at Carson Pirie Scott branch. The ride home is a chance to talk without domestic distractions.



# AND I LIKE IT'

him, good for their children—and good for the budget

carry out because her husband, taking a firm stand on the controversial issue, enthusiastically approves of the idea—and because she is blessed with a loyal, experienced housekeeper. "I think it's wonderful for both of us that she works," says Jim Magill, a \$5,500-a-year junior executive at Republic Steel. "Jennie has too

much talent to sit at home." Jennie runs the bridal service in a local department store, a job in which she helps plan weddings.

Like any husband of a working wife Jim has to shoulder a large share of the housework. "I don't mind it as long as we all pitch in," he says. "We all live here, so why shouldn't we

all help out?" The children, Jim feels, actually benefit. "We make it a point to be with our kids more. The time when Jennie and I are at home is the time when kids get the most attention anyway. And instead of their just being underfoot and yelled at, we spend our time with them; lots more than most people."



COMPANIONABLE lunch with girls from store is lots better, says Jennie, than a sandwich in solitude at home. "Through Jennie's friends at work," says Jim, "I've met a lot of people I wouldn't have met otherwise."



BILL-PAYING is disagreeable, but it reminds them of how well they live because Jennie works. "It's nice not to have that lost feeling," says Jim. "Now when we see a piece of furniture we want, we can buy it."



TAKING over the family reins when she gets home, Jennie holds Jackie, 2, who tests cake which he "helped" housekeeper Sophie Flewelling (left) to bake. Sophie runs household smoothly while parents are gone.







**When a wonderful time is just minutes away...**

Your mirror sends back a reassuring reflection of sparkling confidence. You know you're at your very best . . . sure of your poise, sure of your charm, sure of yourself. Even monthly difficulties can be shrugged aside . . . Tampax® internal sanitary protection has made millions of women almost forget there's a difference in days of the month. Of course you use it—it's *the modern way!*

**TAMPAX** so much a part of your active life



# 20-YEAR-OLDS' IDEAL

Perry Como, their choice, enacts perfect spouse

A basic occupation of virtually every woman is choosing a man to marry. The median age for making this decision among U.S. girls has now dropped to 20. To find out what sort of man they want for a husband, LIFE commissioned the National Field Service to make a representative 12-city poll of girls in this age bracket in colleges, business schools, jobs and professions. They were asked what physical characteristics, personality traits and interests they most want a husband to have and the failings they would most want him not to have. Some are given in the list below and others amplified by the pictures and captions on these pages.

The girls were also asked to name the man in public life who best represents the type they consider a good catch. First choice was Perry Como and he agreed to act out, for these photographs, some of the things girls like and dislike in men. Como was chosen in spite of the fact that he does not fit all of

the requirements nor all of the personal characteristics girls rate high. He is 5 feet 9 1/2 inches tall instead of 6 feet. His eyes are brown instead of blue and he is not 23. He almost never washes dishes.

Other public figures mentioned as good husband prototypes were, in order of choice after Como: William Holden, Rock Hudson, Dwight D. Eisenhower and Tab Hunter (tied for fourth), Tony Curtis and Elvis Presley (tied for fifth), Marlon Brando, Jeff Chandler, James Dean, John Kennedy, Jerry Lewis, Richard Nixon (all tied for sixth).

A young man rates highest with the girls if he is a business executive, next highest if he is an engineer. Doctors are third in line. He should be a casual, relaxed, informal type. Only 1% of the girls demand handsome husbands with sex appeal. Above all they want him to be a good provider who is careful with his money. But not too careful. Stinginess was second only to rudeness as an undesirable male quality.

## DESIRED PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS

HEIGHT	6 FEET
BUILD	MEDIUM
HAIR COLOR	BLACK
HAIR LENGTH	MEDIUM
HAIR TYPE	WAVY
COMPLEXION	MEDIUM
EYES	BLUE
AGE	23

## WOULD LIKE HUSBAND:

To be sincere and honest  
 Not to be bossy  
 To have the same religious affiliation  
 To have a college education  
 To have a job with a future  
 Not to be possessive  
 To want a large family  
 To take part in civic affairs  
 To like to visit friends and relatives  
 Not to be egotistical



### He must not be impolite

Acting out the part of a rude husband, which the girls polled do not want, Perry Como sits idly in chair ignoring the lady as she staggers by weighed down by groceries. The poll also says that husbands must not be moody, jealous, secretive, arrogant.



### He must take part in sports

Acting the athletic type which girls go for, Perry is surrounded by sports equipment. Football, baseball and basketball were the sports that most girls would like a husband to indulge in but everything from walking to water skiing got some of their votes.

CONTINUED





**He must not be domineering**

Cracking the whip, Perry Como enacts the part of a husband who makes the little woman dance. Girls hate this but do want their husbands to be independent and able to stand on their own feet. However, as wives, they want to be consulted about decisions.



**He must be helpful**

Up to his elbows in suds (for one of the few times in his life), he shows how girls think a husband should help around the house. They also want the husband to be handy at repairing things and work in the garden. In addition he should be jolly and fun-loving.

**He must be a good talker**

Spinning a long story, Perry acts the part of an animated and interesting, talkative husband, which girls admire. Asked if they preferred a man to be a listener or a talker, girls voted more than two to one for the talker but did not commit selves to listen.



**He must be well read**

Wearing his glasses and stretched out with a weighty book, he fulfills one requirement of the perfect husband, who must read. A husband should also have a good education, be intelligent but always willing to put his book down and jump up to carry groceries.







#### He must take her dancing

She would like him to take her to a movie or a meal, but she insists that he take her dancing. Perry obliges but steps on partner's toes. This is because 69% of the girls said it was not important for a husband to be a good dancer. All she requires is that he try.

#### He must like woodworking

Woodworking was the hobby most girls envisioned for their husbands. Here Perry awkwardly turns a lamp base on a lathe. On alternative evenings husbands could take up photography, leather work, painting. If they have time left, they can collect stamps.



# Stomach UPSET?

*Indigestion? Nausea? Diarrhea?*



**Hospital Tests prove  
Pepto-Bismol works where  
Soda and Alkalizers fail!**



① Pepto-Bismol helps soothe in the stomach... where overdoses of soda and alkalizers may actually prolong the upset!

② Pepto-Bismol also helps calm distress in the intestinal tract... where soda and alkalizers never help!

Pepto-Bismol's special medicinal formula soothes both the irritated stomach and intestinal walls with a gentle coating action. It helps retard gas formation; calm heartburn, nausea. Controls simple diarrhea—without constipating.

**P.S. MOTHERS!** Pepto-Bismol is effective, mild, safe for children, too. They love its wonderful flavor.



*Take Hospital Tested*  
**Pepto-Bismol®**

*...and feel good again!*

*The greatest little girdle ever designed!*

**PETER PAN**

**little X\***

*gives you complete  
figure control  
with never-before  
freedom of  
movement!*

Two criss-crossing one-way-stretch panels slim waist, sleek hips, smooth tummy. Design eliminates wrinkling, rolling or riding up. Featherlight weave nylon power net, prettied with dainty trim. Small, medium, large. White or black. Only 5.95

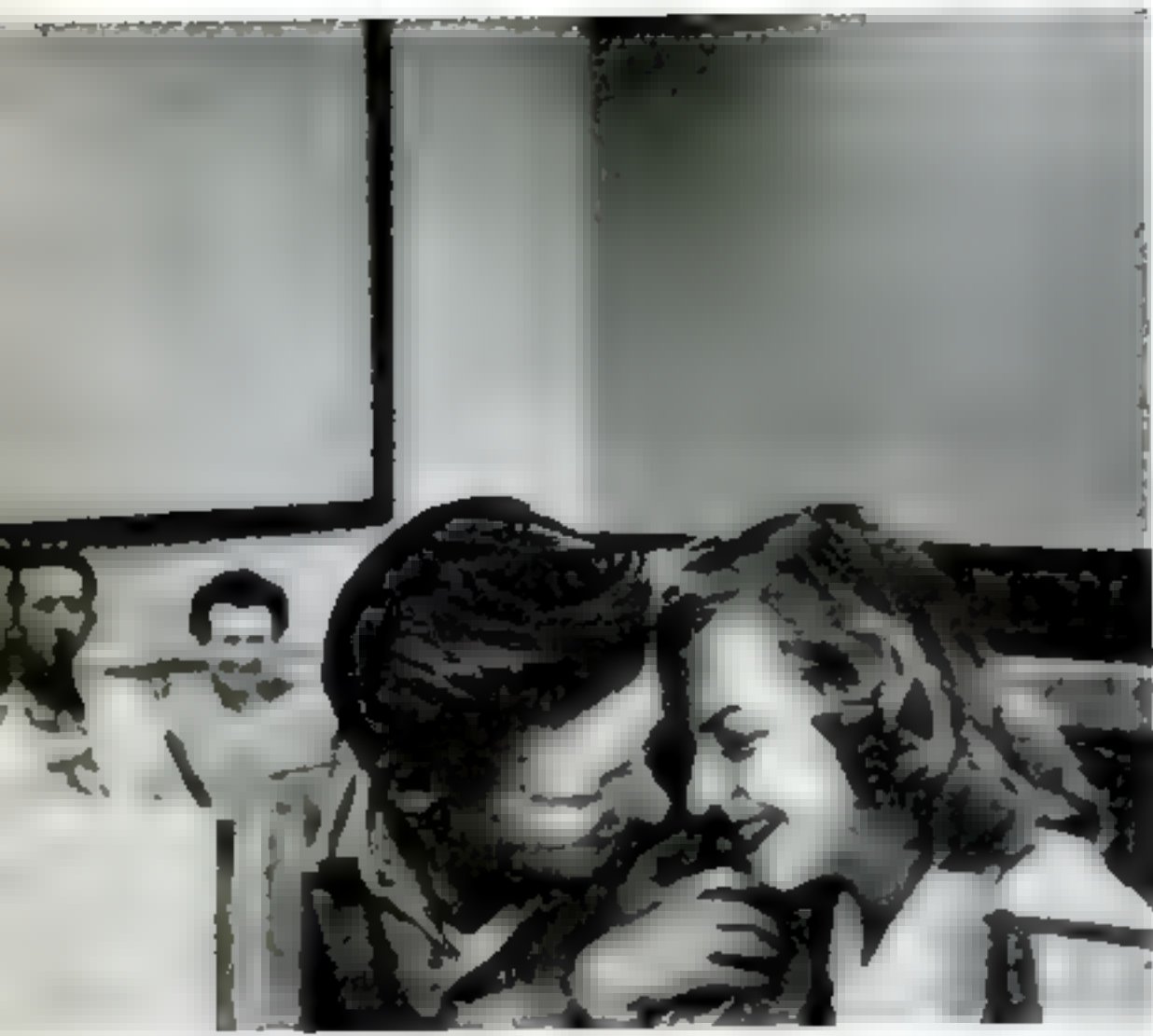
Panty girdle—with downstretch satin lastex back panel and detachable garters—small, medium, large. White only. 5.95

RTM

PETER PAN FOUNDATIONS, INC. • NEW YORK • MONTREAL



# PEOPLE IN LOVE



Very young and very deep in love they laugh over formalities at the marriage license bureau.



Taken to each other by happy married years, they share a joke in a restaurant called Paradise.



Elbow to elbow, and both bemused, they wait for their marriage license at the counter.



A postman in between appointed rounds, he looks down to fill out their marriage forms.



The look of love that is the essence of all womanhood is frank but fleeting; it can be seen and felt and easily recognized—and it has a special radiance. To capture some of its secret moments and quick gestures, Photographer Elliott Erwitt recorded these photographic impressions of new love and old, of love both solemn and carefree.



Full name . . . age . . . residence . . . occupation.  
They cling close together under the cloak.



Eyes downcast in a Russian Orthodox cathedral, she listens raptly to the marriage ceremony, not daring a sidelong glance—nor does he.



In college, in the spring, a warm flat rock makes a private place where the noisy water hides the secret words she whispers in his ear.

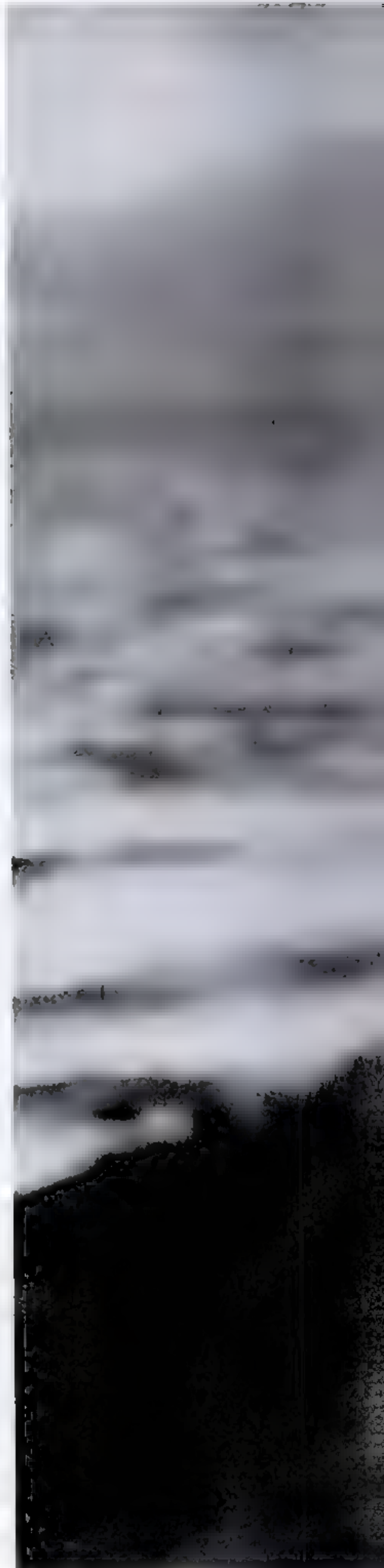


Home from the office, playing with the children, he trades his wife a knowing, loving look. The youngsters, kept up to see him, also feel its warmth.





**T**HE fruit of 60 married years, a well ripened love is shared with a happy kiss at an anniversary celebration



**T**HE rear view mirror reflects a pair of newlyweds in love, enchanted, in a car parked by the sea





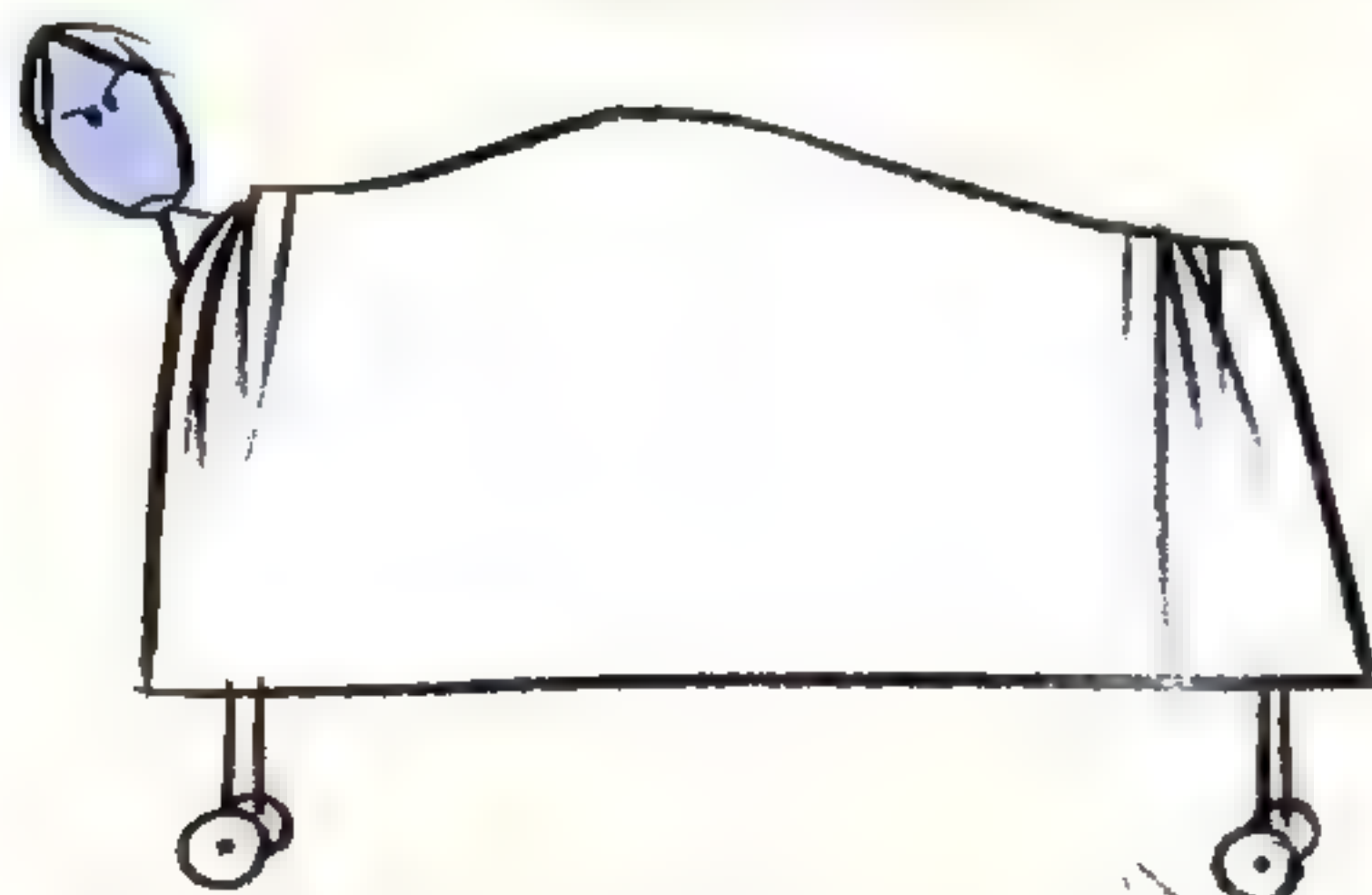


# Humorists Depict the Suburban Wife

"A generation ago, social thinkers were worrying about what people would do with their leisure. They might have saved their breath so far as suburban women are concerned. Their time is consumed by labor-saving devices." This was the comment of Peter De Vries, author of *Comfort Me with Apples*, when asked by LIFE to discuss the effect on women of the shift to the suburbs, a region on which he is an expert. "Country life turns out to be only city life widely spaced, and clamps her firmly in the jaws of that last tyrant, the automobile," De Vries goes on. "Suburban life is merely motherhood on wheels." Other of his wry comments are embodied in these cartoons by Robert Osborn.



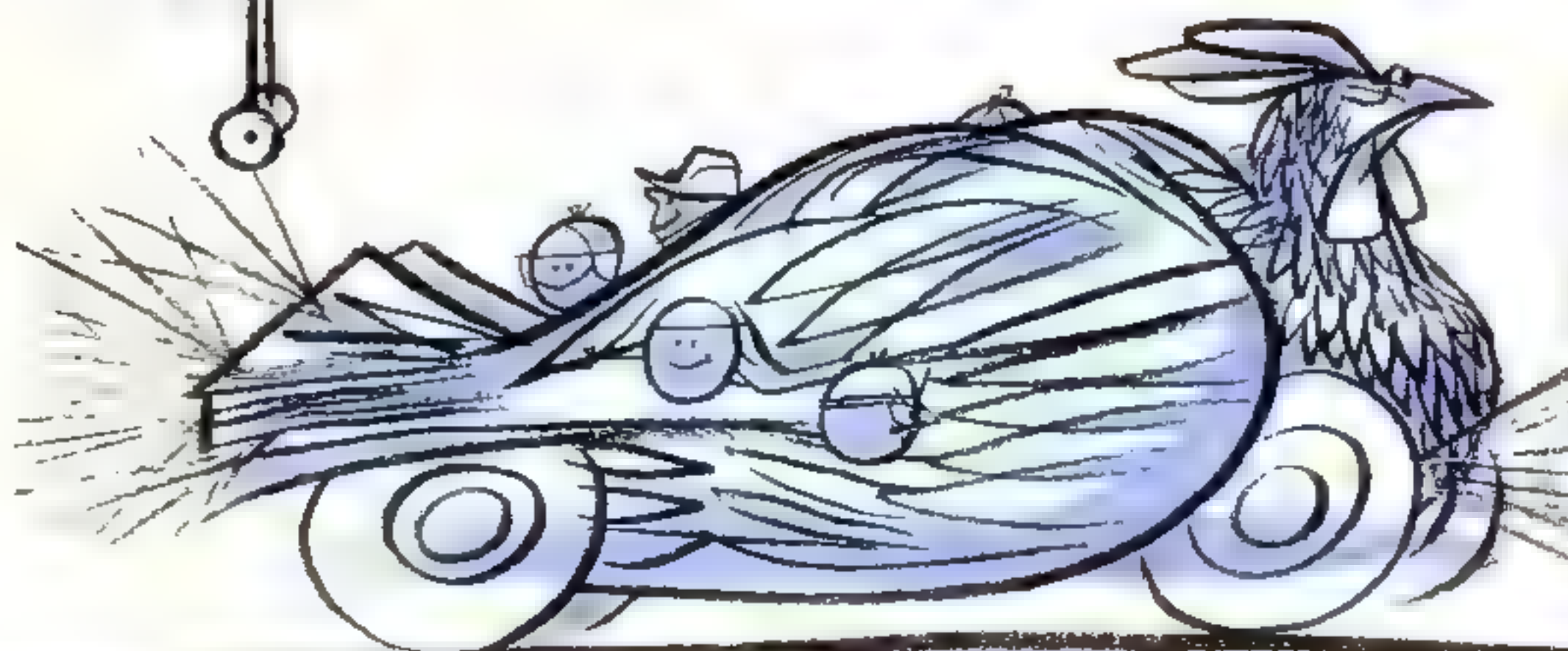
**AFTER** having begun the day by driving her commuting mate to his station, she scalds herself awake with some hot coffee from the electric percolator. Mulling over his gay life in town, she dresses for the supermarket, donning dungarees, sneakers, a sweater of no design and sometimes a baseball cap. Apparently determined not to look like a lady, she had chopped off her hair and thrown it away, leaving what little remained to look as though it had been cropped by sheep."



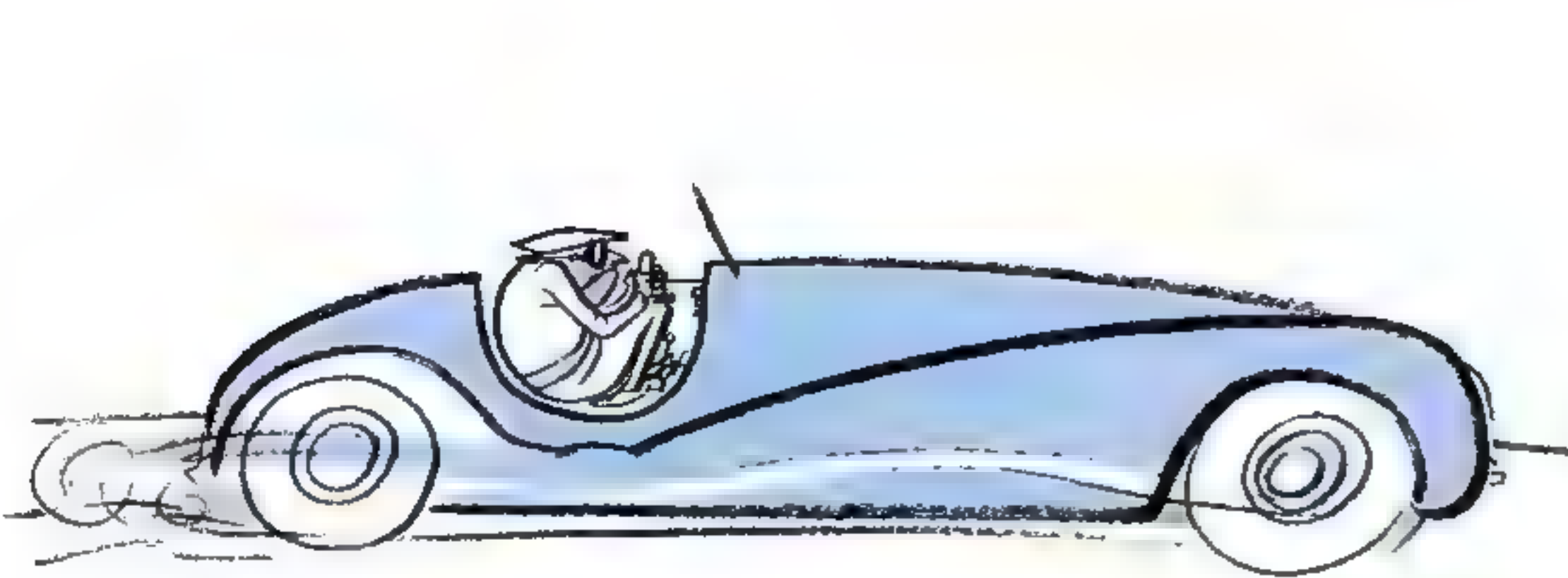
**ANY** suburban mother can state her role sardonically enough in a sentence: it is to deliver children—obstetrically once and by car forever after. This child must be taken to the pediatrician, that one to the home of a friend (after-school play arrangements over long distances form a particular thorn in her side), her mother must be driven to a Golden Age club meeting. After this it is time to think about a good tight schedule for getting all these people *back*."



goo



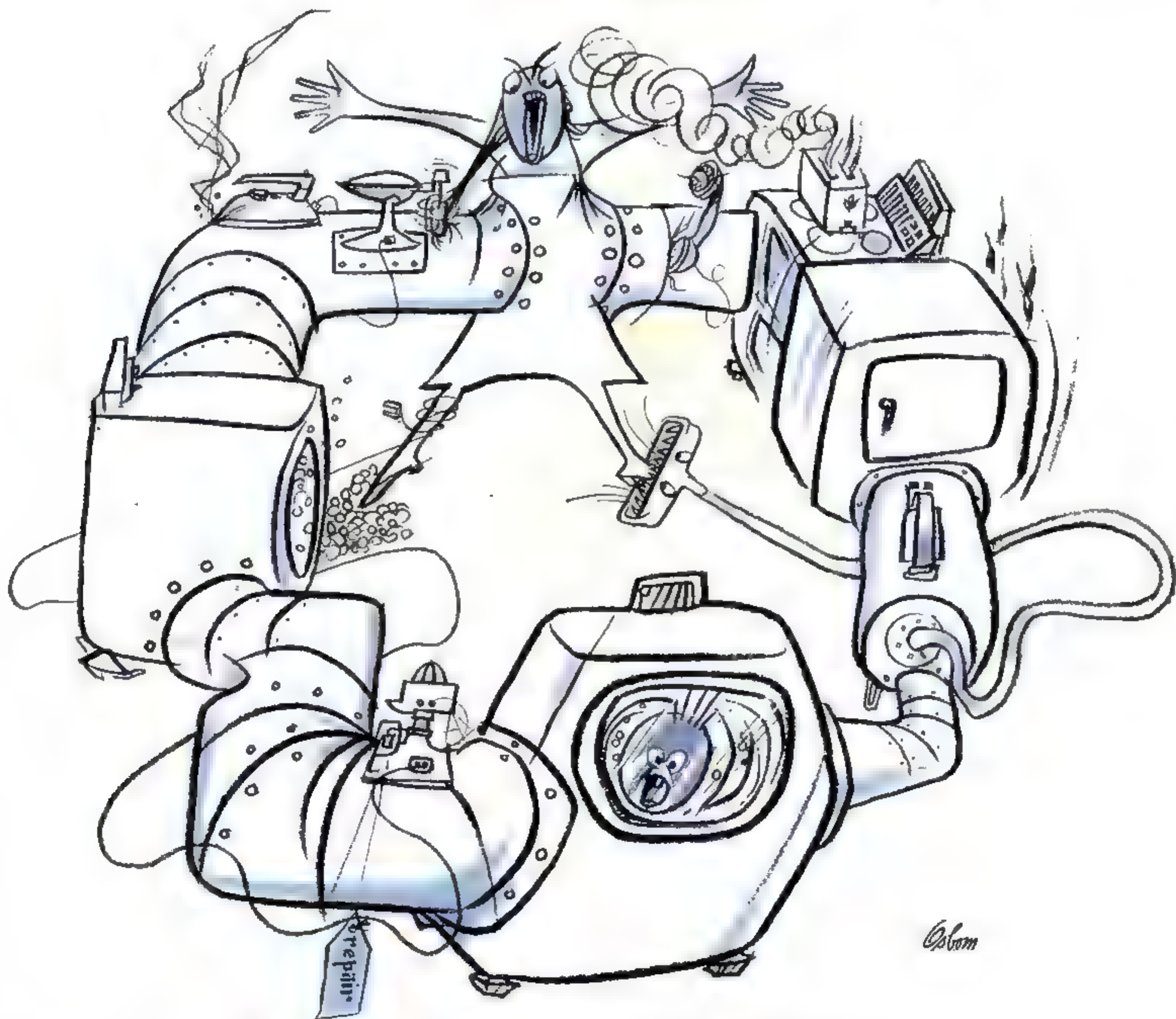




ON the road she notices more and more men prowling about in sports cars in which the driver nestles well down in the prenatal position. All he has to do to assume it completely is to turn over on his side, as he frequently does."



THE nuisance of the dawn delivery of her husband to the train has its counterpart in the evening when she drives to the station, then races to the next stop deeper in the suburbs to find her mate, who had fallen asleep, groggily disembarking."



THE endless appliances meet in a ganglion of plugs. Intended as the housewife's friend, the Machine is instead a hydra-headed Moloch into whose maw she is forever putting this and that, including herself. Its

humming, purring, swishing, rattling fugue is one to which her very bones are so attuned that she can detect a morbid note in an instant, and have the proper repair man on the telephone in another."

*Osborn*





1 PAINTS THE DESERT



2 WRITES ON MONEY



3 FLIGHTS, REAL AND POETIC



4 BROKE MUSICAL GROUND



9 RUNS A COLLEGE



10 APPEARS ON PANELS



11 PUNDIT FOR THE PAPERS



12 HER HEART WAS DADDY'S



17 FANCY ON HER FEET



18 A SAILOR-SCHOLAR



19 WRITES AND BOSSES



20 OUTDISTANCED SOUND



25 PLAYED AT WIMBLEDON



26 NOTED NONAGENARIAN



27 TOOK A ROYAL ROLE



28 DRAMATIST AND DIPLOMAT

# HEADLINERS: DO YOU KNOW

and Wimbledon. 26 Grandma Moses, 96, renowned primitive artist. 27 Helen Luce, playwright, congresswoman from 1943 to 1947, ambassador to Italy from 1953 to 1956. 29 Dorothy Shaver, president of Lord and Taylor. 30 Mary Pilla-Lyn Monroe, actress, now wife of playwright Arthur Miller. 31 Mary Pilla-Lyn Monroe, actress, now wife of playwright Arthur Miller. 32 Dorothy Ruff Lord, civic and welfare worker, U. N. alternate delegate. (see p. 155).

19 Dorothy Schiff, publisher and columnist of New York Post. 20 Jacqueline Caeluran Odum, first woman flyer to exceed speed of sound. 21 Eleanor Roosevelt, widow of Franklin D. Roosevelt. 22 Eugene Anderson, first U.S. woman ambassador (to Denmark, 1919 to 1933). 23 Katharine Cornell, actress, famous for playing Elizabeth Barrett Browning. 24 Ovea Culp Hobby, World War II head of WAC, first U.S. Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare. 25 Alliea Gibson, first Negro to compete in tennis matches at Forest Hills





WALKED A LOT



PRINCESS FROM PHILADELPHIA



EX-SECRETARY (ASSISTANT)



CONQUEROR OF INFIRMITIES



MAKES MYSTERIES



EDITS IN ELEGANCE



BIG PARTY GIVER



A MATTER OF RECORDS



A FIRST LADY



A FIRST AMBASSADOR



PLAYED A BARRETT



SOLDIER AND SECRETARY



STEERS A STORE



MARRIED A MILLER



WORKS AT THE U.N.



LEADS IN LOS ANGELES

# THEIR NAMES?

FOR THE ANSWERS, SEE BELOW

1 Georgia O'Keeffe, southwestern painter, lives in Abiquiu, N. Mex. 2 Ivy Baker Priest, Treasurer of the U.S. since 1953, signs all currency. 3 Anne Mearns Lindbergh, author, poet, aviatress. 4 Marjorie Anderson, contralto, first Negro singer at Met. 5 Eleonora Sears, Boston sportsman, di-lanure walker. 6 Grace Kelly, actress who married Prince Rainier of Monaco. 7 Anna Roosevelt, ex-minister to Luxembourg. 8 Eartha Kitt, nightclub and recording star. 9 Marjorie Grahame, modern dancer and choreographer. 10 Mildred McAfee Horton, World War II director of WAVES, ex-president of Wellesley College. 11 Dorothy Thompson, columnist and commentator. 12 Mary Mar- 13 Mary Roberts Rinehart, famous mystery writer. 14 Carmel Snow, editor of Harper's Bazaar. 15 Perle Weira, Washington host- 16 Farha Kutt, night-club and recording star. 17 Marjorie Grahame, modern dancer and choreographer. 18 Mildred McAfee Horton, World War II director of WAVES, ex-president of Wellesley College.

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*Neuroses*

**EXTROVERT**

Oedipus

subconscious

**Inferiority Complex**

intuitive

psychosomatic

**Motivational Research**

**Fixation**

**REPRESSION**

# PSYCHOLOGY

Most of us don't really know what we are talking about—at least when it comes to the subject of psychology. True, we speak glibly of "introvert," "neuroses," "fixation" and "repression." Our books and plays and movies abound in psychological themes. All around us in everyday living we encounter the results of psychological testing—in the color of road signs, the shape of food packages, the make-up of school curricula. Yet for all our apparent familiarity with the subject, few of us really comprehend the role and import of psychology in the U.S. today.

Starting in the next issue, LIFE will attempt to add to our understanding of this hopeful science. In weekly instalments LIFE will explore the nature and progress of psychology, historically and in our daily lives. Here, in layman's terms, you will find a comprehensive primer of principal truths and theories. The science itself and how it is applied; its past pitfalls, its present triumphs; its encouraging future—all will be documented. The use and misuse of psychology in business and the home will be detailed. So too will be the work of the psychiatrist and the psychoanalyst—a phase of the series which will have a special interest to those who have a relative, friend or neighbor afflicted with mental disorder. But no family can be indifferent to the specter and spread of mental disease which already accounts for more than one half the patients in U.S. hospitals.

What you need to know for a practical grasp of this vital but sometimes baffling science will be yours to read in the coming issues of LIFE. And I am sure you will agree that you should be so informed.

ANDREW HEISKELL, Publisher





PRESIDING AT LOS ANGELES "TIMES" WOMEN'S SECTION STAFF LUNCHEON, MRS. CHANDLER (CENTER) DISCUSSES "WOMEN OF YEAR" FEATURE SHE STARTED

## A HEADLINER'S FULL LIFE

Mrs. Chandler is a force in journalism, politics, civic affairs



AS CIVIC LEADER, Mrs. Chandler (right) scans plan of new music center with Mrs. Stanley Phipps.

One of the outstanding U.S. women shown on the preceding pages, Mrs. Dorothy Buffum Chandler of Los Angeles makes her influence felt in so many fields that she has been called "the great lady of the West." She has a job as assistant to her husband, Norman Chandler, publisher of the Los Angeles *Times* and directs the newspaper's women's department (*above*). Beyond this work she holds a commanding position in Los Angeles civic affairs, politics and society.

Now 55, Mrs. Chandler began her active career in 1913, when her son Otis and daughter Camilla were away at school. She went back to college, took courses in journalism and then joined her husband at the *Times*, a morning paper. By 1918 she had encouraged him to found the afternoon *Mirror*. This experience in business spurred her on to many more in the field of community service. Her greatest satisfaction, energetic Mrs. Chandler has found, comes from "trying to do something new."

AS EDUCATOR, Mrs. Chandler talks to President Sprout of U. of California, where she is regent



CONTINUED



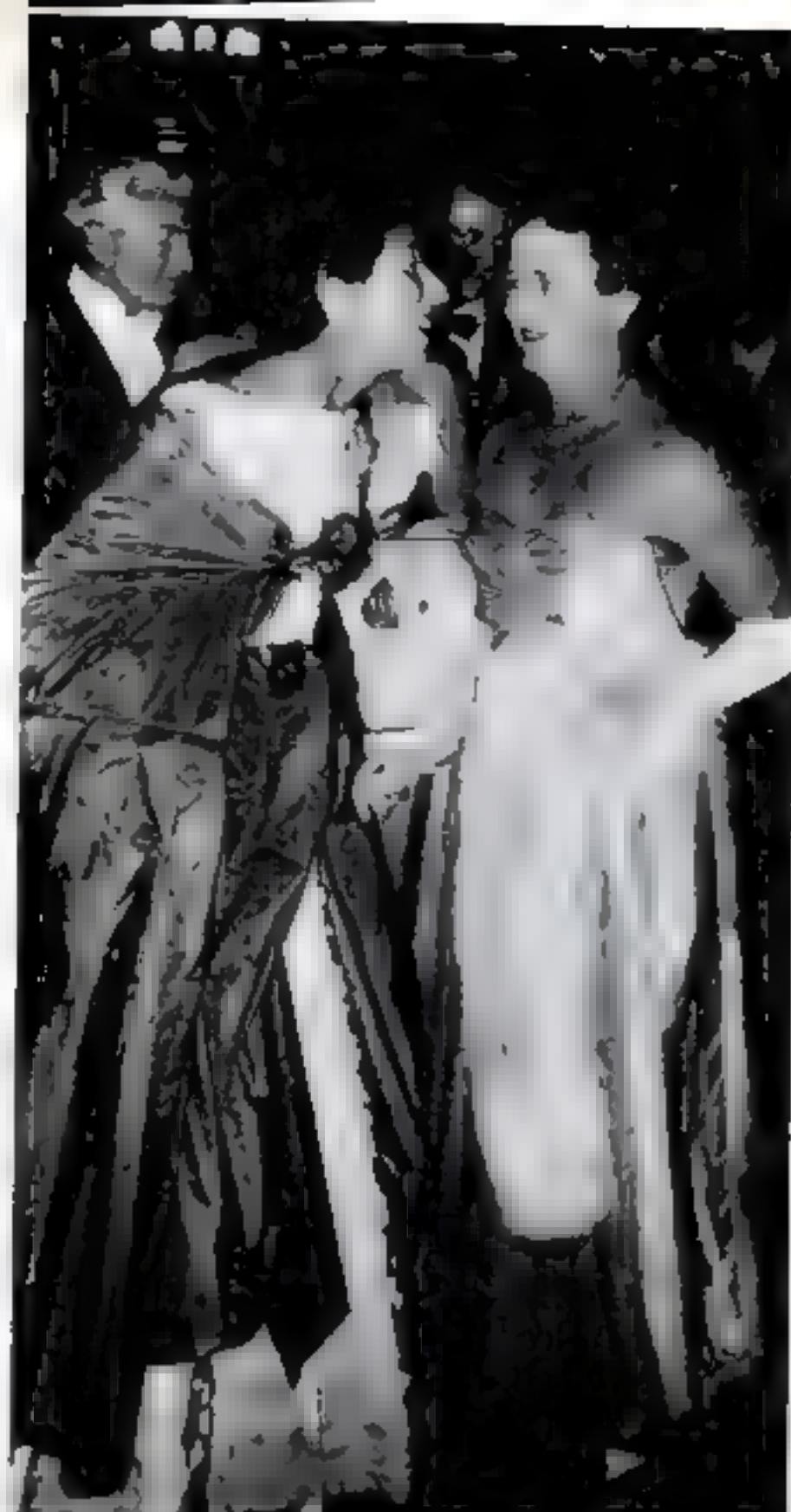
FULL LIFE CONTINUED



AS POLITICAL POWER, Mrs. Chandler greets Eisenhower before 1956 campaign speech. She has been a backer of Nixon since he entered politics.



AS MUSIC PATRON, Mrs. Chandler calls on Conductor Bruno Walter at Los Angeles Philharmonic, for which in 1951 she helped raise \$250,000.



AS SOCIETY LEADER, Mrs. Chandler (right) in Dior gown attends Opera Gala opening winter social season. She is a director of San Francisco Opera.

AS GRANDFATHER, MRS. CHANDLER JOINS GRANDCHILDREN AND HUSBAND IN WATCHING MUSCULAR SON OTIS HOIST WIFE OVERHEAD ON CALIFORNIA BEACH





The constellation Orion, the mighty hunter  
 Photograph by Herbert Matter  
 De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.



**Bright star,  
 light of love**

Arrayed in stars, Orion, the mighty hunter, strides across the great, wide sky. And now, as through the ages, lovers muse upon his magic, endless chase. Eons ago, earth formed one star, fire-bright and lovely, to adorn one special, cherished girl, to shine forever to mark your love and its long course. This most personal star is your engagement diamond. Its valiant lights tell, always for you and those who come after you—how one man and one woman sought and found and served their special destiny.

1/4 carat (25 points) \$90 to \$205  
 1/2 carat (50 points) \$200 to \$500  
 1 carat (100 points) \$590 to \$1155  
 2 carats (200 points) \$1365 to \$3320

**FACTS ABOUT DIAMONDS** Color, cutting, clarity and carat weight contribute to a diamond's beauty and value. A trusted jeweler is your best adviser. Divided payments can usually be arranged. Price ranges above are based on quotations by jewelers throughout the country in July, 1956, for their top-grade engagement diamonds (unmounted) in weights indicated. Prices vary with top qualities offered. Exceptionally fine stones are higher priced. Exact weights shown are infrequent. Add tax.



**A DIAMOND IS FOREVER**



# American Ladies the Artists Painted

## LOVELY MODEL FOR A HEROINE

A renowned Philadelphia beauty, Rebecca Gratz was painted by Thomas Sully in the first years of the 19th Century. Rebecca was a friend of Washington Irving, who described her loveliness to Sir Walter Scott. Enchanted, Scott used her as the prototype for Rebecca in *Ivanhoe*.



## EACH PERIOD DEPICTED THEM WITH CANDOR AND DEVOTION

From walls across the land they look down with wonderful candor—the exquisite Rebecca and the twinkling-eyed Dolly, wistful Addie, earthy Ann and brooding Mary Cassatt. In an earlier age few of them would have been noted, for they were neither aristocrats nor had many acquired the wherewithal to have themselves painted.

But as American portrait painters set to work after the Revolution, they found meaningless the lavish and flattering portrayals of nobility that had long been a European tradition. Instead they evolved an artistic bill of rights that gave a face—or a scene—value for its expressiveness and vitality alone and their successors followed suit. Though some, like Sargent, continued the tradition of painting the notable and the elegant, the greatest—such as Homer, Eakins, Bellows—drew their artistic strength from their neighbors and their neighborhoods. And though they often were tempted to follow foreign fashions, the painters remained mindful of their own deep roots and the admonition William Cullen Bryant offered to one artist going to foreign scenes:

*Gaze on them, till the tears shall dim thy sight,  
But keep that earlier, wilder image bright.*

In the Dollys and Marys, Anns and Addies that paraded across the American scene artists found images aplenty to keep the image bright.

## A PRESIDENT'S ENCHANTER

Harriet Chew, portrayed by John Trumbull, was a daughter of a judge and a great favorite of George Washington's. Chattering as he sat for the last Stuart portrait, the girl so enchanted the general with her conversation that he later said it explained the slight smile on his face.







FRIENDLY  
DOLLY MADISON

Noted for friendliness and unassuming hospitality, Mrs. Madison was White House hostess to the widowed President Jefferson when her husband was his Secretary of State, then the first lady and a widely respected Washington figure. She sat for this portrait by Rembrandt Peale, who portrayed her charm with no attempt to flatter.





#### AN IDEALIZED AMERICAN GIRL

Using a now-forgotten model, Winslow Homer in 1877 created one of the first stylized American girls. Proud and statuesque, she also appears innocent and naive, giving an air which Henry James found "suggestive of rural doughnuts and pie."

#### AN AFFECTIONATE FAMILY GROUP

Using tapestrylike colors which he often favored, the gay William Clackens in 1912 depicted his wife Helen hovering affectionately above her sister Irene, seated near his young son Ira, and Grace Dwight Morgan, an old friend of the two sisters.



#### AN AGING CHILDHOOD FRIEND

A childhood friend of Thomas Eakins, Mary "Addie" Williams was painted in 1900 when both were middle-aged and she came to live with him and his wife.



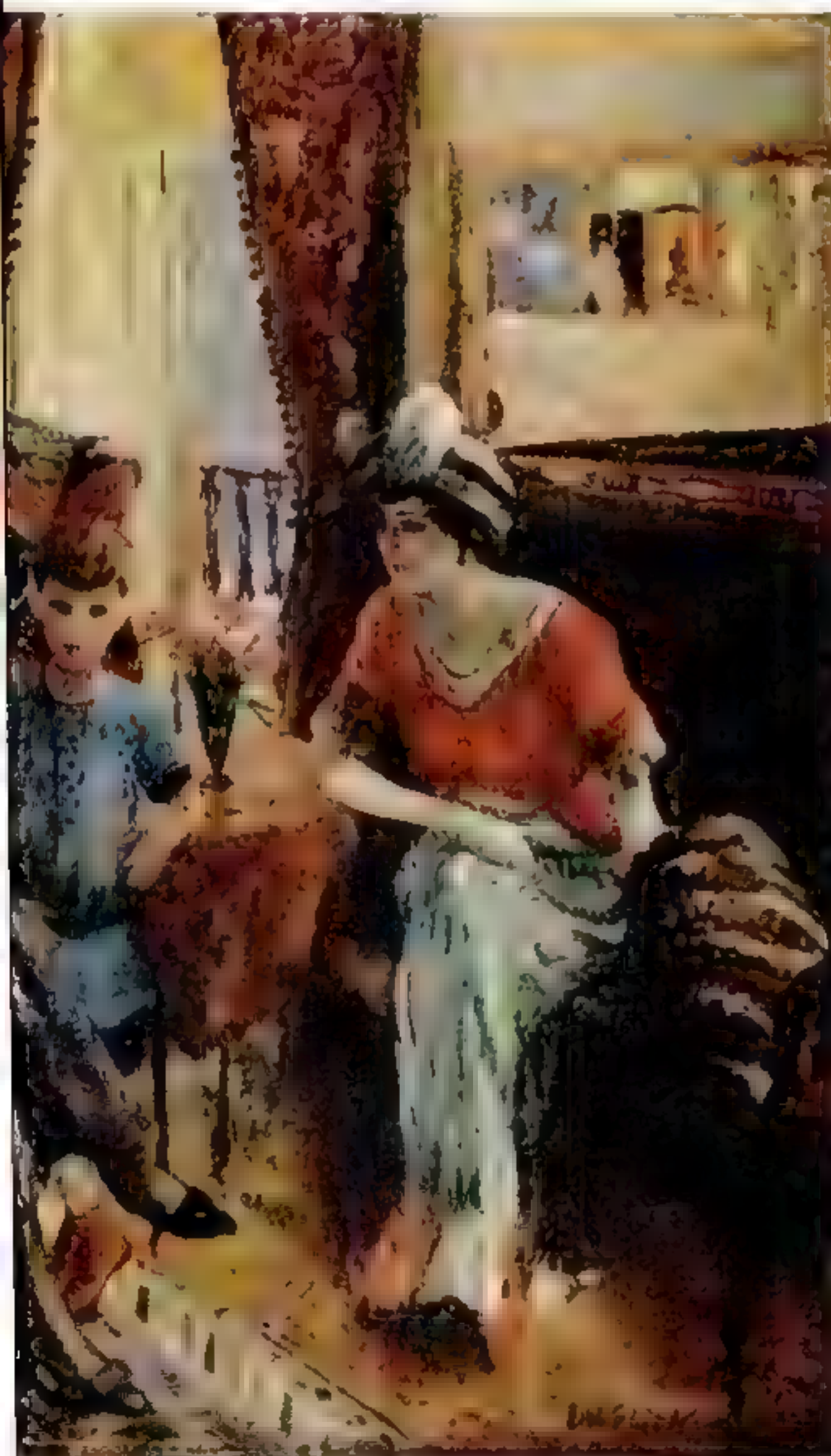




MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON

### A PRETTY YOUNG BOSTONIAN

Mary Rebecca Clark, the daughter of a Boston clergyman, was painted at 14 by M. J. Heade. She grew up to marry a wealthy real estate dealer and live in a Rhode Island mansion.



MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON

### A WOULD-BE WICKED WOMAN

Wealthy Mrs. Jack Gardner fancied herself a sensual and wicked woman and hired John Singer Sargent to paint her as such. She felt the portrait too prim and argued with him. Exasperated, he emphasized the effect of the low-cut dress.



MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON

CONTINUED





MR. DANIEL W. LUKS



THE COLUMBUS GALLERY OF FINE ARTS COLUMBUS OHIO

AN AMIABLE  
ANTIQUÉ DEALER

A neighbor of George Lukas in Malden Bridge, N.Y., the earthy Ann Pratt ran an antique shop stocked from local attics and barns. Decked out in her Sunday best, she was a perfect subject for the colorful, humorous and sentimental art of the painter in 1930.

BROODING  
MARY CASSATT

Daughter of a president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Mary Cassatt went to Europe to paint in 1875 despite her father's angry "I would almost rather see you dead." She produced sensitive pictures of children, women, including this brooding self-portrait.



MR. AND MRS. RICHMAN PROSKAUER

AN ATTRACTIVE  
PATRONESS OF ART

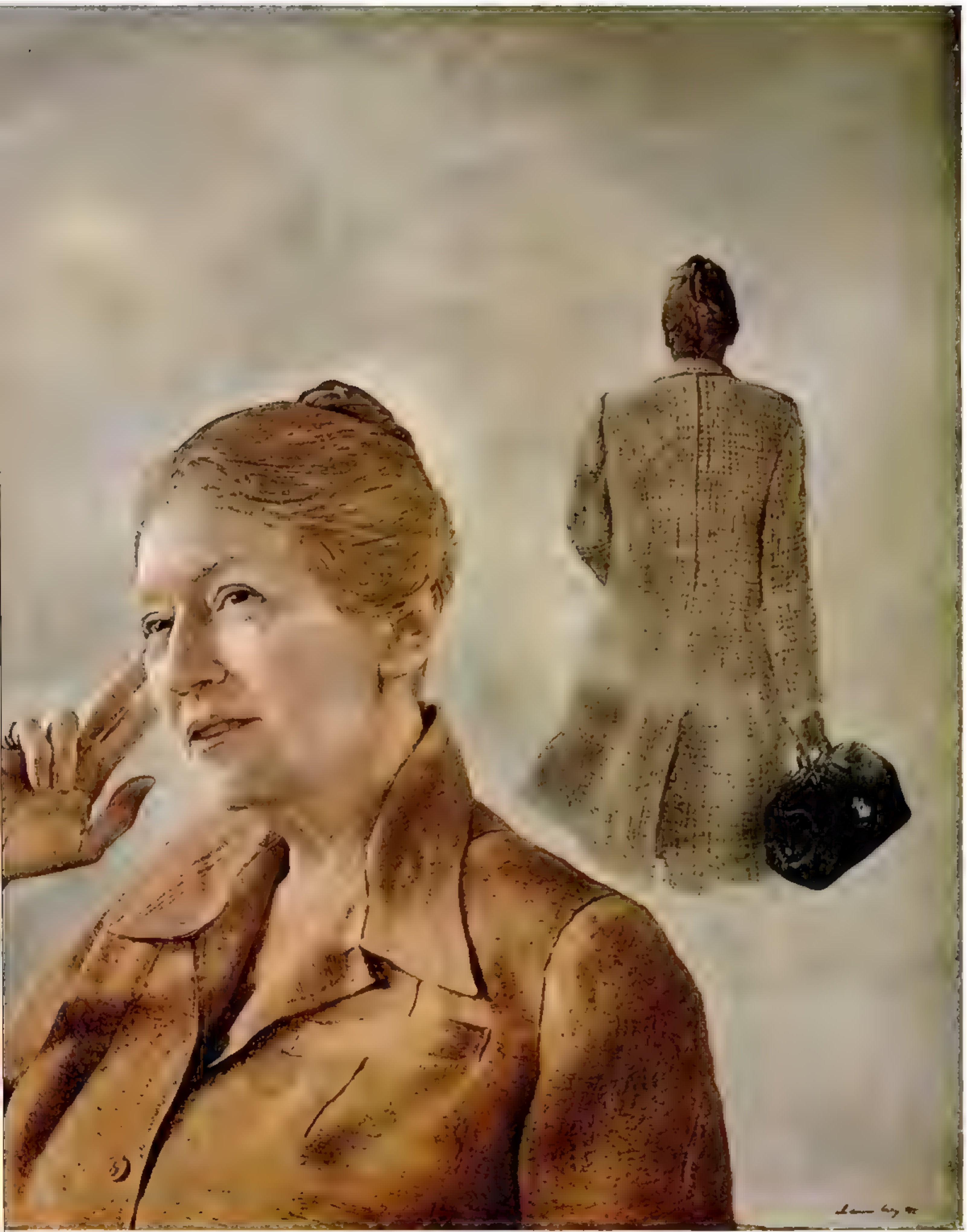
A diminutive and attractive redhead, Mrs. Harry Arnold was a close friend of Painter George Bellows. The wife of a life insurance executive, she helped found the Columbus Art Gallery with its Bellows Room in which hang many of the painter's pictures.

A DEDICATED  
DOCTOR

Dr. Margaret Handy, a pediatrician of Wilmington, Del., took care of Artist Andrew Wyeth's children. In 1949 Wyeth painted a portrait expressing both the careful thought which the doctor gave her young charges, her ever tireless rounds in tending them.







June 1942



OF THE SUPER.

# THE WORLD





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# Price Puzzle Proves a Point

## 12 STYLES TELL WHY U.S. IS BEST DRESSED

The best-dressed women in the world are to be found on almost any street in America. Without the small fortune it takes to outfit a fashionable woman abroad, women across the U.S. can outdress all others because of a unique \$8 billion ready-to-wear industry which puts no price barrier on style. How well the American woman does is illustrated by the photograph at right. Here are 12 new American designs whose prices range from \$10.95 to \$1,020. The reader is invited to guess which outfit costs how much. To check the score and identify the styles, turn the page.

In small towns as well as large, a U.S. woman can find slick and up-to-date fashions at whatever price her pocketbook will allow. For the big money she gets better fit, better fabric and some guarantee of exclusiveness since only around 175 are made of a \$200 dress. By copying the simple cut and unpretentious fabrics used in top designs and by producing as many as 100,000 of a single style, manufacturers on the mass level give her much the same effect for as little as one tenth the price.

Classic patterns like checks, dots and stripes are a sounder buy than overambitious prints which tend to give away their price. Costly fripperies like embroidery, fussy shaping and ornate trimmings are to be avoided. Black and combinations of black and white are traditionally good fashion while the peculiarly American color, red, is clear and bright even in inexpensive fabrics. These new clothes, taken from the bulging racks of U.S. stores, show why the American woman's closet has no counterpart.







Festivity-Fashion-Features

Calendar Of Paris

Invitations Sent for  
Donation Day Tea

Everybody Is Busy  
With Classes, Cotton  
At North Beach PFAA

Calendar  
Of Paris

Women Y  
meetings Plac

STUDIO ONE

COMMITTEE  
IN TEA GUESTS





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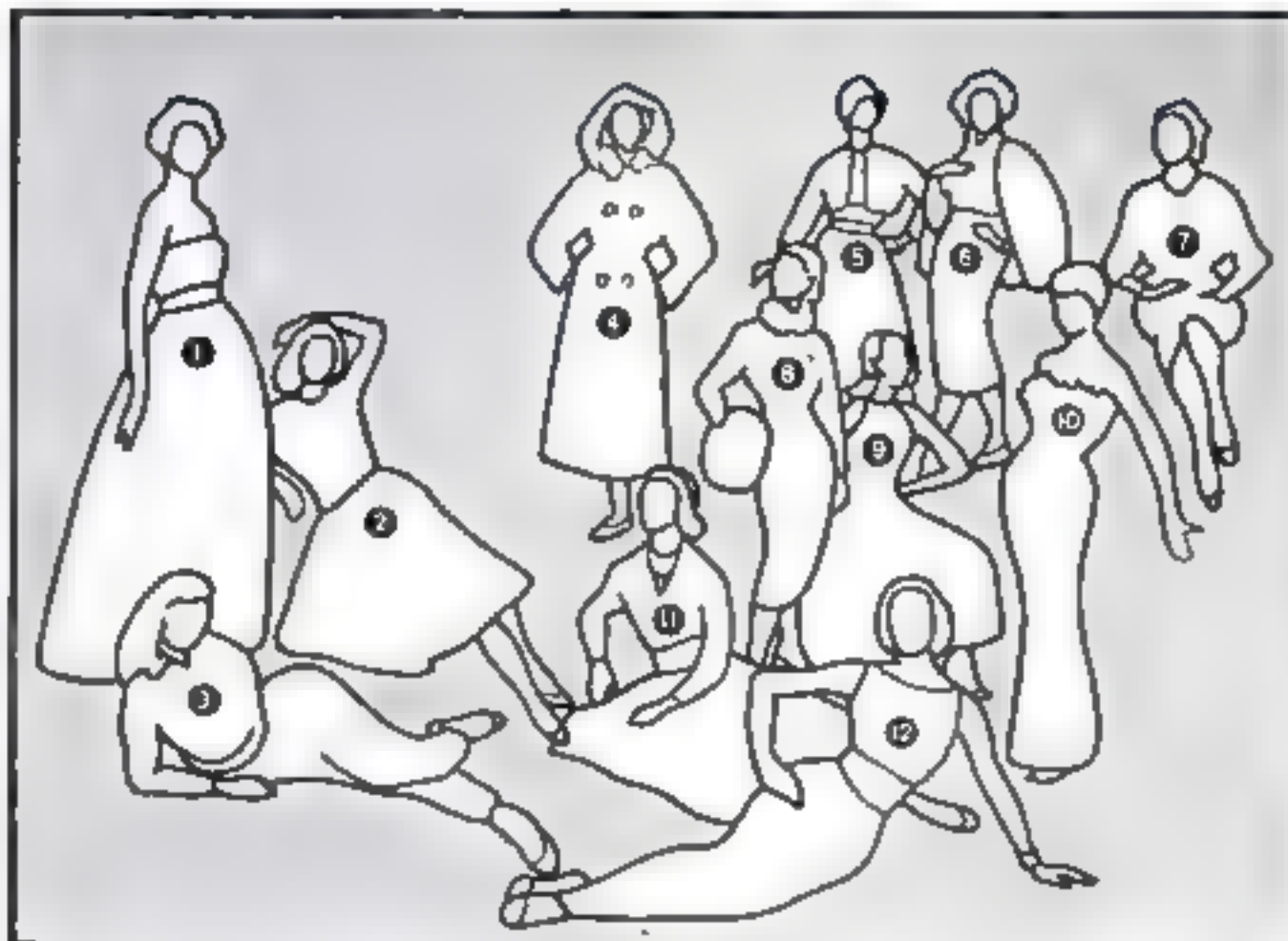
**GET THE RIGHT KIND OF LIFT—DRINK BRISK LIPTON TEA!**



"Trade-mark of Theo. J. Lipton, Inc.  
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off."



## HOW MUCH FOR FASHION?



ANSWER TO COST QUIZ on pages 166, 167 is given in diagram keyed to photograph: 1—Dotted lace evening dress (Jane Derby, \$465). 2—Jersey top, chiffon skirt (Jerry Gilden, \$23). 3—Ruffled cotton shirt, velveteen pants, cummerbund (Reid & Reid, \$26). 4—Flannel trench coat with hood (Lawrence of London, \$60). 5—Checked wool suit with linen top (Jane Derby, \$250). 6—Wool jersey suit with satin shirt (Reid & Reid, \$39). 7—Silk linen shirtwaist dress (Talmack, \$125). 8—Wool sheath and jacket with black fox collar (Jonathan Logan, \$30). 9—Velveteen halter dress (Jonathan Logan, \$20). 10—Custom-made strapless velvet sheath with flowered bodice, short cape-jacket (Sophie, \$1,020). 11—Checkerboard print silk shirtwaist dress (Jerry Gilden, \$23). 12—Floor-length cotton knit sheath (Tween Jane, \$11).



FOR \$500 OR FOR \$50, U.S. women can buy outfits that look almost identical. Expensive costume (left) consists of silk taffeta dress (\$125), flat bow hat (\$29), cultured pearl necklace and earrings (\$275), silk evening bag (\$19), kidskin gloves (\$12), hand-made Italian shoes (\$40). Eye-fooling duplicate (right) at one tenth the cost lacks fine points but appears similar: rayon satin dress (\$30) hair bow (\$4), fake pearls and earrings (\$1 each), rayon bag (\$3), cotton gloves (\$2), suede pumps (\$9). All are from Bloomingdale's.

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**COSTUME FITTER** Muriel Matlock at an interdenominational sewing bee, works on one of the

pageant angels for Bryn Mawr Community Church in Chicago, where pictures on this page were taken.



**CHOIR HELPER**, Sunday school teacher Rose Marie Hult, lines up some young singers for pageant.

## Workers for Church

### HOLIDAYS MARK PEAK OF SERVICE FOR GOD

All the year through it is principally the women of the U.S. who sustain the daily activities of organized religion. They shepherd their families to church and Sunday school and take on an endless round of chores, from organizing the church bazaar to washing up the dishes after the fund-raising supper to singing Handel's *Messiah* with the choir. But at Christmastime the 24 million U.S. women who serve as active lay workers, helping minister and priest, find the greatest opportunity of all to demonstrate their faith and give it tangible expression for millions of others.

Some women share their bounty with the needy. And many women find most meaning of all in passing on to a younger generation (p. 172) the ageless story of Christ's birth.

**LOIS ILLINGWORTH** (LEFT, BELOW), ONE OF CHURCH'S TWO ASSISTANT PASTORS, AND **ADELIA BARNBACK** (CENTER) CONDUCT REHEARSAL FOR PAGEANT







**TOY REPAIR TEAM** at Rosary College near Chicago works on playthings to be given to Puerto Rican poor at Christmas. Sister Marie Stephen, here mending a

10-wheel truck, supervises the annual project, which is housed in a college basement room the undergraduates converted into a workshop and call "angel inn."





**READING A CHRISTMAS STORY** at Trinity Episcopal Church in New York City, Sunday school teacher Frances Evans is surrounded by a knot of rapt

youngsters. "When you find yourself getting away from religion," she says, "teaching Sunday school can be one of the best ways to strengthen your faith."



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“...and a Merry Christmas to all”

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